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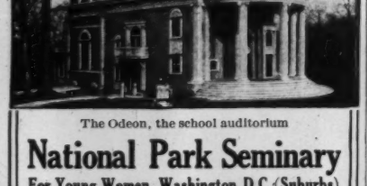

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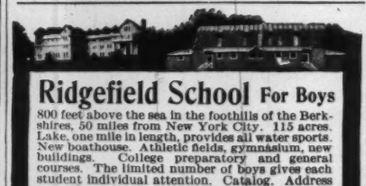

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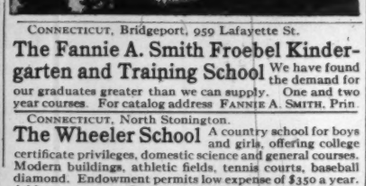

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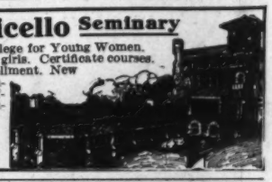

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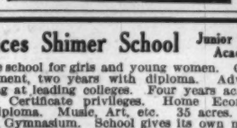

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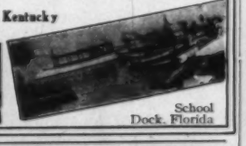

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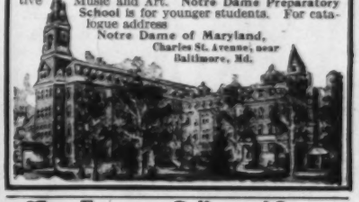

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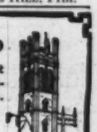

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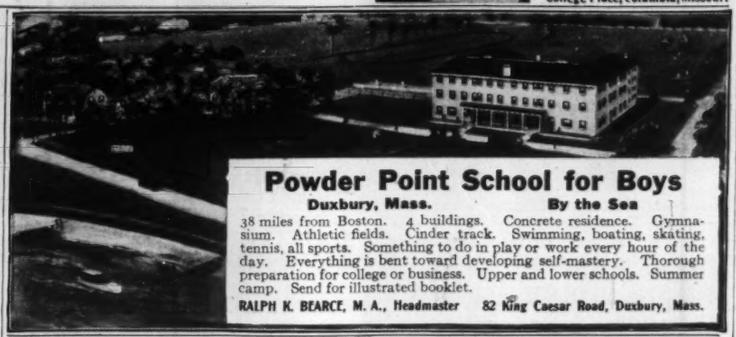

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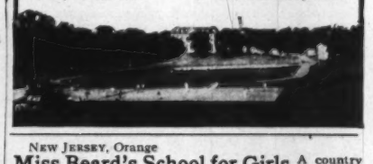

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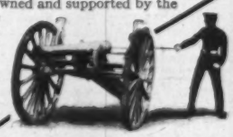

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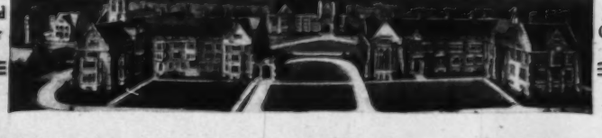

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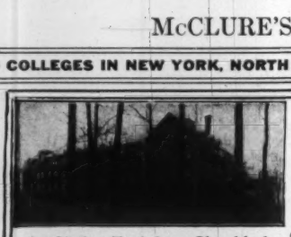

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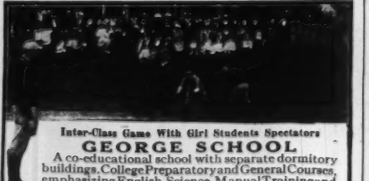

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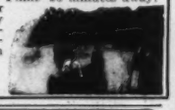

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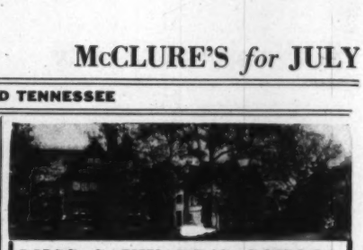

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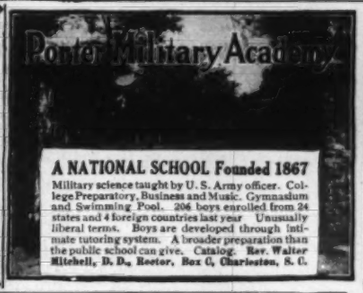

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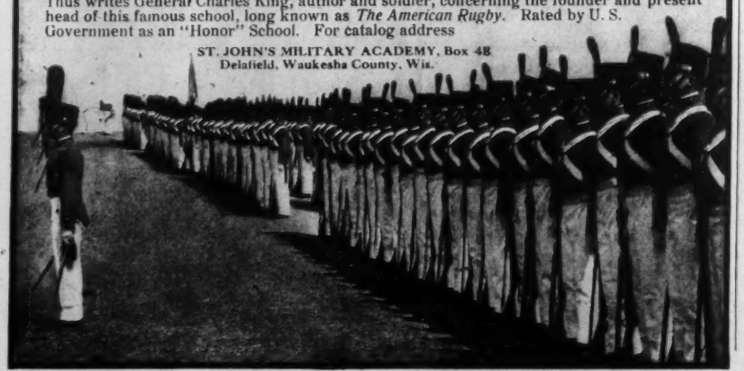

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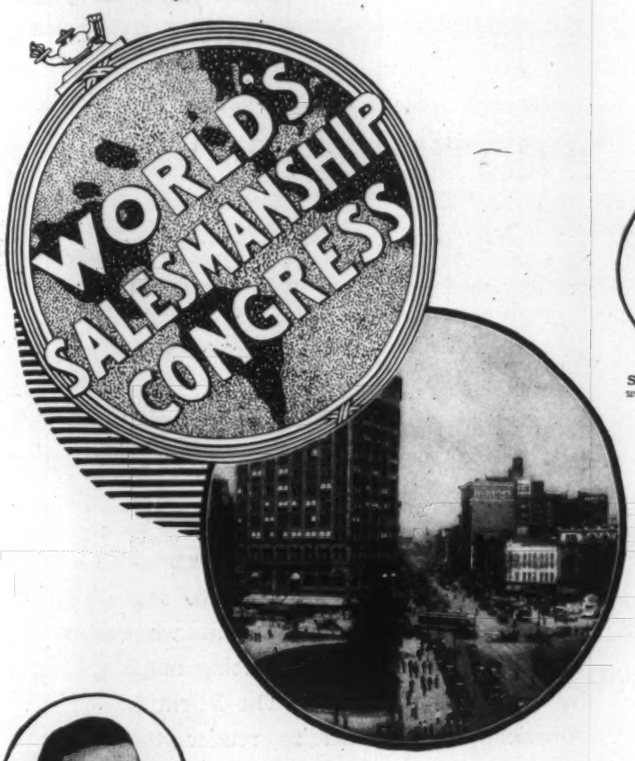

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McClure's July Bulletin

of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods
Borden's Condensed Milk Co. (Page 46)
Eskay's Food
Mellin's Food

Baking Powders
Royal Baking Powder

Beverages
Walter Baker & Co.
Blooker's Cocoa
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum (Page 49)
White House Coffee

Candies and Confections
Luden's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates

Cereals
Cream of Wheat
Grape Nuts
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 52)
Shredded Wheat

Crackers and Biscuits
National Biscuit Company (Page 58)

Fish Products
Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits
Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products
Beech-nut Packing Company
Heinz 57 Varieties
Swift & Co.

Soups
Campbell Varieties (Page 43)

Sugar
Crystal Domino Sugar

Tonics
Malt-Nutrine
Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil
Vinol
Sanatogen (Page 60)

Toilet Preparations
Baldpate Hair Tonic (Page 58)
Chas. Baez Azurea Face Powder
California Citrus Cream
Carmen Powder
Colgate's Products (4th Cover)
Cuticura Soap (Page 56)
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap
Florence Mfg. Co.
Hinds, A. S. (Page 67)
Ivory Soap (Page 14)
F. F. Ingram's Milkweed Cream
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine
I. W. Lyon & Son
Mentholatum
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co. (Page 61)
Newskin Company
"Nujol"
Oakland Chemical Co. (Page 54)
Packer's Tar Soap (Page 2)
Palmolive Products
Pears' Soap
Pebeco Tooth Paste (Page 57)
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap (Page 61)
Rexall Hair Tonic
Paul Rieger's Perfumes (Page 71)
J. B. Williams' Products
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous
Pompeian Olive Oil (Page 67)

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods

Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

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Prof. Lewis B. Allyn (Food Editor of the McClure Publications) has made Westfield, Mass., nationally known as "The Pure Food Town," and his exacting food standards can likewise make your home "A Pure Food Home."

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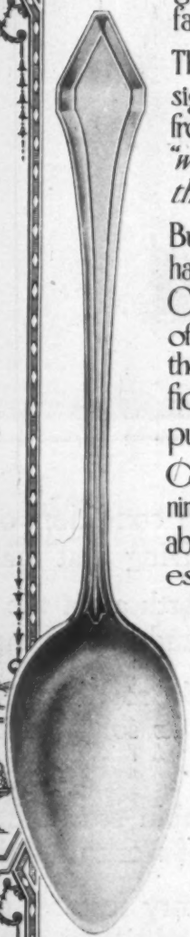
Simplicity is the reaction from the excesses of elegance and the follies of fashion.

TEA SPOON ACTUAL SIZE



This beautiful Clermont design draws its inspiration from our own Colonial days *"when simple faith was more than Norman blood."*

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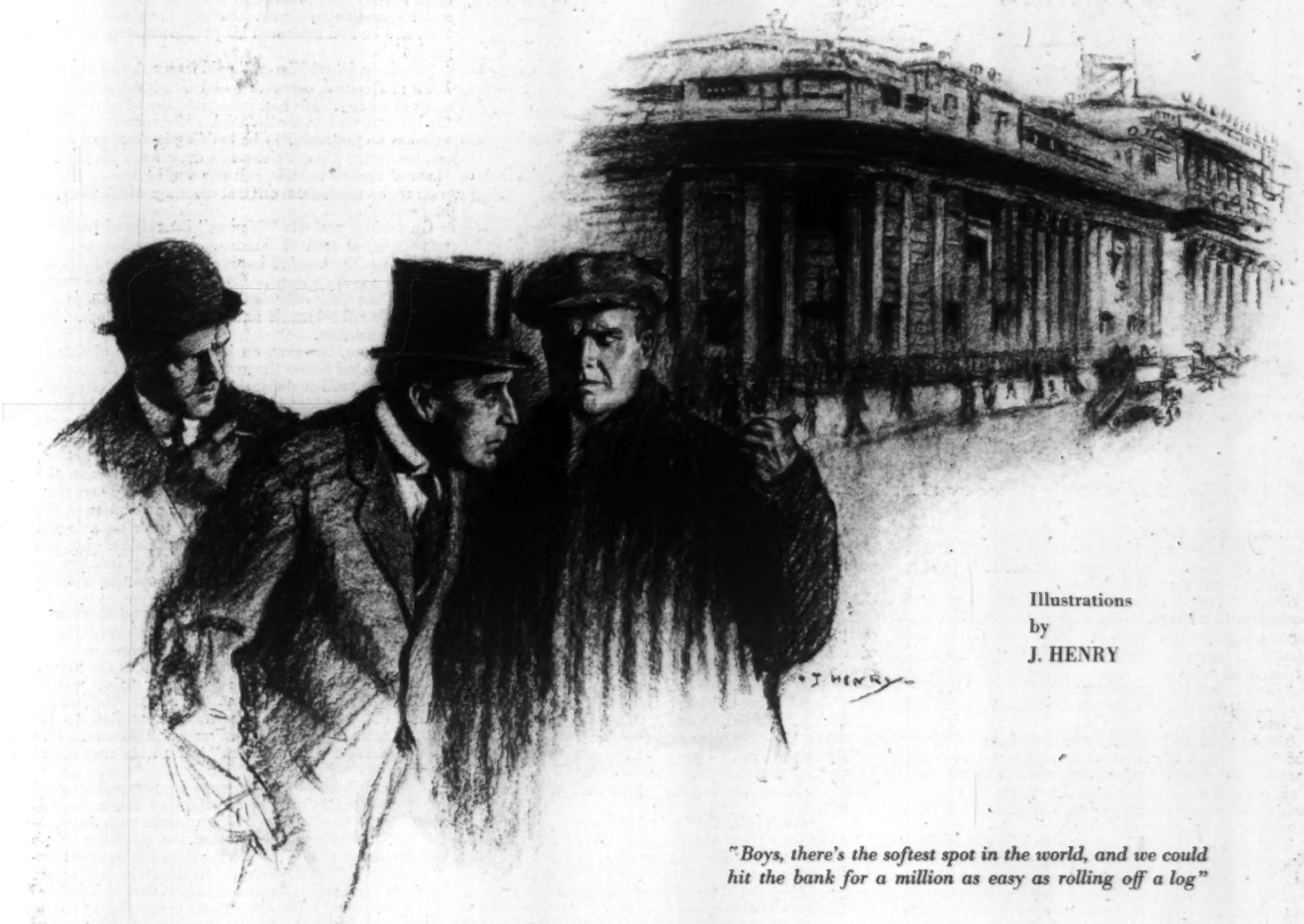
Volume XLVII
Number 3

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

JULY
1916



Illustrations
by
J. HENRY

"Boys, there's the softest spot in the world, and we could hit the bank for a million as easy as rolling off a log"

The Amazing Fraud

How Three Young Americans Robbed the Bank of England of Five Million Dollars

by

C. P. CONNOLLY

THE way of the transgressor is hard, as this true story will show. Clever, daring men do almost impossible things with ease, but there is a Nemesis which blinds them to trifles, causing them to make mistakes of which a school-boy would be ashamed. Tom Hyde, the tinker, standing on the gallows, was asked if he had anything to say. "Tell the tailors," he said, "to remember to make a knot in their thread before they take the first stitch."

Those who pick up this memoir to read some figment of the imagination will be deceived; but those who care to read a cross-section of human experiences that jumps all bounds of fiction, will be rewarded.

George and Austin Bidwell, who robbed the Bank of England of five million dollars by an elaborate system of forgery, and who died paupers in Butte, Montana, in 1899, were raised in South Brooklyn, N. Y., near the old Degraw Street Public School. They came of respectable and religious parents. As a young man, Austin Bidwell secured a position in the office of a sugar broker by the name of Waterbury in South Water Street, New York. He made the acquaintance of a young man in this office who introduced him to Niblo's and Delmonico's, and to the glittering gambling establishments, then a large part of New York night-life, where Bidwell met James Irving, popularly known as "Jimmy" Irving, chief of the New York detective force.

It was in the period of financial inflation of the late '60's, succeeding the Civil War. "Boss" Tweed ruled New York, and the city administration was honeycombed with corruption.

It was not long before Irving and his friends in the police department offered Austin Bidwell ten thousand dollars to take some stolen Government bonds to Europe and sell them. These bonds were part of the loot from the great Lord bond robbery which created such a stir in New York at the time. Lord, who was a very wealthy man, kept over a million dollars in Government bonds in the safe in his private office in Wall Street, and these were abstracted by three notorious sharps, one of whom filched the bonds from the safe, while his confederates engaged the two clerks in conversation. These bank thieves were in cahoot with the men higher up in police circles, and these police officials got their share of the booty.

It was at that time an article of European creed that all Americans were rich. It was well known, at least, that they lost heavily at Wiesbaden and at Monte Carlo, and were compelled often to dispose of securities which the average European believed they carried around in their wallets. In any event, Bidwell had no difficulty in disposing of the bonds in Frankfort, and returned to New York with eighty thousand dollars, which was divided between certain of the New York police officials.

Though Austin Bidwell had determined to engage in no further questionable transactions, the ten thousand dollars he received from this transaction was soon gone, and he was an easy victim to other temptations. If I were a good preacher, I could write a sermon from the text: "In the world of crime success is failure."

After an attempt to get two hundred and forty thousand dollars in bonds from Jay Cooke & Co. by means of a spurious check, Austin Bidwell, his brother, George,

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Baron Rothschild called the manager and told him to accommodate "Warren" in anything

and an expert forger named McDonald went to Europe and, by means of forged letters of credit, worked the French and German bankers to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars.

They arrived in London after these adventures flushed with victory. One day while watching the human whirlpool in Lombard Street, Austin Bidwell turned to his companions and, pointing to the Bank of England, said:

"Boys, you may depend upon it, there's the softest spot in the world, and we could hit the bank for a million as easy as rolling off a log."

They talked this possibility over and argued among themselves that the Bank of England was then permeated with the dry rot of centuries. The managers were convinced that their banking system was impregnable, and as a consequence of this conceit the bank would naturally be an easy mark.

The plan of the Bidwells was to rob the Bank of England of a million pounds sterling by means of forged bills of exchange. It was first necessary for one of them to secure an introduction at the bank in order to work out the plan. Austin Bidwell agreed to impersonate for this purpose the character of a wealthy American contractor.

Depositors, after depositing money, usually carry their bank books in full view as they leave a bank. By this means Bidwell, watching outside the Bank of England, was able to pick out the depositors from the stream of callers. He followed several of these depositors to their places of business in order to locate them. He finally determined to secure his introduction to the bank through Green & Son, ultra-fashionable tailors, who in this way he discovered kept an account at the bank. This firm was wealthy, and had been a depositor in the Bank of England for nearly a century.

Bidwell, in a hired carriage, drove up to Green & Son's and entered the tailor-shop, smoking a cigar and with his slouch Western hat pulled over his eyes. He ordered eight suits of the most expensive clothes, two top coats, and a dressing-gown. These, of course, had to be made up. Bidwell gave his name as "F. A. Warren," and a fashionable London hotel as his residence. He went back in due time, tried on his garments, ordered them sent to the hotel, and instructed the hotel clerk to pay for them when they came.

Green & Son were not different from the ordinary London merchants of those days, who in the desire for business were anxious to cultivate the custom of rich Americans. They were bewitched by the ostensible wealth of this American.

In ten days Bidwell again drove up to Green & Son's. This time the head of the firm came out to the curb to greet him.

"I must have more garments," said Bidwell in a matter of fact way. "Duplicate that order," he told him and drove off.

A week later Bidwell called to have the second order of suits tried on, and then announced that he was going to Ireland for a few days' shooting with a certain English lord, and would send a portmanteau for the garments and call for it on his way from the hotel to the station. He bought the most expensive trunk he could find and sent it to the tailors. When the day came for him to "go shooting in Ireland with Lord Clancarty," Bidwell gathered into his cab all the dressing bags, rugs, silk umbrellas and canes he could carry, and drove to the tailors' with his pockets bulging with English currency. He paid his bill with a five hundred pound note, displaying at the same time a bulky roll, and had his portmanteau put on the cab with his other belongings.

Halting at the door as he was going out, Bidwell turned to the proprietor and remarked:

"By the way, Mr. Green, I have more money loose in my vest pocket than I care to carry to Ireland. I think I'll leave it with you." And Bidwell pulled out his roll.

"How much is it, sir?" asked Green.

"Only four thousand pounds. There may be five thousand pounds. I'm not sure."

The tailor was afraid to take charge of so much money. He insisted on taking his opulent customer to the bank and introducing him there. He ran for his hat, drove to the Bank of England with "Warren," and introduced him as an American gentleman who desired to open an account. The account was duly opened in the name of "Frederic Albert Warren."

It will be noted how carefully and with what elaborateness of detail these preliminaries were carried out. Such things usually are done by experts with the most intimate and calculating regard for every possible contingency. The introduction had been given at the bank exactly as Bidwell had planned, and by an old and responsible customer. Bidwell knew human nature, and he had measured his possible success by that yardstick.

"Frederic Albert Warren" paid frequent visits to the Bank of England, depositing and withdrawing various sums of money. He had talks with the sub-manager. On his first visit to that official, while speaking of the railways he pretended to be building in Southern Russia, he apparently quite casually drew from his pocket plans of various tunnels, culverts and bridges. These were copies made from original drawings which Bidwell had secured.

On various pretexts "Warren" interviewed bankers and moneyed men of London. He corroborated his theory that the boasted impregnability of the Bank of England was imaginary. He believed that the confidence of the bank officials in their system would prove easy sailing for himself and his co-conspirators. He was not mistaken.

There were, however, an infinite number of details to be perfected before the grand assault for the possession of five million dollars should be made. Besides, it was necessary that the name "Frederic Albert Warren" should take on a certain vintage and become familiar to the bank officials, so that suspicion would not be easily aroused later on.

While waiting for the maturity of their plans, the three conspirators went to South America. There they had some exciting experiences in Rio de Janeiro in the attempt to secure money from a bank on a forged letter of credit. Their plans were balked by the misspelling of the word "indorse." They had spelled it "indorce." They escaped from Rio only by a clever ruse.

One morning early in June, 1872, found them once more in London. "Warren's" account at the Bank of England was now five months old. Before going to South America they had drawn out most of the money to "Warren's" credit. The first thing to do was to swell "Warren's" account at the bank. Sixty-seven thousand dollars were, therefore, deposited to his credit from various points in Europe. This was to give the impression that "Warren" had a wide continental credit.

"Warren" had not yet come in personal contact with the head officials of the Bank of England. His business up to this time had been done with supernumeraries. It was necessary that the attention of the bank officials should be attracted to his financial importance. As "F. A. Warren," Austin Bidwell therefore went to Paris and put up at the Hotel Bristol, Vendome Place, where none but the affluent could afford to stop. From here he wrote to the manager of the Bank of England, reminding him that he was a customer of the bank, asking what good four per cent. stocks were to be had on the market, and inquiring if the bank would buy for him such stocks as he should decide to invest in.

This time the head of the firm came out to the curb to greet him

He was advised by return mail to invest in India four per cents or London Gas. He immediately sent his check on the Bank of England for ten thousand pounds for the purchase of India stock. On receiving the stock, he immediately sold it, replaced the money to his credit in the Bank of England, and the next day mailed an order for ten thousand pounds of London Gas stock. He repeated this operation a number of times, always drawing on the Bank of England, getting them to buy the stocks for him, and then selling the stocks and immediately redepositing the money.

When Bidwell returned to London and sent in his card to the manager of the Bank of England, that official recognized him as "F. A. Warren," the American millionaire railroad contractor, who was building railroads in Russia, and who had been sending ten thousand pound checks from Paris. This was as Bidwell expected. Bidwell told him that he was financing large sums and would require many discounts before the year was out. The manager was highly gratified and told "Warren" he would do all in his power to accommodate him.

It is necessary, before proceeding, to explain the methods of international exchange in vogue. If a cotton broker in Savannah, Georgia, for instance, shipped a thousand bales of cotton to a firm in Manchester, England, the firm in Manchester would authorize the Savannah broker to draw a bill of exchange on the Manchester firm, payable at some London bank at three or six months, for the value of the cotton. These were known as acceptances. If the price of the cotton happened to be, let us say, ten thousand pounds, the Savannah broker would draw ten bills for one thousand pounds each. These bills would be drawn in fractional denominations so as to make them the more easily negotiable.

The cotton broker would give the bills to a money broker in Savannah, who would sell them on the exchange. The Georgia Central Railroad about the same time would order, let us say, a thousand tons of steel rails in England. To pay for these, the officials of that road would order a broker to buy for them bills on London for the amount. The broker would purchase the cotton bills, and these bills the railroad officials would mail to the steel rail manufacturers in England.

Instead, therefore, of ten thousand pounds, or fifty thousand dollars, in gold coin being shipped twice across the ocean, the ten pieces of paper would cross only once.

These acceptances, drawn on some bank or firm in London, would be placed to the credit of depositors in the London banks, and when due would be presented to the drawees for payment. Such bills were discounted by the Bank of England in huge sums.

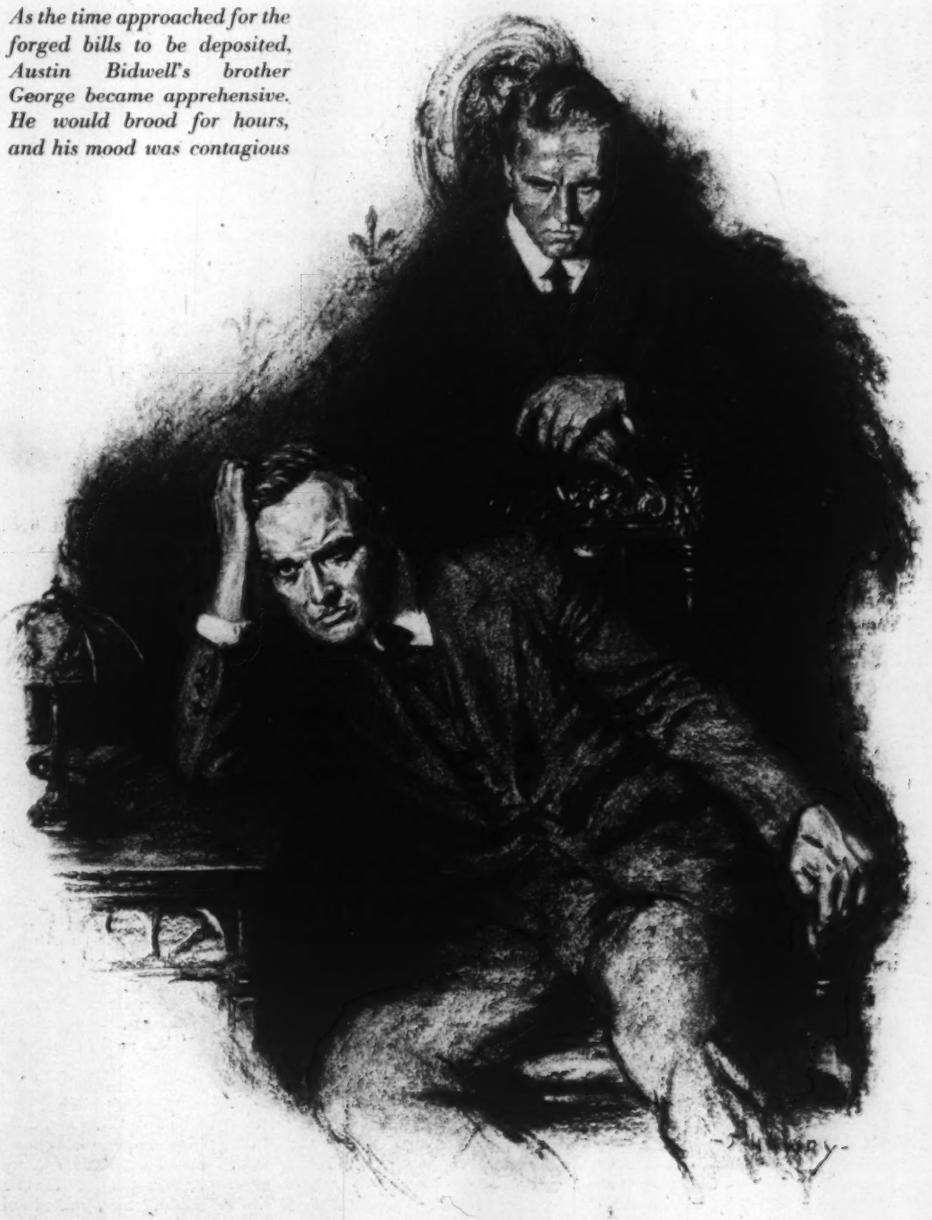
The scheme of the Bidwells was to forge a large amount of these bills, running into the millions, place them to the credit of "Warren" in the Bank of England, where they would lie in the bank vaults for six months, or until the date of payment, before being presented to the payees and the forgeries discovered. By that time "Warren" would have drawn out of the bank his deposits, and he and his confederates would be on the other side of the world. He actually did draw out five million dollars. But this is getting ahead of the story.

For the purpose of familiarizing the Bank of England officials with the ostensible fact that he was engaged in large transactions, "Warren" bought a large number of genuine acceptances, presented them at the Bank of England, and had them deposited to his credit.

Before depositing these genuine bills in the bank, clever forgeries were made from them, the dates being left blank until such times as they were ready to be used.

These operations lasted over a period of six months. "Warren's" credit at the Bank of England was now as firm as a rock. Many thousand pounds of genuine bills which Bidwell had purchased had been discounted and placed to "Warren's" credit, and these bills had been paid when they came due.

As the time approached for the forged bills to be deposited, Austin Bidwell's brother George became apprehensive. He would brood for hours and his mood was contagious. He insisted upon one supreme test of success. Any single bill of exchange was seldom drawn, as before explained, for more than one thousand pounds (five thousand dollars), rarely for two thousand pounds, and one of six thousand pounds (thirty thousand dollars) was unheard of. If Austin Bidwell could secure an acceptance for six thousand pounds and have it passed through the Bank of England without inquiry or delay, it would make assurance doubly sure. Austin Bidwell, therefore, was to go to Paris and procure a bill of exchange on London from the Rothschilds, drawn to the order of F. A. Warren direct. If this could be done it would make it appear that "Warren" had intimate business relations with the Rothschilds. Besides, they could simulate the bill, and later present the forgery for deposit. The head of the London house of Rothschilds was a director of the Bank of England, and if they could accomplish this daring venture, they could feel safe in all minor contingencies.



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Austin Bidwell left London for Paris. It often happens that when fate is laying its snare, it smooths the first part of the road. This was what happened. "Warren's" train between Calais and Paris went off the track. Two passengers were killed and half of the others injured. Bidwell was badly shaken up, but escaped with some cuts from flying glass on face and hands.

In France, a railroad accident which results in the injury of a single passenger is a serious matter to the road and to its officials. They have a more drastic way of dealing with such carelessness in France than we have in this country. The officials of the road, consequently, show a good deal of concern for the passengers injured in railroad accidents.

By another peculiar coincidence which made it appear as if some unseen power for good or evil were directing Bidwell's fortunes, the president of this road from Calais to Paris happened to be Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, then head of the Paris house of Rothschilds. At ten o'clock the next morning, Austin Bidwell, limping badly and leaning on a cane, entered a carriage and drove to the Maison Rothschild. The manager of the bank expressed great concern when he learned that "Warren" was a victim of the railroad accident of the previous night, and wanted to know what he could do for him. "Warren" said he wanted to see Baron Rothschild. Soon a slight, sallow-faced man appeared, who profusely apologized for the railroad accident; he would have his own physician attend to "Warren" and show him every attention.

"How can I serve you?" asked the Baron.

"Warren" replied that as he was too badly shaken up to complete the business on which he had come to Paris, he would ask the Baron to instruct his subordinates to aid in returning the funds he had brought from London. Baron Rothschild called the manager and told him to accommodate "Warren" in anything. Then shaking hands with "Warren," and with many added expressions of regret for the railroad accident, he withdrew.

As Baron Rothschild left the room, "Warren" turned to the manager of the bank and told him he wanted a three months' bill on London for six thousand pounds. The manager replied that the house of Rothschilds did not issue time bills, but that since the Baron's order had suspended the rules, he would procure him six bills for one thousand pounds each.

"No," replied "Warren," neck or nothing — "I want one bill only."

The manager began to remonstrate, saying it was unusual. But "Warren" cut him short, bidding him to recall the Baron at once. This bluff was successful, the manager not being anxious to chance the displeasure of his chief in the face of the instructions he had just received. He told "Warren" he could have the bill, but that it would involve some delay. At two o'clock the same afternoon the six thousand pound bill was at "Warren's" hotel.

When Bidwell returned to London, his confederates made a forged copy of the Rothschild bill in half an hour.

[*Continued on page 46*]

The Straight Road

Chapter VIII — The Gap in the Hedge

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

What Miss Chandler Said to Callie Baird:

"YOU'LL inevitably attract men — you're a man's woman. The question is, what are you going to do with that attraction? It's eat or be eaten. Are you going to play the poor little shabby country girl just come to town — every man's prey — or are you going to use such sense as you've got and prey on them?"

See page 71 for what happened in foregoing chapters

I GOT used to Boy being out at Las Reudas. Mrs. Eccles called him Jawn, and treated me as a rather undesirable candidate for their acquaintance. She picked faults with everything I did for Boy. If I took some candy she said it was bad for his teeth—which I couldn't deny. If I made it a little new tooth-brush the next day, she told me coldly that she'd just bought one. But he thrived so, and she took such good care of him, that my heart was at peace, my energies all freed for my work.

I had done a lot of conscientious work to pay for the raisin-colored dress and its belongings, but they didn't look like clothes that had been sewed for. I couldn't resist wearing the outfit to Las Reudas to let Boy and Mrs. Eccles see it; and passing through the Poinsettia hall I had a foretaste of what it was going to do for me. The Martins, Mrs. Thrasher and some of the others were in there. They all looked at me, and looked again, with real respect.

I went out on the car in high spirits, garnering admiration all along the way, just as crazy for it as any girl, carrying myself better, getting a better color, I know. I had gone by the Chandler Street line; to get up from its station I had to pass the Watkins's place. There was Harvey just backing his machine across the sidewalk, and I caught a quick breath.

"Well, Calla," he said, pumping my hand up and down, "I thought I never, never, never was going to see you again!"

"I've been very busy," I said, with the kindly air men have when they offer us that explanation.

"You don't look like a working person." He surveyed me from the top vine-leaf and grape of my hat to the tip of my raisin-colored pumps. "You're like a sixteen-year-old," was as near as he came to mentioning the dress. "What do you say to bringing J. B. for a little spin in the car?"

"Oh, I guess not, Harvey — thank you. It's nearly seven o'clock. He's always in bed at seven."

"That's what Mrs. Eccles just fought me to a standstill on," Harvey admitted. "Suppose we make it earlier some evening — would you come — with J. B. and me?"

He gave the invitation without looking at me.

"Why — if I could get the time," I hesitated. "You know I'm working hard in school."

"I thought when a woman had a new dress," he said baldly, "she always wanted to go somewhere to show it off."

"This isn't a new dress."

"Well, it's mighty pretty and becoming. You look as sweet and fresh in it as your lilies — come on over and let me get you an armload of them."

"Nonsense, Harvey," I laughed. "I've got to run along," and I started in earnest.

"Say," he called after me jocosely, "if you don't care to take the time to go riding, you might sometimes let me bring you out from town in the car, anyhow — save you a nickel!"

I found Mrs. Eccles getting Boy to bed. She was none too well pleased at his outburst over "pretty muvver" in her new dress, though she herself took an almost human interest in the way it was made. She knew at a glance the cost of such clothes, and I could see that she was eaten up with curiosity. I was aching to tell all about it, and crow a little, yet I managed to keep still. She was bound not to show her interest in the dress, so she went on complaining that Mr. Watkins had just been past with his automobile and wanted Jawn to go out riding with him. He got the child all stirred up. She had agreed that they should go tomorrow — at a proper time.

"An' you, too, muvver," Boy babbled from the crib he was being bundled into. "You an' grammer" — this was the title Mrs. Eccles had provided him with for herself — "an' Fairy, an' me — an' my bud'n."

I kissed him good-by and went. Mrs. Eccles was so relieved that she gave me some flowers from her garden.

It was neither daylight nor dark, but that loveliest hour of the long twilight we have on this western coast. There was a little new moon swimming in the pink and smoky amethyst sky.

Abreast of the Watkins's place, I saw a taxi with luggage on it at the curb by the Pendleton bungalow, and a man coming down the long front walk. I quickened my pace, then slowed up; unless I turned back we should meet squarely. In spite of my maneuvers, this happened. Though I looked straight ahead of me, I saw that it was young Pendleton. He stared, stumbling at the curb because he failed to look where he was going; a hesitating hand rose to lift his hat as he turned at the door of the taxi and gazed after me.

I never in my life refused to speak to anyone, but I gave him such a little acknowledgment that it could scarcely be called a bow or even a nod. I hurried past, got my car, and was half-way to San Vicente and had forgotten him, when I noticed a taxi with luggage on it running beside us. I drew back from the window. From that time on I would miss the machine, and then find it had only been traveling on the other side of the car or taking some parallel street for a short distance. When we got in town I thought I had lost it for good, but as I was going up the steps of the Poinsettia it came in sight. While I was unlocking the door, it passed slowly along in front.

I was at work in school next day when the red-headed girl who helped Mrs. Phipps with the housework called me to the telephone, and stopped, frankly, leaning in the door to listen, while I answered. I knew why, when Boy's excited little voice came over the wire.

"Muvver" — I could feel the effort of his shouting — "can you go ride in our automobile?"

"No, Jackie Boy," I said, "mother can't get time today. You go ride in the nice automobile."

Boyce paused, apparently for consultation with someone.

"Say," said the girl beside me, "you're not turning down a chance for an automobile ride, are you? What do you want to work like a nigger for? You are losing your color already. Tell 'em you're going — go on — tell 'em yes. Then get into your glad rags and fly."

When she stopped, Boy's tune sounded almost the same. "— An' wear the pretty dress an' the new hat, muvver. We're a-goin' to be at your school when (when, Uncle Harvey?) going to be there when it's four o'clock."

That seemed to end it. I should have to get excused to run home and dress — but I could make up the work.

THE trip up into the hills was enjoyable, and after that I went out to Las Reudas in Harvey's machine occasionally; for unless I avoided him we were apt to be starting at the same time, since I now ate at the cafeteria in the basement of the Cronin Building, and he dined at his club, the St. Vincent, across the square. He never took the street that led past Mrs. Eccles's place — though I was sure he went that way when he was alone — and always stopped at his own house and let me walk around to see Boy. It was the drug-store at the corner of the side street and the Poinsettia over again. I despised and chafed at his caution — yet was obliged to give it a low approval. Mrs. Eccles was a good deal of a gossip; she had told me stories in plenty about the Pendletons by this time. Yes, I had to admit that he was no more than wise.

As a girl in Stanleyton I never had much of Harvey's undiluted society; there were always other people about; these trips together gave me the first chance to know him really. I would be tired after my day's school work, thinking a good deal about clothes for myself and Boy; it was very convenient to let him start on the inexhaustible subject — himself — and just make the proper responses now and then to give him to understand I was listening. He would talk about himself endlessly — and with such heavy earnestness; about his miserable boyhood, his early struggles, and the way he had, in his own opinion, met the world single-handed, and overcome it. He told me a good many things about his cases — business secrets, where he'd conceal the name, only saying carelessly, "That's a thing you mustn't repeat, Calla," occasionally adding, "Lord, it's a comfort to have somebody to talk to that you can trust. I've never had a soul."

Yet I preferred this kind of talk to the complaints of poor Delia, which sooner or later always came in. According to him, their married life was a blank, a wilderness, a desert; they were mismated — strangers to each other. However I might be disposed to discount his story, I did realize that it looked significant for Delia to be remaining away in another county so long. Three months it would take me to acquire residence in San Vicente County so that a divorce bill might be filed. Could it be that Delia was gaining residence in some other county for a similar purpose? It was none of my business; I wished he wouldn't force it on my attention. It kept me from getting her address and writing to her — I hardly knew what to say.

Harvey had that other pleasant little fashion of telling you about meals he had just eaten, cataloging steadily, exactly, relishingly, every item of his elaborate St. Vincent club dinner. If I had dined at the basement cafeteria, choosing lamb stew because it was cheap and filling, and finding an outcast flavor of goat about the meat, it sometimes made me almost too grumpy to put in the little responses that were expected. But one evening when I had missed my dinner entirely, and he began to praise the St. Vincent chef and talk about a chicken à la King, I stopped him, with:

"I wish you wouldn't talk so much about eating."

"Why?" The well-fed man looked around at me, surprised that I failed to like this subject so agreeable to him.

"Oh, nothing, only I haven't had a bite since twelve o'clock."

"You haven't?" He gazed at me as though I had been a perishing survivor of an Arctic expedition. A man's horror at irregular meals will always remain a mystery to a woman. "Since twelve o'clock — and you hard at work in school! We'll stop at Burmeister's and take some stuff up. You can fix a little dinner for yourself at my house, can't you?"

"Oh, I could," I hesitated; "but I'd better wait and have something to eat when I get back to town."

Harvey was not listening. He stopped the car in front of the beautiful little plate-glass-windowed Burmeister branch store at the foot of the Las Reudas hill, and without asking me what he should buy for my dinner got down and went in, coming back presently, a salesman following to put a well-filled tray box into the tonneau. Plainly Harvey was an experienced marketer.

"You think that'll be all?" the white-aproned boy asked as we were ready to drive away.

"Yes — it'll do for tonight," Harvey replied, and we were off.

I love to cook — it's one of my few little talents. And Delia's kitchen was a dear delight of a place, with its white tiling and every contrivance for making work light and easy. When it came to eating, he joined me, and praised everything as though I alone had been responsible for the excellence, repeating again and again, "Say, you can cook for me!"

As we were cleaning up and putting things away he called my attention to the fact that there was plenty of stuff for another dinner; before I knew it I had let him assume that we were going to cook and eat that dinner the next evening. We did, Harvey adding a beautiful thick steak which he brought out from town for the purpose, and broiled in a fashion of his own. He was on his very best behavior; no possible exception could be taken to anything he said or did or even looked; but through it all there was a sense of uneasiness at the back of my head. In spite of this we were quite gay as we washed up after the meal, when a rap suddenly sounded on the kitchen door. Harvey was at work at the sink, so I opened the door. A Chinaman stood there looking at me.

"What is it?" I asked. "What do you want?"

Without answering he pushed past, and went over to the sink.

[*Continued on page 56*]

"Trust you?" She sat up suddenly from her lolling position. "Well — how about you? Do you feel that you can trust me?" . . . . A moment I gaped, stupid. Then in a flash I saw what she was driving at. "You're mistaken —" I began

Filming the Snoopers

by Louise Closser Hale

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

MR. SNOOPER sat on a Grecian bench in his Italian garden and stared at his English rose-trees flanking the little Spanish pool which ran its delicate length toward Long Island Sound.

In spite of this combined effort of all lands to make him happy, he was miserable. He was not miserable because the marble bench was cold. He had grown accustomed to this classic discomfort, and when he went to sit among his benches he prepared for them. Nor was he unhappy from any consciousness of the ugliness of his disposition, the meanness of his nature, or his soul's snobbishness. Besides his new house and grounds, and — farther back — the shrewd investments that had made them possible, he was most proud of his nobility of spirit. He was never angry except with his wife and daughter, ever tolerant in his views toward all save the working-classes, and eagerly genial to anyone worth bothering about.

No, the very thing tormenting Mr. Snooper was the knowledge that with all his charming attributes, including his new country estate and vast wealth, the cottagers in whose midst he had recently settled were not neighboring with him. He didn't belong to the yacht club, he knew no one in the village but the butcher to whom — naturally — he did not speak, and there seemed to be no possible way of cracking the social egg of the community.

Now, if his wife and daughter were worth a — He didn't say it, but he thought it. He thought it so hard that by some strange telepathy his wife was drawn down the path toward him. It is curious that she should have come to him under the spell of anathema. But as he did not vary in the views he entertained of her, she responded to them as amiably as one would to a less malevolent power.

He eyed her bitterly as she waddled on. She wore a sunbonnet because it was comfortable, and she carried a twenty-five cent camp-stool to sit upon for the same reason. Indeed, Mrs. Snooper — when not prevented by armed resistance — broke all the elegancies of social living by choosing the simplest expedient. She got out of her motor and walked across the street if it was easier than turning around; she carried parcels if it was quicker than sending them; she talked with her servants if she had anything to say; she called on the gardener's wife because she liked her, and she made no effort to ingratiate herself with the neighbors because, inversely, she imagined she would not find them so attractive.

In short, had Mr. Snooper known it, his wife conducted herself as would a duchess or a woman of royal birth. And it shows the limits of a commercially successful mind that he did not gather from the respectful attitude of his entourage toward her that she was — as they put it in the servants' hall— "a little bit of all right."

She opened the camp-stool and sat down by her lord.

"Why didn't you get a footman to carry that thing?" he snapped by way of greeting.

She answered leisurely: "I've set 'em to work cleaning the electroliers. I up and told 'em what I thought of a lot of good-looking young men who didn't keep their lamps trimmed and burnin'. I said the next time it happened I'd read to them about the wise virgins."

Mr. Snooper gasped. "They'll all clear out!"

"Not them," answered the chatelaine. "They're at work now, singin' like larks." She chuckled. "I never thought I'd hear a footman sing." She paused, then chuckled again. "I never thought I'd hear a footman."

Her mind eased back to the mining town of her youth, of herself, a slim young girl, filling the lamps of her mother's boarding-house while she watched George Snooper out of the tail of her eye — as he ate flap-jacks horribly. She looked at him now out of those same merry eyes, and she found him so different that he would have departed in dignity had she voiced her estimate. She sighed. She was wishing for a son who might have looked as George Snooper had at the flap-jack period. He would be handsome, gay and able when young, and when old — she again sized up the unconscious Snooper — and when old, she hesitated — *able*. Only "able" — perhaps it was as well the boy had been denied her.

"There they come," grunted Mr. Snooper, gaze shifting from his rose-trees to the walk which led up from the Sound.

Mrs. Snooper brightened. She banished the intangible, for their only child was swinging up the path, a girl of twenty-one who was as her mother had been — pretty and kind and good. Doubtless some day she would be as Mrs. Snooper was now — which was not as terrible as her spouse thought.

"Now then! Don't move! Don't look in the camera! Where's the ring, best man? Don't . . ."

"Aren't they together a good deal?" Mr. Snooper continued growlingly.

His wife drew in her breath with care. She did not wish to arouse his suspicions by so much as a sibilant sip of caution. "With Mr. Johns? Well, she's got to be around with him — sort o'. She's the only one who seems to understand about our — our lineage. How to find out, I mean."

The paterfamilias was not to be assuaged. "They don't have to skip stones in the water to find out about a crest and a nice coat-of-arms. He ought to be in the library now hunting us up and writing his book about us. That's what I hired him for."

"Well," smiled Mrs. Snooper, sprightly to the end, "I guess they're out hunting for the family tree."

"Hush!" aspirated Mr. Snooper. "That's the sort of jokes 'ut gets around."

His daughter, Alice, and his hired scribe, Homer Johns, were now upon them. They were not talking of ancestry, nor were they making love. That was an occupation ever carefully abandoned as soon as they came within eye range of Mr. Snooper's marble benches.

The mother believed and the servants hoped, the gardener's children had reason to suspect, and the dogs were sure that the poor young man, brought down to write of the family annals, was mad about the old man's daughter. And it is a foregone conclusion, for this is a love story, that she was mad about him. But Mr. Snooper did not know, and for the sake of a continuation of a romantic summer the entire household had determined that he should not find out.

She was a sweet, studious girl with the shyness of nature that comes rather from introspection than any worldly awkwardness. And as she inherited from her mother an inclination to do what pleased her she had small disposition to make herself one of the crowd of young people of her fashionable environment. So she lived among her books — until Homer Johns flamed into the library, detracting from the shelves — and this lack of social initiative was the most prodding thorn in her father's side.

He looked at the pair sourly as they stood before him. They seemed so aggravatingly happy. It would have been some solace to the social climber had he known that, down behind the fir-tree arrangement at the water's edge, Alice had been in tears and Homer Johns had twisted his fingers distressfully because he didn't know how to comfort her. For there was a thorn in the sides of the young people also, and Mr. Snooper was the thorn.

"It's all very well for us to love each other, Homer," she had told him behind the firs, "and for us to be having a lovely time this summer, but as soon as the book is finished you'll go away, and when winter comes I'll never see you at all."

"But, dearest," comforted Homer, "when the winter comes we will get married. A glorious end to a glorious courtship, and the beginning of life for us, my Alice."

She peered at him practically through a curtain of tears. Her grandmother had not run a successful miner's boarding-house for nothing. "I've gone over it a thousand times," she replied. "Father, as he feels now, would never permit it. And that would mean never seeing mother again, for, at a pinch, she would stand by father. She is one of those old-fashioned women, you see. But besides that —" (and this is where the grandmother comes in) "not *more* than that, but *besides* that, I don't quite know why I shouldn't have some of father's money. Mother helped him in their younger days, and I'm their only child. No, he's got to be won over somehow or other."

Homer Johns was not an abnormal young man, despising wealth. For Alice's sake he would be glad if she could enjoy some of the patrimony which was hers during the first years of his striving to establish himself. Also (he reflected a good deal on this) it would be rather fun to "put one over" on the old man.

"The thing is," he said, with the magnificent vanity of youth, "the thing is to make him feel that a marriage with me would be advantageous — socially advantageous, you know."

Being a humorist he could see a joke, even on himself, and they clasped hands, filling the air with blanketed laughter. Viewing Homer from every angle he could not be said to possess a single attribute that would be pleasing to the aspiring Mr. Snooper. He was poor, he had no social position, no seal ring and no ambition beyond that of writing mere books.

Had the young author been challenged with these deficiencies he would have admitted them all gaily except that they *were* deficiencies. For, along with his intention of writing books, he had a very firm intention of selling them. He took sure stock of himself. He knew what he could do and what he couldn't. It was Alice who told him that he was tall, good looking and splendidly strong. He had never put down his general contour as an asset, but it was he who told Alice that he was gifted with a quality which her father ought to value. For, argued Mr. Johns, Mr. Snooper must have possessed it when he himself was a young man. It was the power of "getting there." Mr. Snooper had got money — that was his "there." Homer's "there" would be a publishing house which would issue checks, and gilt-lettered books, and write him constantly for more.

"He started out with the same ambition, differently directed, that I've got," it was his custom to conclude, "and he really ought to admire me. But," he honestly added, "he doesn't."

Alice could not deny this. She admired him and she

felt that, somehow or other, like *Sentimental Tommy*, he would "find a way." But on this especial morning, life was black. It was possibly for the reason that the book on the Snooper ancestry was rapidly finishing itself. She knew that Johns could not stifle his literary conscience into working upon the meager document much longer. And he knew that ahead of him lay a modest check, a hot room in New York, a glad return to the novel in hand, but with a weight on his breast which was not the memory of the lovely head of Alice.

He stroked the soft hair of the comfortably resting head. No, he hadn't found a way as yet — a way of forcing the stern parent into recognizing his eligibility as a suitor. Still — he would.

"What you been doin'?" demanded Mr. Snooper of them.

They were ready for him. In truth, from the tear-drying period they had been intently engaged with what was happening on the water.

"They are taking moving pictures, father," explained Alice. "The actors rowed out in boats from the end of the road, and the photographer ——"

"Camera man," supplemented Homer.

"Camera man took them from another boat."

"Silly business; glad I didn't see it," was Mr. Snooper's comment.

"Everybody was down at the wharf," put in Homer, with an artist's instinctive protection of his own.

Mr. Snooper pricked up his ears. "What you mean — everybody?"

"All the cottagers. I could see the cream roadster of the Appersons, the Dunsters in their orange car, and the village minister — what's his name — Timberlake?"

It pleased him to speak depreciatively of the rector, for the reason that Mr. Snooper deeply admired this administrator to the spiritual wants of the summer colony. He called regularly upon Mr. Snooper — as regularly as a check came in for his chapel — and if it were possible to liken the fat young divine to the thin social wedge Mr. Timberlake was that wooden implement to Mr. Snooper.

"Humph!" ejaculated their interlocutor. "'N' then what'd they do?"

"The moving-picture actors? Why ——"

"No," from Mr. Snooper, trying to yawn, "the Appersons and the Dunsters."

"That's what is so funny," Alice went on. "They got in boats, too, and rowed around among the company, and they also must have been taken."

"Filmed," suggested Homer gently.

"Filmed," repeated Alice.

Her father stared. "With a lot of actors? For the love of Mike! Where're they now?"

Alice continued innocently: "Some of them got off at our dock and tied up their boats."

The dock owner rose excitedly and began to rush down the pergola. "The Appersons and the Dunsters tied up?" he called back.

"No, no," shouted Homer Johns. "The director wouldn't let them. He swore at them just as if they were artists. Only the company docked."

Mr. Snooper returned to attack his hired scribe. "Do you mean to say you stood there and let actors land at our wharf?"

"How could we help it, father?" hurried in the girl. "They didn't do any harm. A man kissed a woman and then they rowed right back again."

"It's trespassing, ain't it? I can have the law on 'em! And I'm a goin' to. I'm a goin' to get a warrant — keepin' off the Appersons and the Dunsters."

To the consternation of the trio he started toward the house, yet he made small headway. At the far end of the pergola, escorted by a servant, came the Reverend Timberlake and an unknown gentleman. He was an easy-mannered, keen-eyed man carrying a manuscript. Mr. Snooper accommodated his mood to the exigencies of the moment — anyone with Mr. Timberlake . . .

The next half-hour was so bewildering to the host that, upon the departure of the callers, he shut himself in his room for a calm reviewing of what had occurred, and for a retracing of his actions during that time to see if he had committed any social errors.

He had come near it. He had choked down an exclamation when the divine had presented the stranger, with an enormous amount of deference in his voice, as Mr. Cartwright, the moving-picture director. He had controlled an inclination to glare at his wife who asked the workingman to sit down, and he was relieved that he had done so, as sitting down was evidently in order. And he was glad, glad to the point of saying his prayers, that he had not ordered both the visitors off his place for trying to "use him." For the director had blandly suggested making the estate his chief location for the moving picture now in the progress of filming.

He had almost ordered them off. Naturally choleric, he had risen to his feet at the request of the director, but the excellent Mr. Timberlake, appreciative of the situation, had dropped with haste that the Dunsters were awfully cut up over it, but their house was really too small. "And," broke in Mr. Cartwright regretfully, "the Appersons's house has been used, the others won't do at all, and here we all are with a beautiful day going to waste."

So Mr. Snooper had managed to convert his sudden bounding to his feet into a manifestation of joy, and had violently shaken hands with the director. Yet this did not amaze the visitor, who was accustomed to having millionaires wring his hand when he offered to film their houses. The only occurrence of the short call that puzzled him was the sharp insistence from the young man, Johns, that all the pictures of the neighborhood must be made on the Snooper grounds alone.

It was evident that Mr. Snooper was about to take umbrage at this interference, but, upon looking into Homer Johns's face he had caught — what the director also got but could not analyze — some Machiavellian reason for the demand. And as there was every form of architecture in the Snooper mansion to be desired by a film, and every clime to be found in the gardens, Cartwright acceded to the request of this forceful young man.

This was the substance of Mr. Snooper's mental march that passed in his bedroom; this, and the soul-upheaving explanation of Homer Johns for his insistence upon the filming of the Snooper place only. The reverend gentleman had extended his host a soft hand at departure. "Only au revoir," he said genially. "I shall be back. Oh, count on me. We'll all be here."

He disappeared behind the oleander kegs, and Mr. Snooper found himself unaccountably staring at Johns, as though deferring to a superior mind, for an interpretation of the speech. It was Homer's thin edge of the wedge. "Don't you see?" he whispered. "They'll all come! They won't be able to stay away. They want to be in the picture. I give them to the third day."

He was too generous with his days. But between the filming of that afternoon and the grand finale of the third photographic orgy, so much transpired that the clustering of society about Mr. Snooper was — to Alice and Homer at least — as inconsequential as sowing grass-seed on the lawn.

The first afternoon began badly. Now everyone is glad that it did, but at the time the situation brought tears of shame to Alice's eyes, disapproving lines on Homer's face, and hot protestations from Mrs. Snooper. For Mr. Snooper elected that the actors and actresses were to change their costumes in the chicken-houses.

"And why not?" he roared back at the opposing faction. "If they're good enough for my hens, they ought to be good enough for actors. Where'd you have 'em go?"

"In the bedrooms," retorted Mrs. Snooper. "Land knows there's enough of 'em, and nothing in 'em but beds — *ever*."

But the lord of the manor could not see this — he feared for his possessions, although, as Johns soberly suggested, the chickens were quite as valuable as the furniture. "We'll shoo them out," said the henerer.

A compromise was effected. On hearing that the leading man and woman each received a thousand dollars weekly, he grew thoughtful. He could not believe it possible, but Johns might be somewhere near right; so it was arranged that the leading man was to dress in Homer's room and the leading woman would share Alice's. "Then you can watch 'em," he concluded.

Thus played Mr. Snooper into the hands of fate. For the lesser members of the company "registered mirth" as they entered their quarters, yet swore deep vengeance; and the leading people, lovers themselves, vowed assistance to the lovers of the household during the long hours that they sat together. It was Homer, however, who capitalized the situation and made it serve his ends. For the young author employed the inventiveness which, later, gave him a place among literary plotters. And perhaps his greatest skill was demonstrated in the acceptance of the country-side, after it was all over, that Mr. Snooper had planned the coup of the last day himself.

By two of the first afternoon a car appeared — the orange one of the Dunsters. Mrs. Dunster remained in the motor, sending word that she was waiting for Mr. Timberlake. And she might have been sitting there yet, as the absorbed gentleman had no intention of leaving, had not Mrs. Snooper espied her, and hospitably descended to the graveled sweep to ask her in. Mr. Snooper, who saw it all from a distance, sank upon a marble bench — without preparation. For his wife was wearing her terrible head-gear. Yet Mrs. Dunster

got out of the car, and the two elderly women walked toward the grinding wheel which is more luring than the call of the Pied Piper. And the first words that the aristocratic guest uttered as Mr. Snooper bent bowleggedly over her hand was that she and his wife wore the same kind of sunbonnets.

By five, tea-wagons were being wheeled madly about the grounds in pursuit of the many calling neighbors, producing something of the effect of Baby Day in Asbury Park. And, in spite of the uplifted eyebrow of the butler, champagne coolers appeared in the Japanese garden. Homer, anxious for Alice's father, would have ordered them back, had not Mrs. Dunster discovered the libation. The good lady did not want wine, nor did the other visitors, but she exclaimed over the generosity of her host in providing a beverage so cooling and stimulating to the players. And the chicken-housed, during their leisure moments, fell upon the bottles, draining them to the dimples.

The day closed at six. The fat thin edge of the wedge stood on the running board of the director's car as far as the village, and promised to be over early the next morning with as many of the colony as were needed.

"Shan't want the whole bunch tomorrow," said Cartwright, as though aristocrats were but supers, "although they can come in for an ensemble now and then if they'll do what I tell them; but on the next day — and we can make that our last out of the studio — I'll use everybody I can get for the wedding guests."

"Wedding guests?" echoed Mr. Timberlake. He had been wondering where he was to come in.

"Yes. You see, the picture is called 'The Two Marriages.' There's the ragged one — that we'll have in the studio with our company. Then the splurge one of the other couple — the rich ones. That's really for contrast. This couple haven't anything to do with the story. It's what the poor young couple dream happens."

Mr. Timberlake looked mournful. "Do they have a dream clergyman, too?"

But no! They needed a flesh-and-blood one just for that scene, and as it would save the Film Company five dollars if a real clergyman officiated, the genuine article was offered the rôle.

The social wedge stepped off the running board at the village and swallowed their dust with joy. It would seem that the whole world was content. The lesser members of the company, going back on the train, planned ecstatically for the downfall of their host. And the leading man and woman, sharing the director's car, sat closer than they need and thanked their thousand dollars weekly that they were not placed in life as were Alice and Homer.

For the whole world may have been content save this rich young girl and this poor young man. And they had reason not to be. Mr. Snooper was content, the more so in that he had given these two young things a stinging blow. The leading players knew something of this. In descending the staircase of the country house for the trip home they had been arrested on the landing by a colloquy between Mr. Snooper and Johns in the hall below. The exchange of words was simple enough. Mr. Snooper had asked how the book was progressing and Mr. Johns had admitted that he was finishing it. And at this the patron had suggested that it be completed in town, and a further sum would be paid — within reason — for his board and keep. To which Johns had replied, after an enormous effort to control himself: "You are Miss Snooper's father," and had passed out of the great doors.

The speech, however, afforded Miss Snooper's father satisfaction. It betrayed the writer's interest in his daughter, which justified his suspicions — a condition of affairs that must be immediately done away with. For his daughter from now on, thanks to the strategy of Homer Johns, would be surrounded by eligible young men and would, shortly, marry the best that money could buy.

But while Homer and Alice mourned, the young stars planned, and Cartwright, tormented by them until his cigar lost its fragrance, promised that he would insist upon the author for two days more since since he was already in the picture. Their invention ceased at this point. "But you can do a lot in forty-eight hours," agreed this active couple.

The next day was a full one for Mr. Snooper. The skies were glorious, the motor horns continuous, and the assembling of young men to be looked over for Alice most gratifying. The only cloud was the necessity of the author remaining until the picture was complete. Cartwright had apprised him of this. The boy had almost gone. Early in the morning his trunk had been expressed to New York, and the leading man, upon entering his dressing-room, found his jailer with but a single suit to his back, a bundle of books by his side, and a ticket in his pocket.

"But I'm not down and out yet," he said savagely to the sympathetic actor. "And Alice is a wonder — the faith she's got in me! She says I'll find a way yet. I've just got to think of something."

The player told him that they had already thought of a little something — that he was necessary for the film, so must remain, and Johns felt important and deeply grateful.

"It's a lot to be necessary," he said. "If I could just be seen with her enough — if these swells would just say I was good looking, or 'who is he?' — or something — it might make him think I was eligible. The Lord knows I'm not, but he'd take an idea from anybody of importance."

"I guess we can work that up," responded the obliging leading man, hurrying into his costume. "I'll go down to the hen-house. They're ready for anything down there. Last time I saw them they were rolling eggs for nickels. I smash your egg, you give me a nickel, you know. What did you say you've written?"

It got about — between the sober business of playing scenes — that the handsome young man whom nobody knew, knew nobody because he was an author of distinction and a recluse. The young women from the henneries, with what their host put down as scandalous familiarity, talked easily with the cottagers, more than intimating that Mr. Snooper was an old stiff, and in luck to have Homer Johns down there.

The old stiff did not hear all of this but he did hear Mrs. Apperson say (not once, but twice, for he listened), "Why, that's Homer Johns, the writer. He's awfully hard to get. I'm asking him over." And while he was not deceived as to the real status of his hired scribe, it leavened the humiliation of Alice being "taken" with him in the cactus circle which stood for the Mojave desert, and being helped up the rockery by him in a vain attempt to cross the Sierras.

He was relieved, too, that the young man's pictorial devotion did not drive away the youths of the neighborhood. Rather, they clustered about Alice, stimulated by that old, old concoction, opposition — a cup valuable enough for the commercial Mr. Snooper to have appreciated.

They wanted to be filmed in her company also, and they were permitted this in certain forest scenes by the discreet director who wished to keep them on the string until the next day was over. A few months later when the picture was released they were surprised to find how frequently they were concealed by large trees. They blamed the camera man for this, and said he was second-rate. Their ambitions grew, and at the *al fresco* luncheon of the second day they presented themselves as a unit to Cartwright and asked to be the bridegroom of the rich marriage.

It had already been decided, as a compliment to the house of Snooper, that Alice was to be the rich bride. She was pretty, had an exquisite yellow gown — and would save the firm another five dollars. Mrs. Apperson, wishing it to go down to posterity, had offered her own lace veil, and Mrs. Dunster, not to be outdone, insisted upon loaning the wedding prayer-book of her family.

It was a delicate moment for the director. He did not want to use any of the young men. They would one and all stumble, get out of the lines and look into the camera. Still, he could not cast a member of his company for the bridegroom, as all were playing definite rôles; moreover, there was the five dollars unexpended if he brought no other actor down for the day!

As he hesitated he felt a pressure on his right foot. This embarrassed and amazed him. Two of the most respected matrons of the colony were sitting on either side of him at the table. Still, one never could tell. Being a family man he looked reprovingly at the lady on his right and tucked his foot under his chair. The lady was eating a something in aspic, unemotionally, to all appearances, yet the foot was sought out and again gently prodded.

Cartwright was annoyed. He was there for business. Adopting the fashion of a more famous manager he then sat upon his foot with the idea of removing temptation. The lady went on eating, but to his horror his left foot was now attacked. A perspiration broke out on his forehead. Could she have reached over, or was it — he turned upon the distinguished woman at this side of him. He was inclined to have it out with her. The lady was also eating, but she managed a word.

"What a delicious dish this is!" she audaciously exclaimed. "And do you know, it's only pig's feet in jelly!" — a tender pressure here.

This was abominable! He longed for the simple life of his theatrical home. He could not look at either of the ladies now. He could only stare across. He did so, conscious and glad that there was a man opposite. And in this way he caught the fiercely concentrated gaze of Homer Johns. Johns was not eating. He was fixing him with a terrible eye and he was unaccountably low in his chair. A relieved smile broke over the face of the director. It was a man who was flirting with his toes. It was only Homer Johns.

All this passed quickly. The spokesman of the young squires was jerkily continuing: "I mean to say — not all of us of course, only one. But we're sportsmen — we'll play off for the bride — and the rest of us will trail. You know — groomsmen sort of thing."

(A hideous kick upon the suffering left foot.)

"Besides," piped up a dapper little chap who had spoiled two hundred feet of film that morning, "not that I'm knocking the actors, y' understand, but you do want a gentleman, don't you, old son?"

(A violent attack in the direction of the secreted extremity.)

"Right-O!"—a general chorus. "Hardly the job for an artist."

Mr. Cartwright avoided an answer by uncoiling himself and pushing back his chair before he was kicked out of it entirely by the steadily disappearing Mr. Jones. In spite of this muscular vehemence the young man seemed to be all eyes. There was no getting away from them. Indeed, the director did not wish to. It was plain that Homer wanted to be the

[*Continued on page 48*]

"What have you been doin'?" demanded Mr. Snooper of the pair, as they stood before him

If he didn't

The Two Fears

by

Robert Hichens

Author of "The Garden of Allah" and "Bella Donna"

If he did

THE literature of the war is not confined to accounts of battles between soldiers. This month it is a little story, told with grim humor by one of England's best known novelists. Next month: "Scars and Stripes," by Porter Emerson Browne.

MRS. ALLINGTON was afraid. She had always been what is called a nervous sort of woman. Constitutionally delicate, thin, small and pale, with large, anxious brown eyes, her whole appearance suggested sensitiveness and an almost shrinking timidity.

A widow now, she had been married young to a man who did everything "in his own way." He had loved her, but in his own way. He had been kind to her, but in his own way. He had eaten and drunk, taken his pleasures and undergone his misfortunes, worshiped himself and paid homage to his Creator in his own way.

And some had thought that his way was a trying one.

Most of his friends and acquaintances had called him at one time or another a trying man. Several had gone so far as to say of him that he had a way with him that would have tried a saint.

Mrs. Allington may, or may not, have been a saint; anyhow she never said, and never showed, that her husband tried her. She fell in with all his wishes while he was alive and appeared to mourn him with deep sincerity when he was dead. She had looked very anxious while he was with her, largely presiding over her life; she continued to look very anxious after he was — as Miss Allington, her knitting, charitable sister-in-law put it — "gathered in."

It seemed as if she couldn't look anything else.

A fixed expression may with time become almost as deceptive as a mask. If a woman always looks anxious nobody bothers about her anxieties; perhaps, indeed, nobody believes in them. By displaying she may actually conceal.

So it was with Mrs. Allington.

When the European War broke out she was living in a small house in Kensington with her only child, Ivo, who was just twenty-five, and who was doing well as a journalist.

Mrs. Allington had just enough for her necessities; but for her comforts, for those innumerable small things which draw some of the austere harshness out of life, which paint in a little warm color on the gray, she was dependent upon Ivo.

But for Ivo, she must have lived in a cheap boarding-house instead of in that cherished possession, 247 Lenorva Road, West Kensington. But for Ivo, really nice dresses — not many, and never expensive; but in a modest way satisfactory — would have been "beyond her." But for Ivo, she could not have indulged in occasional visits to the theatre and occasional pleasant afternoons at the Ballad Concerts, followed by tea — not at Lyons's.

Ivo was clever and had the artistic temperament — which implies startling irritabilities, and occasional exhibitions of nerves upon the tight-rope — but he was very good to his mother in his own way, which was not inherited from his father.

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And now Mrs. Allington was full of fear connected with Ivo. Two fears, in fact, possessed her soul. She was afraid that Ivo would enlist in the army Kitchener had begun to form for active service against the Huns. That was fear number one. And she was afraid that he would not enlist. That was fear number two.

She felt that she simply couldn't bear it if Ivo enlisted, and she knew that she just couldn't endure it if he didn't. As she said absolutely nothing about either of her two fears, and merely went on looking extremely anxious, nobody had the least suspicion that she was not "just as usual." Even Ivo, who was supposed to be so intuitive, and to whom human nature was said to be an open book — even Ivo had no notion that his mother was in any way worried. To tell the truth, he thought he was doing all the worrying that was being done at 247 Lenorva Road.

How perfectly terrible it would be if Ivo didn't!

When the War broke out he had had tremendous visions of "finding himself" as the ideal war correspondent. But Kitchener — everything was put upon Kitchener by everybody — had other views. Or so it was rumored. There were not to be any war correspondents. And so, for a time, Ivo went on in the old way of a successful young free-lance. He wrote about war in West Kensington, and khaki began to appear in the streets. It became more and more mysteriously prevalent.

One saw it in the Tube; one jostled against it in the Underground; one sat beside it upon the tops of 'buses; one met it unexpectedly in great abundance coming round corners; it tramped about the Parks, and did remarkable maneuvers in sunlit public gardens, and sang along the Mall, and whistled its way along the Embankment beside the old brown river.

And Ivo began to worry.

He was a clever boy and a good sort of boy, but he was of the intellectual rather than of the muscular type. He was decidedly an individualist, and, though he was a journalist, he was much concerned about Art. He knew all the ways of the Cubists, the Futurists, the Vorticists; he was very keen on the Russian Ballet; he was deeply interested in what Mr. George Moore was going to do next, and swore almost passionately by Granville Barker.

In music, his taste ran rather to Scriabine than to the composer of "Tipperary."

And so he worried quite a good deal.

And in Mrs. Allington fear number two began to grow and to attain conspicuous proportions.

How perfectly terrible it would be if Ivo didn't enlist!

The sons of neighbors and even of friends began to change color; from the blue of serge, or the dull green of Harris tweed, or the black of that cloth which is made up into "morning coats" they faded — or was it bloomed? — into khaki.

And the young men who hadn't changed color became louder in their assertion that it would be a short war, "all over long before these fellows in a hurry get their rifles."

Mrs. Allington lay awake night after night, and fear number two crouched beside her pillow.

What would she do if Ivo didn't enlist?

She and her son did not talk very much about the war. Ivo honestly thought that she "didn't take much stock in it," and she thought — well, who knows what little women think about the great things and the men who are in them? But she noticed the khaki. She noticed it so much that she saw the world clad in it. For her there were no more trousers, there were only putties.

One day, when fear number two impended over her like a Colossus, Ivo said to her in a very casual way:

"I suppose you could get along on a good deal less than you do, mother — at a pinch, eh?"

Fear number two shriveled and was gone, and fear number one lifted itself suddenly to the height of Mrs. Allington's heart; but she went on looking anxious, and said in her usual voice — a very light, and rather faded, soprano:

"Yes, dear, I suppose I could, at a pinch."

"That's what I thought. It's generally possible to knock off a few things. Most of us wade through superfluities."

"Dear?"

"My way of saying we complicate our needs."

"Oh, I see."

But he felt perfectly [*Continued on page 66*]

But Mr. Bent paid not the least attention to them. He was going downtown, he said, and didn't know when he should return

Just Thirty Days!

The Story of Two Dollars' Worth of Advice

HE was twenty-eight, astonishingly big and good to look at, well-educated, well-liked, and perhaps more successful financially than any man of his age and experience has a right to expect. He lived pleasantly at a college club, where he was rather noticeable for his good habits; he worked congenially in a broker's office, where his energy was the subject of perennial comment; and once a year he journeyed to Cambridge to perform upon the University football team that interesting experiment known as licking it into shape. His name, at that period, was worth sub-heads in the metropolitan newspapers; and at other times it might have been found among the greats and near-greats in the fine type near the head of the society columns. It should naturally follow that Maitland was a chronic optimist — the sort of man who always comes cheerfully to breakfast, and has no boomerang of an alibi for lack of sleep the night before.

Indeed, his waiter could have sworn to a thousand mornings such as a clergyman might envy; but on the thousand and first — which happened along in January — Maitland awoke with a queer, joyless sensation in his vitals; and because he was a young man of prudence and forethought, and had sense enough to realize that even at the ripe old age of twenty-eight he wasn't omniscient, he presently strolled around the corner to the lair of a young physician, a former classmate, and asked for about two dollars' worth of professional advice. The doctor, who was almost half as big as Maitland, laughed at him, and seemed disinclined to treat the case seriously. But after a minute or two of examination, he suddenly became very grave, and at length he sat down, stared at the ceiling, and with an air of paternalism which in any other situation would have been highly ludicrous, he began to inquire into the state of Maitland's quick assets, and of his mind. He ended by ordering Maitland to Colorado.

"Colorado!" said Maitland aghast. "Me! Colorado? I don't want to go anywhere, you idiot — I want some medicine! I don't know anybody in Colorado!"

"The trouble with fellows like you," observed the little doctor sententiously, "is that you think you're so tough you don't need to take care of yourselves — and then you come around here and expect to recover in half a day by taking dope!"

"Guess again!" said Maitland belligerently. "I take better care of myself in a day than you do in a week!"

The doctor smiled sorrowfully.

"Let's see," he said. "Besides football, what other dangerous occupations did you follow, Gerald? You rowed, of course. Four years?"

"Three. Why, one spring I threw the hammer. Senior year I wrestled."

"And in the summer?"

"Tennis, chiefly."

"How much?"

"Oh, anywhere from six to ten sets a day."

"That was to keep your weight down for football?"

"Yes, but it didn't always work. When it didn't, I used to go out cross-country."

"Exactly! And my diagnosis is that you've burned out most of your carbons, and given your breathing apparatus a fifty per cent. overload for about twelve years. Well — there's nothing critical yet. Mind you, I said *yet;* but my opinion is that if you spend one more season in this climate, you won't want advice — you'll want sympathy. If you don't believe me, go and pay five hundred dollars to a specialist. *My* advice is for you to get out of New York, and stay out. If you don't, and you catch one good cold ——"

"Go West for my *health!*" snapped Maitland. "You're crazy, Jimmy. I'm as hard as nails!"

"So's a cheese — on the outside."

"But my business, and my friends — all the interests I have are right in New York!"

"Look here, Gerald," said the doctor pacifically, "if you want to shout, go ahead — only it won't help my reputation with the people out there in the waiting-room. But don't think you're going to shout me into telling you what you want to hear, instead of what I think I ought to tell you, because you can't do it. The best thing you can do is to calm down, and plan how you can get away from this atmosphere inside of thirty days."

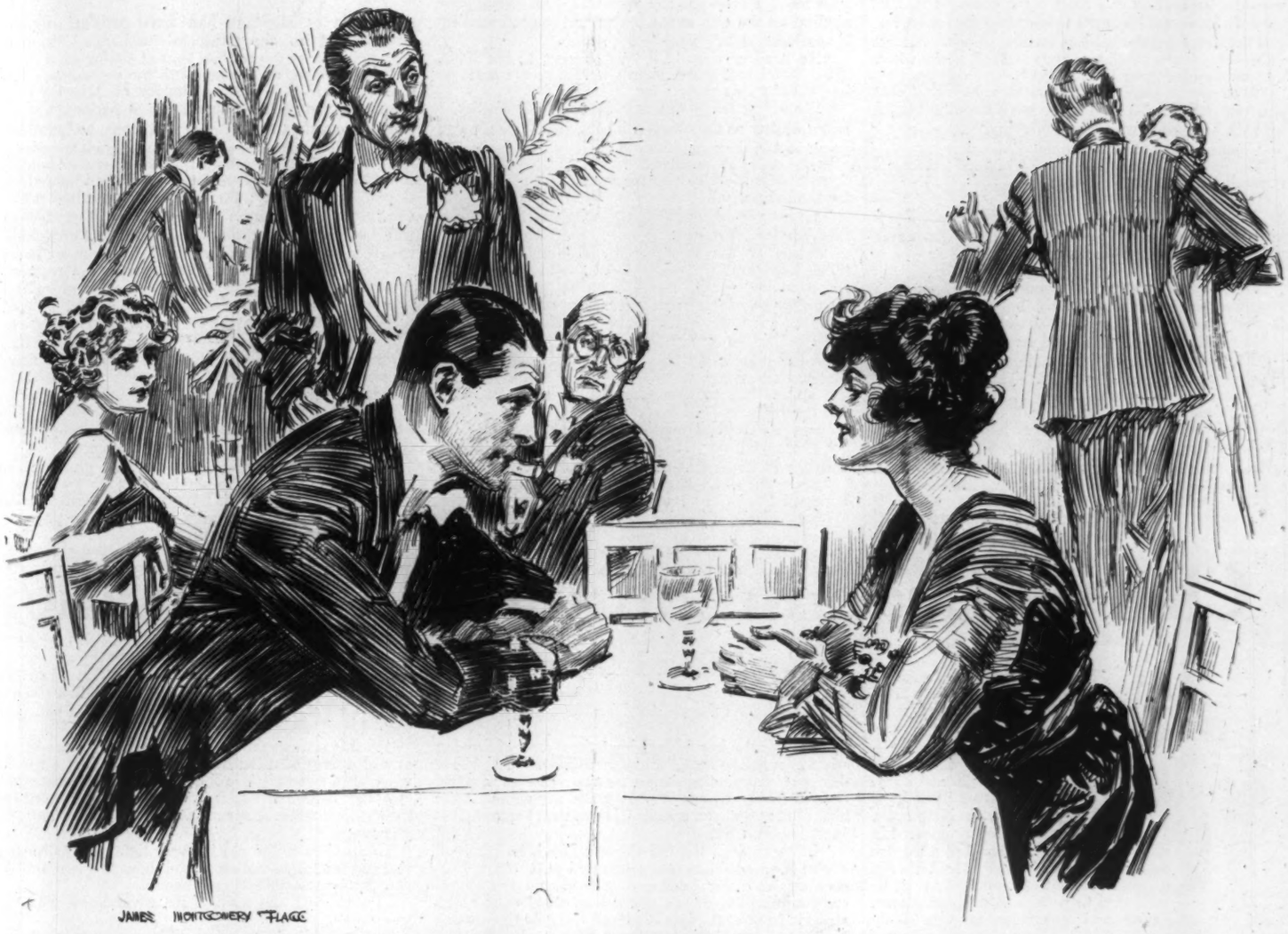
Maitland slowly turned the color of Harvard brick.

"Well — you don't mean — I ought not to be — married ——"

"Nonsense! I've said there's nothing very wrong with you *yet.* Just cut out the violent exercise, and move to a colder, dryer climate. Now are you going to be reasonable about it, or have I got to waste a lot of time scaring you?"

"Oh, I'll be reasonable," promised Maitland. "But — it's pretty unexpected, Jimmy. It makes me feel — so darned puerile ——"

"I know," condoled his friend. "I've seen men like you before. You're so used to thinking you've got



As he approached the pair, he detected them exchanging glances of a variety of which he hadn't considered Maitland capable

by Holworthy Hall

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

a constitution like an elephant that you're ashamed of yourself when you find you're only human."

"Well," said Maitland, on the defensive, "when I can run five miles in half an hour — or put up a hundred pounds with one hand — or row from the boat-house down to the Basin and back four times in an afternoon ——"

"That's it exactly! That's just what's the matter with you. You've done it too often."

Maitland took up his hat.

"You really mean what you say, Jimmy?"

"Absolutely. Of course, as I said, you might see some good specialist ——"

"Well — perhaps. I'm not fool enough to pay real money for professional advice, and then not take it. When's the very latest you think I ought to go?"

"The middle of February."

"That's your last word?"

"Unless you want to go to a very different place eventually, Gerald."

"Well — how much do I owe you?"

"One long letter a year as long as you live, old man — and that'll be until you're about ninety — that is, in Colorado."

"Double your price," said Maitland, grinning, and he clasped the doctor's hand with friendly violence, went out to the street, hesitated, moved uncertainly south, and finally went back to the Harvard Club and sat down to think it over. He was still thinking it over when Henry Ballou, his quondam room-mate, came in — and in the first shock of chagrin he was indiscreet enough to confide his problem to Ballou.

Now in the light of pure reason, Maitland should never have been astonished at the sudden publicity given to his bitter secret. Ballou was married. Pure reason in these matters is closely allied to pure mathematics, and the net result of the confidence is best set down in Roman numerals. Maitland told Henry Ballou, and that made I. Ballou told his wife, and that made II. She, bursting with sisterly solicitation, told someone else, and that made III. Careful analysis of these statistics will demonstrate the point to a nicety.

When Maitland, after a day or two of seclusion, to accustom himself to the apparent paradox of going West for his health, which was superb, eventually went to call on the girl he privately considered the most desirable of her sex in the civilized world, he shouldn't have been staggered to discover that she knew all about it. In fact, she knew so much about it that a large part of her information was incorrect. And because her early training had made her somewhat repressed in her emotions, and because her environment had gradually encased her in a protective armor of social frigidity, and because, too, she understood from the winged rumors that Maitland's residence in New York, or Colorado, or anywhere else, was rather to be estimated in months and days than in years, she listened to his declaration with disturbing poise, and declined him almost before he had come to the closing sentence, and caught his breath. She was very kind, very impersonal, but very definite.

On his way back to the club Maitland stopped at a convenient hotel, and picked over the railroad folders. As far as he could see now, there was nothing left to prevent him from taking a west-bound train by Monday of next week.

Of course he didn't take it. The quality of self-sacrifice, and of renunciation, isn't as strong as all that when a man is only twenty-eight, and in New York on sufferance for his last winter. He fully intended to take that train, and he even wrote a telegram of reservation to a famous resort near Colorado Springs, but when he consulted a calendar, and weighed his balance of time in the East against his potential limit of existence in the West, he tore up the telegram, and called himself just what all right-minded young men call themselves under similar circumstances. And, happening to run foul of Henry Ballou at about that moment, he hauled him over to the Winter Garden to try to forget. One can forget almost anything at the Winter Garden. During the intermission they sat in a booth at the nearest café, and talked about Gerald Maitland.

"For six years — six solid years," he said savagely, "I've had common-sense, and taken care of myself, and all that sort of silly rot — and what did it get me? I've missed all the enjoyable idiocies of youth — and now I'm in the discard anyway. Where's the justice in it?"

"Depends on how you look at it," suggested Ballou sagely. "You've saved something, haven't you?"

"Well — what good does it do to keep from having a good time — and save money so that you've got enough to have a good time with — when it's too late?"

"Too late! Why, the universe was created in one week, and you've got four — haven't you?"

"I haven't any more responsibilities," said Maitland irrelevantly. "I've resigned downtown — I thought

I'd better; and I'm all through uptown. I might as well finish in a blaze of glory — make up for what I've missed. And when you come right down to it, I've missed a lot — not because I'm any tin-plated saint, but just because I got the habit of missing things. Always more or less in training, you know. Well, here's where I break training good and plenty!"

"It seems to me," said Ballou thoughtfully, "that if I were in your shoes I'd try to see if I couldn't finish up with something worth remembering."

"That's what I'm talking about."

"No — I mean something pretty blamed near *worth* remembering."

"For instance?"

"Well, if this were your very last night here, if you knew this were the last time you'd ever see me, would you want to be where we are now?"

"Why not?"

"Suppose it happened to be your last night on earth — you're paroled in my custody, but you're slated to be shot at sunrise — how about that?"

Maitland shrugged his shoulders.

"I've put away about three thousand dollars, Henry. Where I'm going, I can't spend it. That's the answer."

"Why can't you spend it?"

"Because as soon as I get out there," explained Maitland patiently, "I'll be full of horse-sense again. I'll be as serious as a judge. I'll keep right on being strictly moral and touting for a savings bank. This is the last chance, and I'm going to take it."

"Going to burn your bridges?"

"Blow 'em up!" said Maitland. "Want to help?"

Ballou shook his head. "I'm for peace at any price. I'm married," he declined. "But if you've made up your mind, I hope you like your idea. Of course your medical advice was sound. You had it confirmed by a specialist, didn't you?"

"No need of that. I'll trust Jimmy to the limit. We'd better trot along, hadn't we? The act must be half over by this time."

"Have you made out any schedule of iniquity?" asked Ballou, as they turned the corner. "Or are you going to the dogs spontaneously?"

"Oh, quite spontaneously. But I think I'll run down to Atlantic City over the week-end, and get rested for the big party."

"I'll bet you never go through with it!" said Ballou, fumbling for the return checks.

"Inside of ten days," said Maitland cheerfully. "The lobster palace shall echo to my step, and the tango parlor — well, that'll echo to my step, too. Honestly, I've been in only one in my life! But I'm going to have every white-aproned Irishman in New York calling me by my first name! I'm going to hire taxicabs by the day. I'm going to be a sucker in Wall Street. I'm going to bed just after breakfast, and get up in time to dress for tea, Henry. In other words ——"

"Sh-h-h!" said the audience, looking scornful.

"The next time you see me after ten P. M., I'll be with the prettiest girl this side of perdition."

"Bet you a hundred," whispered Ballou. "No, I mean it!"

Maitland slipped into his seat, and grinned at his friend.

"All right," he whispered back. "It'll be just enough to tip the waiter. I'll *take* you!"

As soon as Maitland had dined satisfactorily, he strolled out to the Blenheim exchange with no motive higher or lower than that of sitting on a comfortable cushion, and listening to the orchestra. The exchange, which in the vocabulary of Atlantic City signifies a sort of lobby and series of parlors, was already crowded; to his intense annoyance he found his choice limited to a sofa at arm's length from the piano, and a domesticated beach chair at the uttermost bounds of the room. He took the beach chair, and lighted his third cigar of the day; thereby breaking his best previous record by a margin of two cigars. The tobacco was excellent; the music pleased him; the consciousness that he had quitted New York less than six hours ago, and that he could tread Broadway again tomorrow, if he chose, was eminently reassuring. He closed his eyes and was smoking placidly, when he was sharply recalled to attention by the touch of a hand on his arm. Turning, he beheld in the next seat a man whose face registered a startling combination of bewilderment, embarrassment, pain, and mute appeal. As Maitland gazed, he saw that the man's collar was the obvious cause of his pain, and his new evening clothes the probable reason for his embarrassment. He appeared to be suffering acutely from his own presence.

"Excuse me," he said, "but can you give me the name of the piece they're playing?"

"That?" said Maitland. "Why, that's the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana." [*Continued on page 68*]

Charlie Chaplin's Million-Dollar Walk

by Edward H. Smith

MORE Americans of this generation have laughed at Charlie Chaplin's fantastic walk than at any other risibility tickler of the times. The great plain people will agree that nothing can be half so humorous. Recently, in New York, the famous movie clown appeared in ordinary before a crowd at a theatre benefit and undertook to lead a band, an expression of a musical talent he is said to possess in unusual degree. Sans costume, cane and mustache, he was coolly received. This smooth-faced, bright-eyed, smiling young man was not Charlie Chaplin! Where was his charm? What was there to laugh at in this prosy person? The film star tried in vain to be amusing; not a cheer rose from the lusty mob. Then in a last moment of inspiration, he shuffled to the exit with his famous ambulation. A roar that shook the building followed him and called him back again and yet again. A few steps of this excruciating amble, and the place was in paroxysms.

A few days later Chaplin signed contracts which call for gross rewards of $670,000 for the year's work. Not, understand, stage contracts, but commitments which the dourest business man must have respected. Chaplin will actually receive $10,000 a week for the year. In addition, a check for the bonus of $150,000 has been delivered to Chaplin, endorsed to his elder brother, Syd, and deposited and collected by that worthy, the fiscal genius of the family.

So much for the economic aspect of this celebrated walk.

Like everything worth while, the $670,000 waddle has its history; like all humor it is rooted in the bitterest cruelty. The story of the shuffle that has made this young fellow a millionaire almost in a day had not been told until just after he signed his big contract. Then he recounted it to me between mouthfuls of breakfast eggs and snatches of war news.

Chaplin, who is just past twenty-seven, was born, he tells me, at Fontainebleau, a few miles from Paris, the son of traveling British actor folk; but he was taken to England when two months old and reared in London. He is of Jewish extraction. It was as a boy in the London streets that he found the walk which has made him by all odds the most celebrated harlequin of the times.

"I was just a boy idling about the streets of London when I found the walk," Chaplin told me. "I had been on the stage as a clog-dancer for two years earning two and six (about 60 cents) a week and my cakes. After that I did nothing for a while. It was then I came across the Chaplin walk.

"In those days the old Queen's Head, in Lambeth Walk, Kensington, was a celebrated pub. Among its clients were many coachmen and drivers, and one of the landmarks of the district was an old character who stood in front of the Queen's Head and held their horses for them as they descended and went for their drinks. This old rum-soak was the originator of the walk. All day long he might have been seen leaning against the front of the pub, waiting for the drivers, an awful, battered wreck of a man, with a beery nose and bad feet. I suppose he had a combination of gout and rheumatism. Anyhow he was just able to support himself on his two huge misshapen feet, as he leaned there waiting.

"Whenever a rig drove up the driver raised his hand to the old derelict and whistled. Immediately the man began to mobilize. He labored with his shoulders, screwed his neck, distorted his face, humped his back, writhed with his body and slowly got under way, shuffling the little distance across the walk toward the curb. He walked with his eyes, nose, teeth, neck and ears. Poor devil, his will was trying to hurry but his infirm body held him back."

The comedian started across his room in imitation of the tragic shackled-willed progress of his character. It was different from the walk of the movies as the cold brutality of obvious realism differs from the refined cruelty of the ludicrous.

"'Coming, coming!' he called, working his painful way to the heads of the horses," the actor went on. "And there he stood like a man whose every second is torture, holding on until his driver came out, occasionally rewarding him with a ha'penny bit. On these and the bounty of the publican he managed to live, a sour, solemn old man whose ludicrous infirmity must have gnawed at his vitals. He absolutely fascinated me. Either I wasn't working at all or I was enjoying the abundant leisure of the old-time errand boy. So I stood around and watched him until my interest annoyed him. I went home to my mother and told her about him. 'Here's the way that man walks,' I used to tell her, trying to imitate his shuffle. Mother would throw up her hands and avert her face. 'Oh, you wicked boy!' she called in horror.

"Well, that was the origin of the walk. I never had any idea then of using it. Even later, when I was in vaudeville, the only use I put it to was amusing the company behind the scenes. The walk was saved for the movies, where I sprung it a little more than two years ago."

The pathos of the old beer-sot living on halfpenny tips and teaching a walk worth millions to a two-and-six clog dancer was not lost on Chaplin.

"Poor devil!" he said. "He never knew what he was worth."

The comedian's own story is not less readable. Finishing with his childish clog dancing, he attempted, at thirteen, the legitimate stage, playing *Sam* in "The Romance of Cocaine," a British melodrama of the day. The following season he appeared with William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes." For some years he traveled about England with various companies, playing juvenile rôles. Not until 1909 did he visit America with "A Night in an English Music Hall," a vaudeville sketch. In these bright hours he earned twenty-five dollars a week. Later his salary was doubled, and just before he embraced the movies his honorarium was seventy-five dollars. His first engagement with the picture people, made in January, 1914, provided a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a week. Two years and two months later he was engaged at ten thousand dollars a week and a bonus doubling the annual salary of the President.

Chaplin has no idea himself how he managed it. If he understands even the principles of his popularity he denies the impeachment. He does not try to analyze it.

"All I try to do is to make the people laugh with me, more than at me," he once said. "I won't even try to find out the elements of my success."

What else do you want to know about your favorite movie clown? You may not have heard that he is an accomplished musician, that he has a considerable gift at composition and that he plays the 'cello by preference. Perhaps you wish to know that he is a slight little man, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds at most. Or is it that he is not, as popularly supposed, an acrobat; that he is delicate rather than strong? Or is it that he is unmarried and has hopes of further immunity? This, frankly, constitutes about all else I know of him.

Petitjean shook his head. "I do not know," he said. "But it is the talk"

"Somewhere in ——"

by Porter Emerson Browne

Author of "Peace — at Any Price" and "Uncle Sham!"

THEODORE ROOSEVELT says: "I wish that Porter Emerson Browne's 'Peace — at Any Price' could be circulated as a tract everywhere throughout America." . . . We think this story is bigger yet.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

IT was springtime in France. Before the door of his cottage, sat Pierre Leblanc. The soft, sweet scent of the awakening earth came to him; the humming of bees. Before him, the fair countryside, vari-colored squares, lush green, dun, dull brown, stretched far away to meet the deep blue of the sky. From the foot of the gently-sloping hillside, where the little stream sang ever softly to itself, came the lowing of fat kine.

All this Pierre Leblanc felt, and saw, and heard. And he was content; nay, happy. To himself and his good wife God had indeed been kind. He had given them another child, this time a boy. He had given them a wondrous crop. He had given them health, and wealth. Eighty francs were still due him for goods shipped to the great markets of the city. And Gervase, the apothecary, owed him yet another forty.

And so Pierre Leblanc, sitting by the doorway of his home, was content with all the world.

A little child, a girl of four, came to his side, thrusting a sun-browned little hand within his own. A pretty child she was, dark-haired, dark-eyed, cheeks flushed with play. She leaned against his knee, crossing her sturdy little legs, as children stand. Pierre Leblanc looked down at her. His smile met her own.

"*Est tu fatiguée, p'tite?*" he asked, softly.

She sighed.

"*Un peu,*" she replied.

And she sighed again, happily. It is good to be a child, and tired.

A voice hailed him from the gate. It was Petitjean, whose cottage lay next door; Petitjean, young and tall and good to look upon, in smock and huge, baggy trousers.

"I have come from the village," he said, as he came into the yard.

"Yes?" queried Pierre Leblanc, stroking the tangled hair of the child at his knee.

"There is strange talk," said Petitjean, "there, in the village."

"Talk?" asked Pierre Leblanc. "Talk of what?"

Petitjean waited a moment. His gaze drifted slowly over the sun-filled fields. . . . It was absurd, of course; *impossible.* Pierre Leblanc would think him *fou.* . . . Nevertheless, he answered.

"The talk," he said, at length, "is of war."

There fell a pause. The wife of Pierre Leblanc, young, comely, with the dark hair and eyes of the little girl, and the full bust of the nursing mother, came into the doorway. She carried the baby, their man-child, in her arms.

"War!" she said. . . . Then, "War?"

Petitjean nodded.

"It is the Germans," he said.

Pierre Leblanc had looked first surprised; then incredulous; then amused. Now he lifted his head and laughed aloud.

Petitjean watched him.

"You laugh," he said, at length.

Pierre Leblanc turned to him, still smiling.

"And why not?" he queried.

"War with Germany?" he continued. "*Zut!* It is absurd! We are at peace. The whole world is at peace. Crops are good. There is money for all. Then why should there be war?"

Petitjean shook his head.

"I do not know," he said. "But it is the talk."

Pierre Leblanc eyed him with kindly scorn.

"Pouf!" he said. "You are young, *mon vieux.* When you shall be as old as I, you will not permit to affect you the idle fancies of the scatter-brained."

But Petitjean again shook his head.

"It is the talk," he reiterated.

Pierre Leblanc shifted, impatiently.

"Then the talk," he asserted, "is absurd. We know that perhaps Germany wants more territory for her people, more seaports for her commerce. But to go to war for these things? *Mais non!* We are a civilized people. The Germans are a civilized people. We have been at peace these many years. And in those years, we have both learned much. Men no longer

fly, like animals, at one another's throats. Differences nowadays are left to arbitration. Have we not treaties? Have we not the Hague? Have we not honor, and decency, and mercy, and brotherly love? We are no longer beasts. Civilization has taught us to be humane."

He waved his hand.

"Listen no more to idle talk. Go home and sleep in peace. War is gone from the world forever!"

A fortnight later Petitjean again stood at the gate. It was sunset; the sky was of red, and gold and the colors of opals.

"The talk of war," said Petitjean, "goes on."

Pierre Leblanc this time did not laugh. He did not believe. But he did not laugh.

"Yes," he said, "the talk goes on. But what of that? Talk does not make facts. There can be no war. Weapons are too terrible nowadays. No man, no nation, could stand against them. And the good God would not permit a thing so terrible to come upon His earth. Fear not. The talk will cease. . . ."

But the talk did not cease.

And again, at the cottage gate Petitjean stopped, on his way home.

"The talk of war is more," he said.

Pierre Leblanc nodded.

"I have heard," he replied. "The talk is of nothing else."

"And you now believe?" queried Petitjean.

Leblanc shook his head.

"I do not know," he answered. "I am confused. A month ago I would not have believed. But where there is so much talk — And in the papers. . . . The Germans are a strange people; that is, the Prussians. We do not understand them; nor do they understand us. And it may be that they think —"

His wife, baby in arms, came into the doorway.

Petitjean spoke slowly, as one dreading to voice his thought.

"You think," he queried, "that if war comes, it will come here — to us?"

Pierre Leblanc's expression changed. It changed from seriousness to amusement. And once again he laughed. He looked up at his wife, still laughing. But she did not laugh. Women are different from men. Leblanc turned back to Petitjean.

"Come here?" he cried. "War come here?" He chuckled. "It is a very werewolf of a war of which you dream! How," he asked, "could war come here? Have we not a great and gallant army? Have we not forts and guns? Have we not treaties that protect us from invasion? How, then, can war come here to us?"

Petitjean thought.

"Perhaps," he suggested at length, "through Belgium."

Again Pierre Leblanc laughed, in kindly scorn.

"That," he asserted, "is precisely what the Germans have agreed that they would not do. And even should they try, the Belgians are no fools, neither are they cowards. They have an army amply big for defense. And their forts are magnificent! Not all the men in Germany could carry them!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Should the Germans try to violate Belgium," he asserted, "the war would be over before it had begun. . . . Men cannot stand against the weapons of today. Cannon which kill at twenty-five kilometres! Aeroplanes which drop bombs of fire! Machine guns which mow men down as you cut grain with a sickle! . . . Should war come today, one battle would be all. Thousands and tens of thousands of soldiers killed. The world sick with horror. . . . And then a settlement. . . . We are generations from slaughter. We could not stand it.

"Fear not," he said. "War may come. But we and those we love are safe."

So thought Pierre Leblanc. So thought countless thousands that were as he. But he, and they, were wrong. And while God's head was turned away, the devil let loose upon the earth a Monster that no man dreamed could be!

And whispering to God, she crossed herself; for she thought it was her own

Pierre Leblanc stood at the door of his cottage. His little girl stood beside him, her little hand in his. Beside him stood his wife, their man-child at her breast. Side by side, they stood, watching the soldiers as they marched by.

Pierre Leblanc had seen many pictures of soldiers. He had listened to the gallant tales of the ancients — the veterans of other wars. Of troops going to war there had been always in his mind a clear and vivid picture. Flags flying; drums rolling; music; gallant officers with flashing swords and shining helmets on great steeds that curveted and caracoled; men that marched brilliantly in brilliant uniforms. That had been the picture in his mind. How vastly different the picture that his eyes now saw!

A crawling, gray dust-snake was writhing its sullen way across the fair land. Its head had long since passed the first house of their village. Its tail was somewhere over the shimmering blue hills beyond the next. In the distance, it was that; nothing more — just a crawling, gray snake.

But nearer it broke up into its component entities. Men that walked wearily, carrying heavy guns and heavier packs, while the sweat cut tiny rivulets in their dust-plastered faces; dust-covered guns drawn by dust-covered horses ridden by dust-covered riders; supply-wagons, dust-covered like all else. . . . More men. . . . More wagons. . . . More guns . . . men and guns, and wagons; wagons, and guns, and men, emerging vaguely from the great, gray snake only to merge back again into its writhing coils.

And there stood watching, in the summer sun, Pierre Leblanc and his wife, their daughter, and the man-child that *le bon Dieu* had been good enough to send them; watched while the bees hummed and a bird, hidden in the green leaves above them, sang, and sang, and sang. . . .

Pierre Leblanc heard his name called. He looked, trying to pierce the dust with his gaze. He heard his name again. An arm waved. A figure, dust-gray like all the rest, stood out from among the countless others.

It was Petitjean; Petitjean, tall, young, so good to look upon. Petitjean who, when came the call of France to her sons, laid down his tools and quietly went forth to offer his life for hers. He was no man of phrases. He had said only, "I am going to the war." And he had gone. And now he waved to Pierre Leblanc, who was older, and whom his country did not yet need, waved from the gray snake of men, sons of France, like him, going to war so quietly, their souls too full for words, their hearts too great for bombast.

And now Petitjean was gone. The dust again swallowed him, even as it had spewed him forth. . . . And on the gray snake writhed, men, and guns, and wagons; wagons, and guns, and men.

And Pierre Leblanc and his wife stood watching, in the summer sun, while the bees hummed and above them, hidden amid the green of the leaves, a bird sang, and sang, and sang.

Suddenly it came upon them. So suddenly that it was hard, very hard, to credit. Man is but man. And that which through many years he has learned to believe, lies close against his skull.

Belgium had been invaded.

But how could that be? Her fortresses were impregnable. Of steel and cement, and the brains of the best engineers of the world! And was there not the treaty — the treaty which Germany had signed against this very thing?

That treaty only a scrap of paper? It could not be possible. Treaties were made, like promises, of the honor and honesty of men and nations. And if honor and honesty were gone from the world, what would be left? Any man could repudiate his word or his debts. There could be no business, no society, no religion, no morals, no ethics. The ramifications were inconceivable. It split civilization wide open at its base! No! No! It could not be!

Wild rumors came to the village. Pierre Leblanc, puzzled, amazed, helpless, listened. It was too much for any man to grasp. He shook his head, weakly. He listened while others talked, in the little shop that Gervase, the apothecary, had kept these many years. While others talked, he listened. Gervase listened, too. From time to time Gervase smiled a little, quietly, when he thought no one was looking. Pierre Leblanc saw. This, too, he thought was strange. Why should Gervase smile? Gervase, whose friend he had been these many years.

While others talked, volubly, excitedly, he left, to go home to his cottage, to his little daughter, to his wife and their man-child. At home there were only bees, the singing of the brook, the lowing of fat kine, and the bird that sang hidden in the leaves. There he could sit quietly and think, that he might try to gain even a tiny glint of the great change that had come over all the world — a change that left him helpless, weak, dreadful.

He was crossing the little bridge, just above the mill, when he heard a rumble, as of distant thunder. He stopped, listening. He looked up at the sky. It was a bowl of blue, no cloud upon its surface. Pierre Leblanc scratched his head. Thunder, with no cloud in sight; thunder in the azure brilliance of a summer's day? The world was mad indeed!

Again the rumble. Again Pierre Leblanc scratched his head, in deep perplexity. Again he looked in the direction whence came the incongruous sound.

Hello! What was that? Someone was coming, there over the hill beyond the village. A man on a bicycle, a tiny dot against the bald whiteness of the road. He traveled fast. Another raised the brow of the hill. Another, and another; then a group.

Again Pierre Leblanc scratched his head. Who could they be, these men? Not tourists. There were no tourists in France now. Couriers, perhaps, from the front! That was it! Couriers from the front, with news of victory! A great victory, a glorious victory, for France!

He turned. He would go back to the village, to welcome them! But even as he turned, he saw coming over the distant hill-brow other men, men on horses, this time! On horses that galloped frantically. . . . He stopped. . . . That was puzzling. Surely, one man, or two, could bear news of victory. Why, then, all these? . . . And then it came to him, why couriers at all? Was there not the telegraph? the telephone? even the wireless? It struck him sickeningly that couriers belonged to other days; distant days — the days of the pictures that he had seen and imagined — the days of Napoleon. Not to times like these.

He tried to think. But his brain refused to give; his imagination to conceive. It did not matter. They would be here soon, these hurrying figures of which now there were so many.

An aeroplane, like some great bird, came out of the nothingness of the sky, high above him, to sail swiftly across the blue toward Paris.

The men on the cycles were lost now, hidden by the houses of the village. But ever the road over the hill gave birth to more. Horses, now, and wagons, and men on foot. And, during all, the dull rumble of the thunder that he could not understand; the thunder that came of a sunlit summer day.

Suddenly, from the village, came the wheelmen. . . . Soldiers they were; their uniforms dirty and torn. Bending over low handlebars, they pedaled fiercely.

Nearer and nearer they came. . . . Nearer — nearer — Pierre Leblanc watched them come. He walked almost to the middle of the road, waiting to hail them.

On they came. He could see their faces — drawn faces, and dirty, with bloodshot eyes and lips pulled back from teeth in agony of effort.

As he spoke, they flew past. They did not answer. It was as though they did not see him. There was something in their eyes that Pierre Leblanc had never seen.

Startled, almost stunned, he watched them wheel away over the sunlit road. Then something within him broke; something nameless; something awful! Turning, he ran with all the strength that was in him to his cottage, to his little girl, to his good wife and the man-child that God had given them. . . .

From the windows of their cottage they watched.

Pierre Leblanc watched with eyes dull and narrowed, like one whose vision asks his brain to believe too much. . . . It is often so; when one must suddenly face that which one has always believed never could be. The good wife's eyes were round with horror. She knew. Women are different from men. The little girl whimpered, frightenedly. Hell had broken upon them; but she was only just from heaven. So she could not understand. The man-child nursed his mother's breast. God's warm breath was still upon his little body. So what knew he of fear?

God had whispered of the child that he was to send her

The fair white road before the cottage was a ruck of frightened, cursing men; of plunging, screaming horses; of ploughing motors, like Juggernauts, tearing their shrieking way through the tossed and tossing masses of men and animals. . . . Cries and mutterings, the crashing of metal against metal. . . . Discarded guns and equipment to catch the frightened feet of those who fled. . . . A hopeless, heaving, pitiful mass of God's creatures turning from a horror so great as to kill reason and slaughter sanity — a mass that began where human vision began, and ended where human vision ended. . . .

And Pierre Leblanc watched, dull eyes unbelieving; like a well man thrust suddenly into the middle of hell. . . . And his good wife, who was woman, watched with the horror that she knew. . . . Their daughter whimpered. . . . The man-child, that was fresh from God, nursed its mother's breast.

The sun lay in the west.

The ruck was thinning now. The able-bodied had gone. Only the wounded were left, and the weak, hobbling, helping one another, fleeing blindly from the million horrors behind them. A man, his leg hanging, foot dangling sickeningly, using two rifles for crutches. . . . Another, twisting a bloody rag around a bloody, empty sleeve. . . . Others . . . more, and more, and more. . . .

And Pierre Leblanc at length believed.

Opening the cottage door, he stepped forth into the dying day. His little girl followed, clinging frightenedly to his smock. The good wife laid the baby in his crib. She took her place at the side of her man.

They went to the one with the dangling leg. He cursed them, strangely, and hobbled on.

They found another unconscious. Him they half carried, half dragged, into the cottage. They gave him water. With deft fingers, the good wife bound up his wound. He was too near death to speak his gratitude. He could but look it.

And then they went forth into the blood-smeared roadway to look for more. . . . They found them. They found them in plenty. Some they took into their cottage and cared for. Others they left, covering their faces. . . .

It did not occur to them to flee. They were God's creatures caring for others of His creatures. That was all. And in all the world no soldier ever makes war except on soldiers. Those who were not soldiers were ever safe in the sanctuary of their helplessness. Unarmed men, women, and little children, these War spared. Such has been the law of civilized warfare these half thousand of years. These things Pierre Leblanc and his good wife knew. Hence, fearless for themselves, they stayed to do their pitiful little to aid the tortured and the suffering.

Busy with their work, they did not look up until there came to their ears a sharp, biting rattle. . . . A machine-gun! . . . Across the dun meadow where long shadows lay, men were running; men with childish red trousers and little red caps that made them fair marks against anything but a field of blood. . . . Three fell, as they ran, almost together. . . . Another. . . . Two more. . . . The rest fell face down beside the little brook that sang ever to itself, there at the foot of the hill. . . . There were willows there. They hid among the roots, their rifles spitting flame.

He could scarcely see the men that pursued. Their uniforms blended strangely with the ground. And ever came the ripping fire of the machine-gun.

And Pierre Leblanc, now very wise of the world, and of the shameless, nameless things that mankind can do to man, knew that these men with the red trousers and caps were what was left of a detachment of the rear guard — the few that in all retreats must die that the many may live.

The tat-tat-tat of the machine-gun kept on. He could see the figures by the willows start half erect, only to drop again. A gun fell from the hands that held it; the body rolled half upon its side. A man lay with head raised. The head fell forward into the little stream, the water above the ears. . . . That was all.

Little figures so hard to see against the fallow field rose. They ran forward, carrying with them a gun, mounted on a tripod. Three fell. The rest threw themselves flat. The ripping of the machine-gun came louder, its flashes plainly visible.

Suddenly the men by the willows leaped to their feet. Four fell, face down. The rest ran. They ran toward the cottage of Pierre Leblanc.

Perhaps twenty started. Five reached the door, to which Pierre Leblanc had already retreated. And the first of these was Petitjean; Petitjean, so young, so strong; Petitjean that had been so good to look upon. Had been, because that [*Continued on page 71*]

From time to time Gervase smiled a little, quietly, when he thought no one was looking

Divorcing Your Uncle

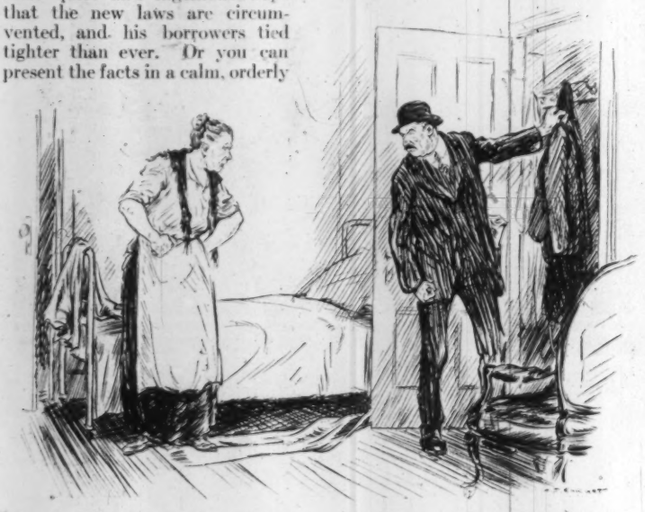
How to Get Rid of the Loan Shark and His Wily Ways

By JAMES H. COLLINS

Illustrations by W. J. Enright

THE loan shark is a sort of perpetual subject. You write an article about him today, explaining his methods and wickedness, and in two or three years another article will be needed. For he is always with us. He always has been. Writers have been explaining him and law-makers legislating against him from the days of the burnt-brick code of Hammurabi. As fast as he is explained he changes his methods, and as soon as laws restrict him in one direction he finds a field of activity in some other.

There are different ways of writing a loan shark article. You can do it in the melodramatic style, picturing the loan shark as a deep-dyed villain, and rousing public opinion to revise the laws. The subject is full of contrasts and heart throbs, and if you handle it in the muck-raking manner, public opinion always responds, the laws are changed, and probably the money-lender driven out of business. But only for a time. He takes refuge in his cyclone cellar until the storm of words is over, and presently is back again, lending his money in such quiet and ingenious ways that the new laws are circumvented, and his borrowers tied tighter than ever. Or you can present the facts in a calm, orderly way, showing that though the money-lender may be a villain, he is not wholly to blame — that this evil has wide ramifications, and exposure and legislation touch effects, but not causes.



The instalment dealer went to his boarding-house and took the clothes away

The present article will deal chiefly with the facts.

We begin in the office of the treasurer of the City of Boston. The city treasurer is having a little difficulty with his pay-roll. Every week or two an assignment of wages is filed against some city employee, usually a laborer with a family, earning twelve or fifteen dollars a week, and needing every cent of it. It becomes necessary to hand that employee's pay envelope over to a money-lender. The latter calls for it each week, takes out two or three dollars for interest on a loan, and hands the rest to the man who earned it as janitor, garbage collector or street cleaner. Some of these money-lenders carry on such a large business with city employees that they hold private pay days of their own, when borrowers call at their offices for the balance of wages due them.

Only a few years since, this assignment of wages grew into such an evil in the Boston city departments that there was a campaign of exposure on muck-raking lines, with a revision of the law. Before that, an employee could assign his wages for a loan by simply signing a paper, and the loan might be any amount. Under the new law, the consent of the borrower's wife and employer are required on an assignment of wages covering a loan of less than three hundred dollars. That law was supposed to be an absolute cure for the evil. All good, conscientious Bostonians who had had their sympathies stirred at the time of the last exposure, felt that the situation had been wisely met. Besides, Massachusetts has an official supervisor of small loans, whose duty it is to license money-lenders and keep an eye on their interest charges.

But the money-lenders, with their characteristic enterprise, have got around the law requiring the wife's and employer's consent to an assignment of wages for an amount less than three hundred dollars. They require an assignment no matter how small the loan, merely writing it for more than three hundred dollars. They are using the city treasurer's office as a sort of collection agency in their transactions, and also a potent big stick over the borrower. The treasurer is tired of being pestered. He brings the matter to the attention of the corporation counsel, and the latter turns it over to one of his assistants, George Flynn.

Flynn starts an investigation by getting in touch with city employees against whom assignments of wages have been filed and hearing their stories. The stories come out immediately, stories of men who have been paying interest for years on small loans, never catching up with the principal; stories of wives at home trying to piece out things as the family grew and the wages decreased; stories of desperate attempts to get free of debt, only to be more deeply involved; stories of silent peonage to Your Uncle. The regular old loan shark stuff that always rouses your pity and indignation when you hear about it, and is usually bringing little local reforms here and there all the while, but without touching the real problem in a broad way.

There was the Italian who worked on Boston streets — a "white wings." His pay was seventeen dollars and a half a week. Out of that he had been paying two dollars a week interest on loans for several years, never reducing the principal of his debt.

"How much do you owe altogether?" he was asked.

"Fort-a-t'ree dollar."

"Did you borrow that much all at once?" inquired Flynn, in surprise — for the average loan from a money-lender is about ten dollars.

"Oh, no! First, I get-a ten dollar. Then, next year, I need-a ten more. By an' by, maybe next year, ten more."

"What did you do with the money? Wasn't your pay enough without these loans?"

The Italian's eyes opened wide in astonishment at the corporation counsel's simplicity.

"We got-a hav-a da money for a new baby."

"Another baby each time you borrowed?"

"Sure t'ing!"

"Why, how many children have you?"

"All together? Seventeen. But only nine living—the rest die."

There was the woman who told about paying a dollar and a half every month for five years on a loan of ten dollars. She still owed the ten dollars. They had borrowed it originally to buy suitable clothes to attend a funeral.

There was the fifteen-dollar-a-week city laborer who had begun with a ten-dollar loan for which he paid a dollar and a half monthly interest. After a while he had needed more money, and borrowed another ten, and then another, and another, until he owed forty dollars and was paying ten per cent. of his wages every week in interest. There were six children at home, going to school, wearing out clothes and shoes, and the constant need for money made him nearly frantic. In a tight corner one day he thought out a scheme that seemed to promise temporary relief — a scheme that has been concocted by more than one man in the same plight. Reading an advertisement of jewelry sold on the instalment plan, he bought a watch, agreeing to pay a dollar weekly for thirty-three weeks. The time-piece was handed over to him for an initial payment of one dollar. He hurried to a pawnshop and pledged it for five dollars. On a fair retail valuation, it was worth about twelve dollars. This gave him four dollars cash, but added a dollar a week to his payments, plus interest on the pawn ticket. Soon he was desperately hard up again, and fell behind with his watch payments, and the dealer who sold him the timepiece loaned him ten dollars for a month, of which seven were retained for back payments on the watch and three dollars handed to him in cash. This was his predicament when he told his story to Flynn — he said that he had not slept well for weeks.

"If you hadn't drawn yo' own wages in three years, yo'd kiss em, too!"

Another borrower had paid eighty dollars on a ten-dollar loan in three years, and still owed the ten. Still another had owed fifteen dollars for fourteen years. In that time he had paid three hundred and seventy-six dollars interest. One money-lender had fifteen hundred accounts with city employees, and was drawing the pay envelopes of forty of them on wage assignments. Against all the others he presumably held wage assignments, ready to be filed if one of them tried to evade or delay interest payments.

Investigation showed that he was paying more than four hundred per cent. a year!

Flynn did two things to relieve the city treasurer and these borrowers. First, it was his belief that under the law none of the wage assignments were legal. So he told all the borrowers whose pay envelopes were being drawn by money-lenders that they were free — they could go next week and get their own wages in person. If the money-lenders fought the point in court, then the illegality of their assignments could be proved, for they were palpably made out for false amounts, to evade the law. The effect was striking. One man who had originally borrowed twenty-five dollars when there was sickness in his family now

[*Continued on page 53*]

The mysterious veiled heroine of Basil King's new romance

Announcement of

The Lifted Veil

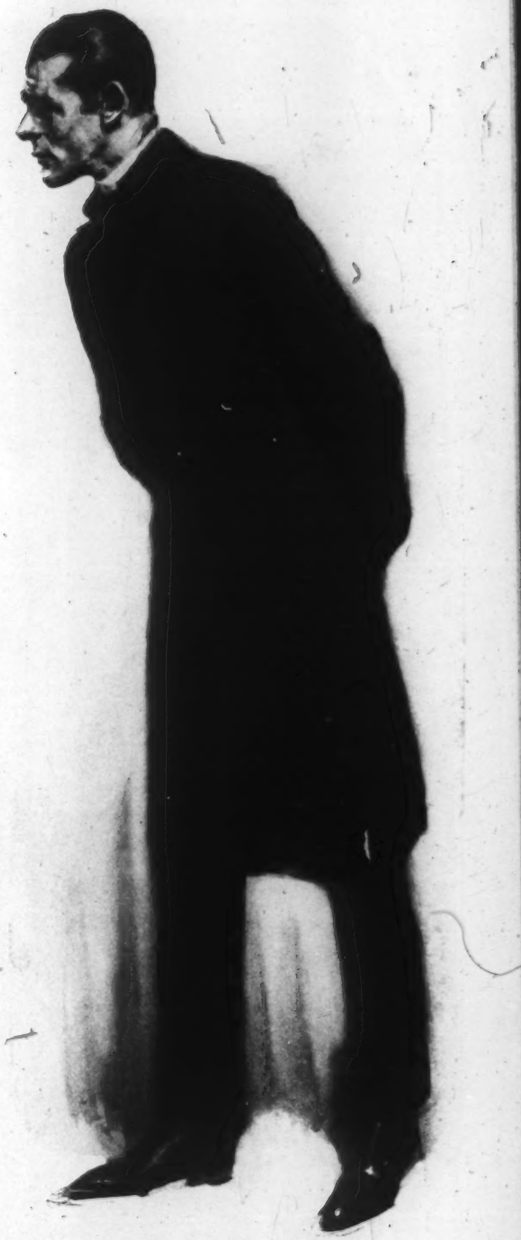
by

BASIL KING

Author of "The Inner Shrine"

Cameron Mackenzie Tells Something About This Remarkable New Serial to Begin Next Month

THIS big novel, to be published in nine generous instalments, begins in the August number. James Montgomery Flagg has illustrated the tense situations. It is a great combination — one that McClure's is proud of. Next month, remember, "The Lifted Veil."



The hero, wondering who his strange visitor may be

PUBLICATION in McClure's of a novel by Basil King is an event. It is an event in the history of this magazine, as it would be an event in the history of any periodical. And it is an event for McClure readers who are assured in advance of a story of deep human significance, of vivid action, of emotional grip — in short, of a great novel. From every point of view the appearance in McClure's of the first instalment of "The Lifted Veil" — there you have a splendid title — is a milestone.

"The Lifted Veil" is an amazing novel. If Basil King were seeking for the first time a place with the pre-eminent novelists of the day this story alone would achieve it for him. But even before he wrote "The Lifted Veil" his position in that small group was entrenched. Any one of several of his novels would have earned it for him. "The Inner Shrine" would easily have done it; so would that tremendous story, "The Wild Olive," or "The Street Called Straight," or "The Side of the Angels," or "The Way Home." Any one of these, singly, would have marked the author for distinction. Now has come the McClure serial, the most stirring novel of them all.

This latest story is supreme because it embodies in supreme degree the abilities and qualities which have made the other Basil King books exceptional. It is the author's fullest and ripest expression up to this time; his talents are at their maximum; the reader gets Basil King at his noon — at his best. And that "best" of Basil King's is unique. It represents an interesting and remarkable combination of the born story-teller, of the dramatist with an unerring sense of the deepest, most poignant circumstances of life; and, finally, of the man himself. The first gives the reader a novel alive with swift action, and with a penetrating, almost clairvoyant analysis of men and women as they are. The second cuts so sharply to the emotions that the reader is thrilled. From the third comes the writer's undeniable charm.

As a skilled craftsman, a writer who grips the attention at once, and holds it, Basil King has no living equal. The opening chapters of all his novels are one kind of testimony to this. For a single example, take the first scene of "The Wild Olive," when *Norrie Ford*, condemned to die, has escaped his jailers and in his flight is driven for refuge to the home of the judge who, in conformity to the letter of the law, has passed death sentence upon the young man. Read that, and you are caught; and you are doubly caught in the very next chapter when King begins to reveal that luminously charming heroine of his, *Miriam Strange;* and so on without pause. It would be very easy to accumulate more evidence, but it is unnecessary. Basil King would not enjoy the high place he does among contemporary novelists if he were nothing more than an instinctive and practised weaver of narrative. There are many deft weavers of narrative who leave their readers cold. Basil King is not one of them. It is the combination of his story-telling gift with the particular kind of drama he sees that sets him apart.

"Novelist of the sanctuaries," the author of "The Lifted Veil" might be called; and by sanctuaries is meant those strange, secret places of the world where men and women unbare their souls, their lives, their very selves, revealing what manner of persons, with their sins and shames and dishonors, they really are. The physician's gleaming, bare office, the lawyer's musty room, the dim confessional, the clergyman's silent study — such are the sanctuaries, and Basil King goes to them, with his sympathy, his restraint, for his material. And it is because he does go there that he is more than the adept craftsman and becomes a virile interpreter of our time and manners, an interpreter of our very selves. For he always draws men and women just like us. His are not puppets, dummies, but people who breathe and who walk through life at our side.

This dominant quality of his work Basil King himself once phrased. "I think there's religion in everything I write," he said; and by religion he did not mean that he was in the least concerned, as an author, with creeds. All of his writings are instinct with sympathy for any and every doctrine of help to human beings in the business of living. He meant that it was the nether currents of the soul that most interested him; which, in turn, leads to Basil King, the man.

The question is often asked: "How much does an author put of his own life and experiences into what he writes?" Generally speaking, the answer is simple: "He puts at once a great deal and nothing at all." No man can write a book without revealing much concerning himself — not his personal history, but what manner of man he really is, what his outlook is upon the world. That is unescapable, and without that kind of self-revelation a book is worth little. [*Continued on page 43*]

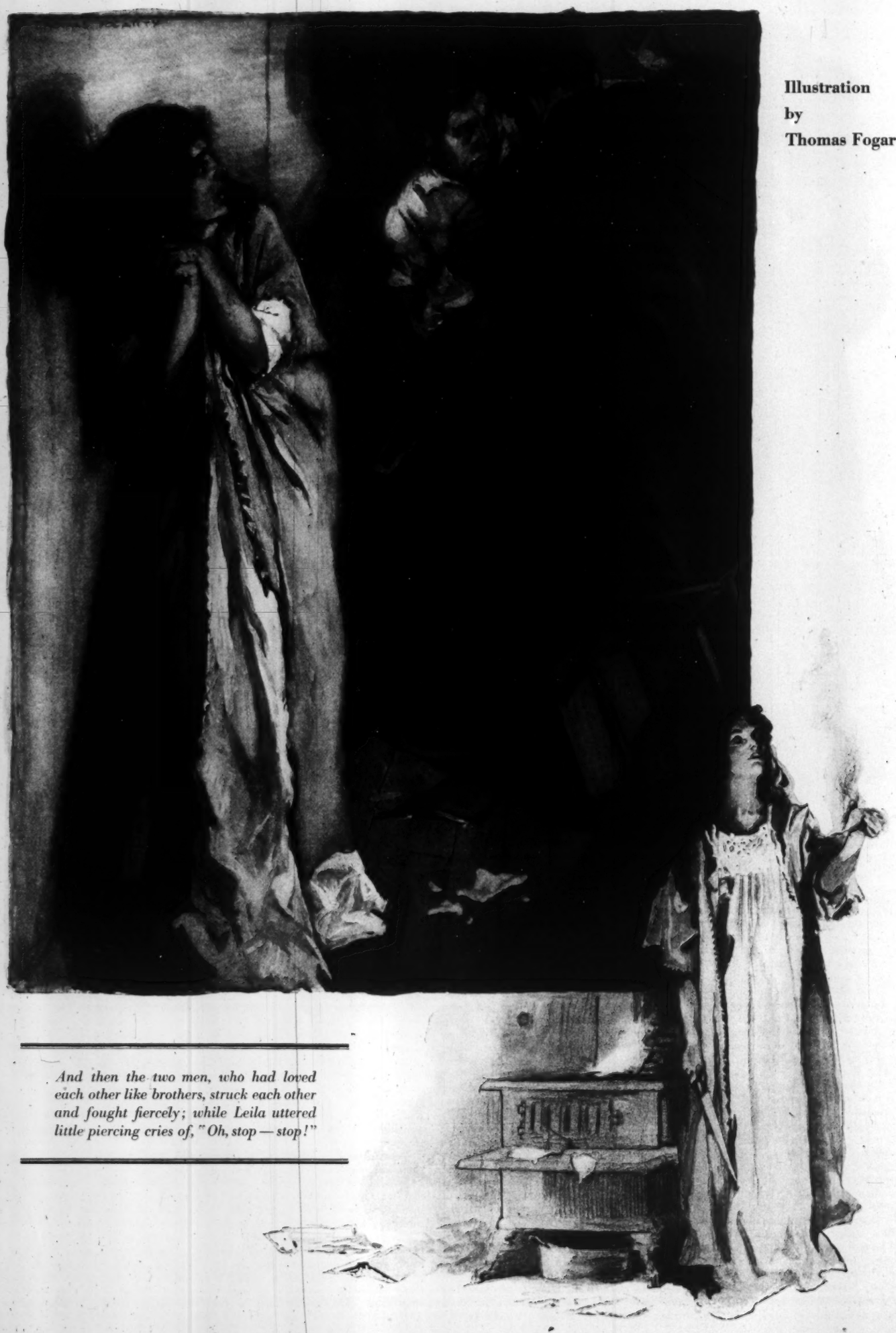


Illustration by Thomas Fogarty

And then the two men, who had loved each other like brothers, struck each other and fought fiercely; while Leila uttered little piercing cries of, "Oh, stop — stop!"

MANY people said that "The Great Understanding," by Mary Heaton Vorse, was the strongest story McClure's had ever published. That was in February. Since then we have published "The Eldest," by Edna Ferber. And now comes "The Cage Door," which some readers will surely think the strongest of them all.

The Cage Door

by

MARY HEATON VORSE

WHEN Turner came back from the engine yard he had to walk up Dallas Street. Each time he walked up that street he had an emotion that first sickened him and then shamed him. The emotion came from the ignoble and frowsy monotony of Dallas Street and from its smells; the shame came from the fact that a big husky like himself could feel so sick over a mere street and feel this way every day. He heard the noise of the dirty brats playing up and down the dirty yards and the monotonous and complaining voices of slatternly women, always as if for the first time. The smell of filthy mud in wet weather, the smothering, choking cloud of dust in dry, forever came to him as some new and shocking spectacle.

Turner would have known Dallas Street with his eyes shut — on account of the smells. He had spent time trying to decide whether he hated it more in dry weather when the street rotted in the sunshine, or its penetrating dankness in the rain.

The houses themselves were all alike — bleak, slate-colored boxes set one after another like a street planned by some viciously unimaginative child. Monotony was its soul and so chilling a thing that it gave Dallas Street a strange and overwhelming personality.

New-comers tried to plant gardens in the meager, soot-laden front yards; they went so far as to hang up fresh curtains; their children had a cared-for look. Soon Dallas Street, like some sluggish quicksand, had engulfed them. The children ran wild, indistinguishable from the others of the foul-mouthed Dallas Street gang. The garden gradually became a junk-heap like other Dallas Street yards, and the fresh curtains took on a discouraged hue between gray and black.

Rubbish in the yards, garbage in the road, children swarming uncleanly over rubbish and junk, and the perpetual strident voice of an angry woman admonishing some child — that was Dallas Street — the whole of it silhouetted against the perpetual fog and sunset of the engine yard.

One could know that great, leisurely engines were taking their way to repose by monstrous puffs of white smoke that told of their unseen progress. Sometimes a half-dozen engines sent up great convoluted clouds that turned rose-colored in the morning light. Other times the engine yard took on a sinister yellow hue, as impenetrable as a sullen fog, now shot with a sudden fire, and against which from time to time arose a puff of steam, radiantly white as a bird.

Turner did not mind Dallas Street when he could keep his eyes on the smoky pageant of the yard. Going down was not so bad; coming home was what was the devil. He could have borne it better if there had been only one Dallas Street, but he knew there was a street beyond that, and similar streets beyond that for God knows how far, and then, instead of things getting better, one got to where the Hunkies lived.

He had hated it all badly enough before he had known Ed Willard and found out through him why streets like Dallas Street are.

Now that he knew, it held an extra torment for him, for it was the same reason that had kept him from knowing that there were books in the world which he wanted to read.

He had learned through Willard also that there are books and the knowledge had almost swamped him. So he had reached out in the world of thought with the insatiable greed of a boy and the passion of a grown-up and famished mind, for the world of thought had come to him like some sudden revelation.

The great pageant of history was there for him, a welter of stories, poems and legends, sonorous, beautiful things, things that stirred you to great deeds, that made you know your own soul. And there were grim, orderly books that explained why Dallas Street was, and why Jim Turner, fireman on the N. Y. & H. & H., had never found out how rich he was until he was nearly twenty-seven and then was often too tired to use his new-found wealth of the spirit. His mind went over and over this tread-mill of disgust and discontent as he turned from Dallas Street into Green, where monotony still ruled, but with a greater decency.

He had formerly felt a rising satisfaction as he passed into the part of town where the streets lost a little of their sordidness, where an occasional tree or shrub found footing, but these things no longer gave him pleasure. The houses, though a little less bleak, were still each like the other, and his house was like all the rest.

As he neared home he felt his heart beat as a child's might who fears that some dear treasure may be taken from him. Turner's treasure was a chance to read for an hour — if Leila would let him.

The noises of the street had changed with the architecture of the houses for Jim. Turner lived in what Ed Willard called "the street of a thousand phonographs," but his own was not playing tonight. Instead, he could hear Leila singing something she had learned at the movies in a voice which she conscientiously strove to make as metallic as that of the singer in the hall. This feat gave her little difficulty. When she finished there was laughter and applause. Through the gathering dusk Turner could see her dress shine out white on the stoop, and then he recognized Mamie Kleiser's laugh and Kleiser's whicker. Turner had a natural dislike for little Kleiser, who was dapper and shiny and who wiggled like a black-and-tan terrier when he talked.

There was another man on the porch, too. He was stout and self-satisfied — soft as punk, Turner guessed him to be. His fat paunch and the way he spread his little knees apart gave Jim the desire to hit him. The arc-light in the street reflected itself on a ring that the man wore. He let his eyes rest with greed and without shame on Leila's young prettiness and she, feeling his look, preened herself, coquetted with him, dared him, and to an unctuous compliment he paid her, giggled again:

"Oh, Mr. Veck!"

This much Turner's eye took in before he came up the steps.

"My husband, Mr. Veck," Leila gave out.

"Pleased to meet you," Jim replied.

Veck was all urbanity. Turner gave himself merely the trouble to nod.

"Now where did she find *him?*" he thought, as he gave out an indifferent, "Hello, Mame! Hello, Kleiser! Where's Ed?" he next demanded.

"Inside, reading."

A LITTLE spasm of jealousy shot through Jim. Ed had a room where he could go and read, and he had none — not a place he could call his own anywhere. He sat down heavily on the step — no use for him to try to read with this racket going on.

Mr. Veck had with him a mandolin, and he now sang and played.

"Gee!" said Mamie, "that makes me want to dance! Don't it make you want to dance, Leila? Come ahead!"

She one-stepped. The two women, giggling and laughing, ran into the house and one-stepped precariously round the cluttered little sitting-room that was so full of shiny objects that it seemed to be all high lights. A monument of gloomy impatience, Turner sat morosely on his door-step.

"You go in, Kleiser, and take a turn with the girls," Veck suggested. "Have a smoke?" he asked Jim hospitably.

"I have my pipe," Jim responded ungraciously. "I bet I know the brand of cigarettes *he* smokes," was his internal comment.

Veck pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his brow. A breath of perfumery smote Turner's aggravated nostrils. He longed to take hold of this stout, self-satisfied man and pitch him out into the street.

"Neat little place you've got," Mr. Veck remarked urbanely, "and if Mrs. Turner ain't a little piece of all-right, all right!"

Jim let his morose eyes rest on his guest. His gaze traveled over his fat and resplendent person. He knew just where he could hit him where it would do the most good, if he wanted to. There was something about the man that offended everything in him.

"Maybe I won't have it out with Leila!" he thought grimly.

Unconscious of his host's scrutiny, Veck continued to play and sing, to make jokes with the girls, and to look on Leila with shameless admiration — an admiration to which she responded as instinctively as a cat whose back is stroked. Jim sat there aloof, letting the weight of his disapproval surround the others.

Young Kleiser became uneasy, Mamie laughed apologetically, Leila threw a wrathful glance at her husband. Veck alone remained urbane, playing his smart-Alec tricks with an insulting disregard of Turner. He radiated satisfaction with himself. One would have supposed he was the host. At last Mamie rose to go, and with her Kleiser, who remarked:

"Well, boys and girls! We'd better be moseying!"

Veck arose with extravagant reluctance; he struck an attitude.

"Charmed," he said, "charmed — but pained, so pained!"

At this witticism both Leila and Mamie giggled again.

ONCE inside the house Leila turned on her husband with blazing eyes. She was always pretty, but when she was angry she was beautiful. Now she spit at him.

"*You're* pleasant, I guess not! Gay like a tombstone, gay like a hearse with plumes is your number! When you come home gloomy-gussing this way ——"

Turner cut her short. "Where did that lump o' grease come from?" he demanded.

"He's a friend of mine," Leila gave back pertly, her nose in the air.

"Where'd you meet him?"

"Oh, I met him," she answered with a little gesture that was at once maddening and lovely.

"He's a cheap skate," pronounced Jim, "and you can cut him out. See? I won't have him with you."

"Oh, you won't, won't you?" Leila smiled maddeningly.

Shame engulfed Jim. All the books he had been reading, all the theories that Ed and he had discussed together told him that this was no way for enlightened man to treat a woman, so his reply lacked fire. He answered with sullenness:

"No, I won't!"

"How'll you stop me?" asked Leila. She narrowed her pretty eyes and threw back her white, round throat. The spell of her fresh, enticing, insolent beauty had him as it had had him a thousand times before. Since he had come home he had been rigid, as if encased in mail. Now he was all softness.

"Leila!"

She turned from him.

"Don't touch me!"

She knew how angry it made him to have an advance of his repelled. He looked at her in savage menace. She met his look with defiance. A pleasurable exhilaration ran through her veins. She feared him, yet infinitely she did not. She knew she could defy him to the last, and that even should he strike her the victory would be hers. For a second, some dark place within her made her desire ardently that he would strike her, for in the violence of his mood she saw love and hate mingled, and to her this was life.

Her pulses beat hard. His impassioned violence drew her towards him as no caress of his had drawn her for so long she could not remember. Through his violence her soul had escaped from the gray prison of monotony that crushed her. She lived only in the heat of his anger and the heat of her own. She flung out a little repelling hand, but her smouldering eyes beckoned him.

"Leila," he repeated, and advanced toward her again.

"Go away, go away!" she cried in a small, furious voice that thrilled through him.

His arms were around her while she struggled against him, beating inadequate fists on his chest. With the arrogance of strength he turned her face up to him. It was so like a soft, white flower, her mouth its scarlet heart. Then deliberately he kissed her, seriously, contemplatively, as if performing some religious rite.

"How can you — kiss me — when you — know — I don't want you to!" she managed to say through his kisses.

He stopped suddenly and she shrank to him in a gesture in which were both shyness and abandon.

"Shall I stop?" he whispered, his mouth close to her face.

For answer she blotted herself in his coat; her arms were around his neck.

"You were so — mean — to me," she sobbed, "and — there's — so little — to do!"

She loved her tears as a garden loves rain, but the sound of them swept away his passion. He let her go abruptly, crossed the room and roughly thrust the cheap lace curtains aside.

Leila stopped crying. She had held him a second in the hollow of her hand and now she had lost him. How? She could not tell. She hated him that he could let her go so lightly, that he could so lightly give up one of the brimming moments for which she lived.

She waited silently, but his spirit had roved out through the night. It had gone to some incomprehensible and barren land where she could not follow, where she did not wish to follow — land where there was neither loving nor hating, nor excitement, but only dreams. She could not bear it.

"I hate you!" she flamed at him. "I hate you — *hate you!* What made you marry me? Wasn't I all right where I was? Pa and Ma didn't make a fuss when folks wanted to dance a little or when we girls brought home a new feller. What right have you got — " her voice rose shrill and more vituperative — "what right have you got to find fault? *You* show me a swell time, don't you? — you and Ed! And when instead of sittin' around gettin' blue and showin' you a sour face, what do you do? What do you do? You get sour on me! Oh — oh — oh!" Her voice broke in sobs. Then, in intense resentment, she cried: "If Veck don't come here any more, then Ed don't! Ed can go! See? See?"

She came close to him and thrust her chin at him with the gesture of a gutter-snipe about to fight. The ugly little gesture suited her. It gave her a piquancy as though suddenly she had assumed boy's clothes. Almost she had him again. She knew it.

"You just can Ed, too!" she repeated.

Tears streamed from her eyes, but her voice was steady. She waited a second for the embrace of his anger. But she had gone too far to arouse his anger again. The attack on Ed sobered him. He entrenched himself more firmly in his stronghold behind the curtains.

SUDDENLY he was very weary. This scene became part of innumerable other scenes — scenes that stretched down all their life together, that were, he suddenly realized, the very essence of their common life. They only lived when they were in the midst of an ugly brawl, she full of vituperation, he hardly controlling his desire to strike her; and his desire to strike her and his desire to caress her were so intermingled that he could not extricate one from the other.

What a life! What a life, what a hideous life! And yet Leila was so lovely.

She had withdrawn now to the other end of the room. Her eyes blazed with anger, her little dimpled chin quivered with grief. He could hardly bear it, but some strange and new integrity in him kept him quiet. He intensely did not want love on those terms — not tonight. He wanted kindness and companionship, understanding — "someone to talk to, my God!" was how he put it to himself.

He turned to the window and looked out. The night was dark and caressing. The blue heaven hung low, full of stars. He abstracted himself from the little shining room with its brass lamp and flowered china lampshade, its oak sideboard cluttered in orderly fashion with glasses and cheap bric-a-brac. The over-adornment of the room which had always struck him with such a sense of disorder and discord, all vanished, and it was as though he bathed his soul in the far spaces of the stars.

He heard the door close as impersonally as if he were not aware from past experience that this was a still further declaration of war. He went out of doors, and the soft air of the quiet night soothed him.

He wanted to walk off down the street, and walk and walk, and never come back. He felt he could not go into the close little bedroom, heavy with the smell of scented soap and cheap perfumery and powder that represented luxury to his wife.

His mind pictured to himself a man's room, ascetic, full of books. This vision struck him as though some lovely new-minted thought had come to him.

There were *books* in the world, books full of thought, and he could read them. He remembered that Ed had brought him a new one and he went into the house, lit his pipe and sat amid the incongruous decorations, huge, placid, studious. He had forgotten everything — Leila, the impossible violence of their quarrels and the equal violence of their reconciliations that were so full of emotion and so devoid of love and understanding. He forgot the tread-mill grind of the long day which at the end held nothing for him but slap-stick and phonographs and Leila. He forgot Dallas Street and how he hated the room in which he sat.

He read.

LEILA opened the door quietly. She had expected to find him glooming through the window or sitting with his head in his hands still under the spell of anger. From where she stood she could see his face, in its placid oblivion of the world in which she lived, and she was so defeated and so deeply wounded that she felt she hated him.

She crawled into bed. There she waited for him as a wife might wait for a husband on a carouse—waited with every nerve tense, for he had committed the unpardonable crime. He had forgotten her. And if he neither loved nor hated her, what was there for her in life?

She wept, at first softly in self-pity, then more and more stormily in a passion of abandon that still did not lose sight of the fact that he must inevitably hear her through the half-closed door. She expected he would comfort her, or call to her to shut up, for God's sake, but he had incredibly slipped beyond her reach.

Presently he moved. He came in, undressed, and still she sobbed and he, like a man who listens in a dream, was unawakened to pity or to anger. He could even go to sleep while she cried.

She hated Jim, but her hate had love in it. What she really hated was what took him from her.

Books, and all the dull things about which he and Ed talked. *They* were her enemies!

Strangely enough, she did not hate Ed. They had together some sort of understanding. He listened to her talk and laughed with her whenever Jim was not there, just as Jim alternately made love to her, quarreled with her and made love to her again, when Ed was not there. Ed understood too how lonely she often was. He understood and justified her appetite for amusement and life as Jim never did.

It was when they were both together that they shut her out. She disliked Ed's ideas and his books impersonally, as one might dislike the habit of drink in a person otherwise lovable. She felt with passion that these ideas and these eternal books were poisoning the very springs of her life.

Leila could not sleep. Great waves of bitterness lifted her on their crests and dashed her into despair. Then with this bitterness came the primitive desire for revenge. She had a desire to kill the things that had so invaded her life and had proved themselves stronger than she by so defeating her.

A mad idea came to her. She arose stealthily and slipped into her blue kimono and stole to the kitchen. With the sureness of gesture of one obsessed by a great passion, she built the kitchen fire. A glint of the madness of revenge shone in her eyes as she went into the living-room and brought out the books from the little book-case.

She brought library books, dog-eared copies of the classics, new books of Ed's, the fruit of self-denial. She brought them all.

She took from the drawer a long knife and began cutting them in half with a savage gesture that held in it pleasure and gratification. All that was commonplace and cheap about her vanished in the flickering light of the flames. Her dress took the aspect of a robe; she seemed like an ardent priestess of some impassioned cult performing a rite.

The books would not burn as quickly as she wished, and she tore them to pieces with her hands as though they had been live things, and fed their scattered pages to the fire. As the flames leaped up her heart leaped with them. Time ceased to exist for her. She went about her work as though hypnotized with pleasure. The work took time.

Suddenly she heard a little noise behind her and turning she saw Ed. He stood immobile, transfixed. He had the look in his eyes of one who sees visions for which he was willing to pay any price. His attitude was cramped as though he had been standing there a long time, but Leila, beside herself, saw nothing but someone who had come to stop the sacrifice.

"Stare!" she cried. "Stare! I've burned them! I'm burning them all! Yours and his and the borrowed ones! Every, every one. I'm burning them, like this — and this — and this!" Her voice rang out without constraint, exultant.

Still Ed didn't move or speak; he didn't make a gesture to stop her. In her triumphant eyes there burned the fire of life itself. In some way she seemed to embody woman violent, and loving, who hates what she does not understand, and who destroys what stands in her way. The passion of her robbed her act of meanness; it was a gesture full of savage beauty.

"Why don't you stop me?" she taunted. "Why don't you make me stop? You're afraid! That's the matter, Ed Willard — afraid! But Jim wouldn't be, would you, Jim?" She turned on her husband who stood dazed before her. "See what I've done — I've burned them! The one you read — I burned it first!" She faced him tauntingly, tempting his anger, desiring the sting of it.

A slow fury grew in him. He didn't see her beauty; he only knew that one thing closest to him was treacherous, that it desired to murder in him the thing that meant most in life.

"You — you — you!" he cried, advancing on her full of menace.

"Yes, I — I —!" she mocked. "What you going to do about it?"

A little cry of fury broke from him. He sprang toward her, his hand upraised, and it was Ed who threw his hand up. And then the two men, who had loved each other like brothers, struck each other — why, neither could have told, except that the tension was too great to bear, the mystery of Leila's act too great to contemplate.

For a second they fought fiercely, while Leila backed against the wall, uttering little piercing cries of, "Oh, stop — stop — stop!"

They separated and looked at each other sheepishly. For a long moment there was silence. Then like a child Jim asked impersonally, as though questioning the universe: "What made her?"

At this question a strange smile of comprehension swept over Ed's face, and his eyes and Leila's met in a second of understanding.

The fire was flickering down, a steely dawn peered in the windows. They looked from one to another, dazed, strangely embarrassed.

Then into Jim Turner's heart there surged disgust. He felt a physical sickness sweep over him, the sickness Dallas Street gave him, intensified a thousandfold. He couldn't stay in this house with this strange and violent woman who wanted to destroy him. Without a word he went to his room, and Ed and Leila, constrained and embarrassed, were left together. All the fire was gone from her mood. She looked like a white and tired child.

"Gee, it's late," she said. "I'd better start breakfast."

Presently a door opened.

"Jim!" she called out.

THERE was no answer. The outer door closed. She ran to the window and watched him go down the street.

The instinct of flight that had been so strong in him so many times obsessed him. He went, meaning never to come back.

He hired a room and read, at first in a strange and illusory peace; then, little by little, the thought of Leila, her hot anger, her hot kisses, the touch of her young body, obtruded itself between him and the books he read. He was often too tired to read and then the thought of her obsessed him.

Her monstrous act of protest intrigued him; he could not get away from it.

"Why?" he asked himself. "Why?"

There returned to him the picture of her, all flowing lines, her prettiness for a moment turned to beauty by her passion. There had been in her face and her pose something noble, almost austere, and that had been succeeded by a fire of rage.

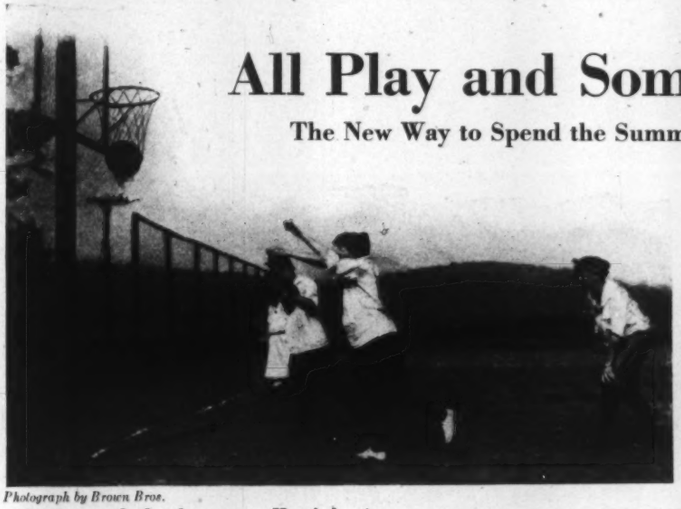
The only woman he spoke to was a young girl at the library. She was quiet, sweet-faced and helpfully sympathetic, and she annoyed Jim to the point of madness. He loathed her sweet, well-ordered insipidity. [*Continued on page 44*]

NEXT MONTH: The first chapters of "The Lifted Veil," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," "The Wild Olive," and "The Street Called Straight." Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg.

PROPERTY OF CASE LIB

All Play and Some Work

The New Way to Spend the Summer Vacation



Photograph by Brown Bros.

Getting ready for the game. Here's hoping they'll win!

Little Nooks and Corners to be Found in the Summer Camps and Schools

Photograph by Paul Thompson

Plank steaks and steaks à la Waldorf are all right, but this is the real way to cook them

Photograph from E. L. Gulick

No, she is not a movie actress; she is just practising the Hand-Stand Dive

A little too quiet to be exciting, but wait until the breeze stiffens

As easy as the alphabet! Just try it sometime

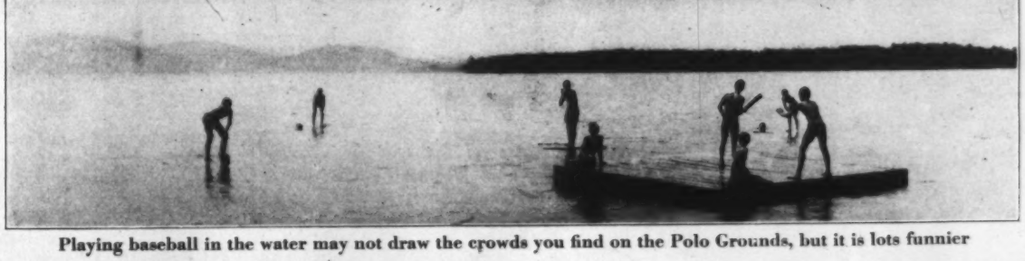
Photograph by Brown Bros.

Resting by one of the beautiful spots along the country road

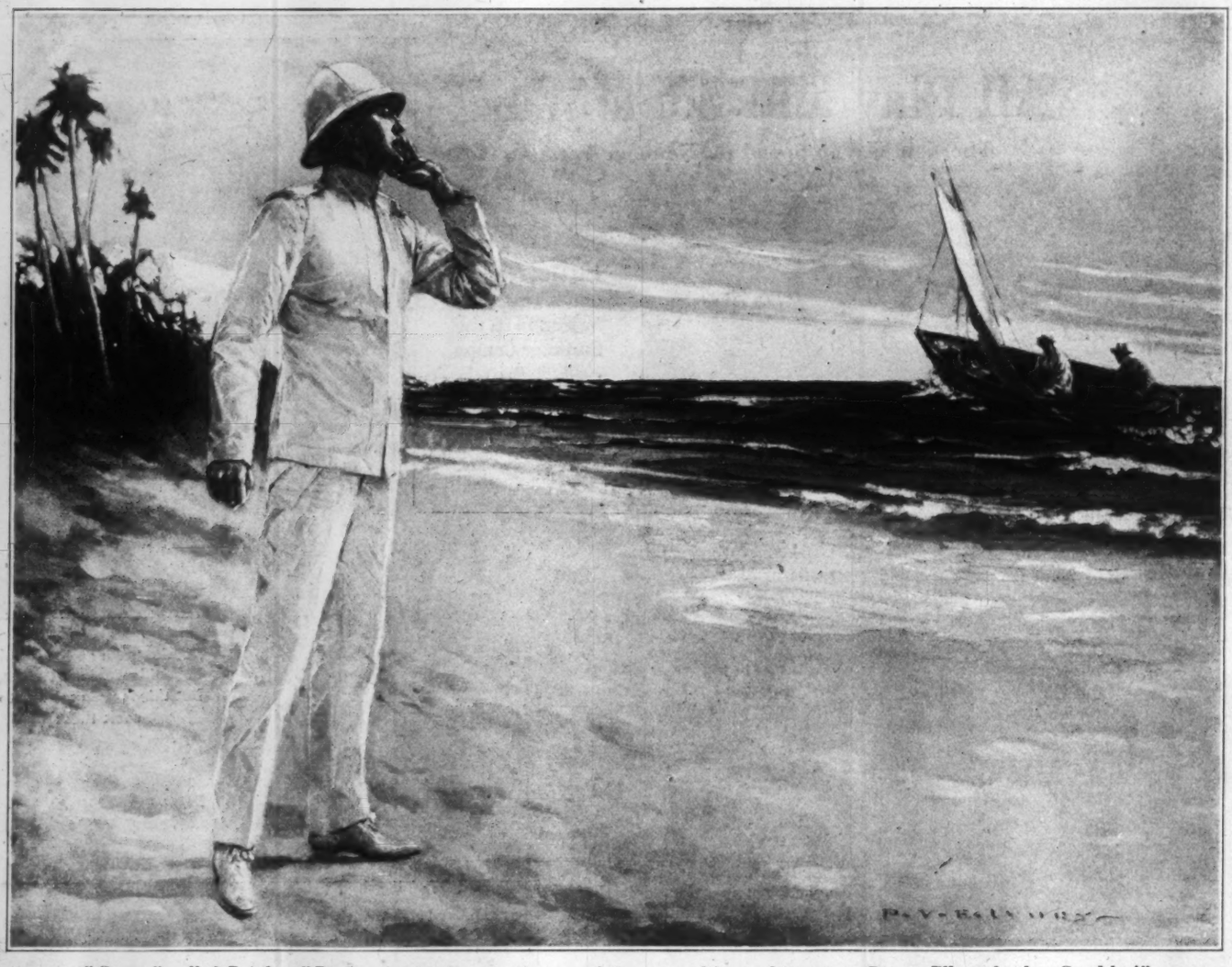
Photograph from E. L. Gulick

Half the joy of canoeing — when you are in shallow water

Ready for an all-day hike



Playing baseball in the water may not draw the crowds you find on the Polo Grounds, but it is lots funnier



"Go on," called Bright. "Don't come back — until we send for you. I leave this to you, Piry. I'll get back. Good-by!"

Piry of the Philippines

by Will Levington Comfort

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

Part II

[*For what happened in the first instalment see page 52*]

"FIRST, tell me where is the Island of Pemarong?"

They were sitting together in front of the roof-house in the warmth of afternoon and the softened wind.

"I think it is due north-west. The Round Father can tell us. It's seven or eight hours' fast sailing. That's where I was shipped from ——"

"You know Mr. Peters there?" she asked quickly.

"Yes. I know him."

"I am Pearl Peters, his daughter. I had set out from Manila to join him. . . . Let me see — why, it was only day before yesterday."

"What was the boat?" Piry asked, far more interested in other matters.

"The little *Fong* something. There was just one other passenger, but much goods for the island garrisons. We had touched two islands — and were to reach Pemarong last night. . . . Yesterday afternoon the storm struck us. The Captain said it was a typhoon, but the China boy says not. If a typhoon could be worse —" She shuddered.

"The small boat," Piry suggested.

"There were three small boats. We had run before the wind, but the *Fong* was leaking and broken at midnight. There were three boats — only about ten people. I went out in the second, and in the first light we were close to this place. Don't I make it common — one's greatest adventure?"

"It's too close to make much of ——"

"You talk as one who has had experience in relating adventures," she laughed. "Now, I don't mean that exactly."

She was a new sort to Piry — early twenty, a tall, gray-eyed girl, her hair just now blown by the wind from the sea. She didn't know it, but turned her face often into the very line of the wind's coming, and breathed it with candid pleasure. In a way that Piry had not seen paralleled, her eyes lost themselves in the distance — thoughts leaving words behind. She was expectant of his best; and her easy acceptance of his sayings that would have been startling to other women, held him heavy and touched with helplessness beside her. He couldn't lie to himself with her about. As his mind continually expressed it, "She's got it on me — all over me."

This was an admiration that Pearl Peters perhaps had never felt before. Wise, trained, modern, her heart in her hand — she felt the soldier looking at her as a zealot. It was an altogether beautiful arrangement for Piry's good. His self-abasement was the pit dug for a fresh foundation. . . . The wind had the rainy warmth of the south. Their nostrils were keen with the dampness.

"There are two ways to go about it," he said, returning to ground that was solid. "We can arrange for a boat with the Round Father — or better, the boat you came in. I've been looking her over, and she's sound and trim. As soon as the wind changes — sail for Pemarong. Or, we can sit tight until your father comes. He knows you left from Manila?"

"I'm not so sure," she answered. "If I were sure, I would be very eager for the change in the wind, because he would be cruelly alarmed if he knew I took the little *Fong* — and the word of her sinking was brought in. I meant to surprise him. He knew I was coming, but he didn't know the transport. . . . The loss of the *Fong* will be reported in Manila, however. They know at Headquarters there — that I sailed. The word will get to Pemarong 'round about."

"That will be a week or ten days," said Piry. "Great luck you didn't have your father expecting you. We'll get you to him before he knows he's hurt."

"Do you know Captain Bright?"

Piry stared out to sea. She saw the hardness. It made her all the more eager, as she repeated the question.

"Yes."

"What's the matter?"

"If I told you what I thought of Pansy Bright, it would be hotter here."

"Let's have it so."

Piry depicted the character of a gloved and mannered youth, moving in a daze through certain actions, pampered to ruin by her father, less cowardly than inefficient — the whole blame of the man a structural inability to mix and make good with men. Pearl Peters knew him better than Piry did, yet was stung by Piry's point of view. She saw that it was mainly honest, and that it was in all likelihood only a little more pointed and finished than the general idea. In fact, it had something to do with her first idea of Bright. Something eruptive was required to prevail over his delicate breeding, and to make him forget the orthodox impassivity of his bringing-up. He had come from a condition of society that had controlled itself so long

that it had ceased to feel. She was not afraid of his courage, yet she disliked bitterly that he should fall short in the esteem of common men. Her idea of Bright was only a little less inaccurate than Piry's.

"You don't believe he is cowardly?" she said, not because she would have believed it if he said so, but just for his full idea.

"No, he's not yellow, but he can't get down. . . . You see, fighting and soldiering is dirty work. Pansy would likely be there at a pinch, but you would never hear of him afterward."

The more she thought of it the more complete was his expression.

"It's hard to segregate him?" she suggested.

"You've hit it. Fighting would have to be close for Pansy to take a hand. I wonder what he'd do if all his men had fallen and the niggers drove in upon him — personal — the unprotected Pansy — I think he'd go out giving an order into the air — not a muscle of his own stretched."

She came very close to saying that she believed him wrong; also the desire came upon her to prove Piry wrong.

"I don't want to give you my idea of him," he added, with a sudden and unusual compunction. "I'm down on him for personal reasons. I'd like to get him in a room, but he wouldn't disgrace himself to fight with me. He learned at the Point — that he was different from men. He never got over it. It would be beneath him — the man-to-man stuff. He'd use the butt-end of his six-shooter ——"

Pearl Peters began to understand.

"Let's forget Captain Bright for the present," she said, "until the wind changes."

"I'll do what I can to make you comfortable."

"There's no doubt about that," she said. "But what's the matter with the Brothers?"

"Some of them haven't seen a woman for twenty years ——"

"It's time they did," she offered.

"They're all run down," Piry told her. "They don't know what a sad immoral lot they are — all but the boy. He's very pure. He can tell you how you work inside, and what part is apt to spoil, or not — but he's got as much man-idea as my span of mules. . . . By the way, I must let them mules see you. They've never seen a woman yet. I'll drive 'em up later."

Piry then told her more about the boy. And because he forgot himself, he told this well — so well, indeed, that he did startle and astonish the woman, but having forgotten himself he did not observe the fact.

"He's sick about the sins of others — and that's a fact," he finished. She was quiet. . . .

That night it was moonlight. A moon of fulness and superb setting, the North still breathing upon them. Piry weakened enough to let the night and the sea and the situation prevail. . . .

She was standing at the door of the root-cellar when he caught her in his arms, held her fast and kissed her. He hadn't felt right about it, but somehow his devil showed him that it was a man's part. She didn't scream.

Across his eyes her hand fell. It struck and filled the hollows like a handful of mortar. It blinded him and his arms fell from her.

"You pillaging sort of males should have been extinct hundreds of years ago," she said quietly.

Then she added, as he drew back:

"It isn't that you've done any harm. The thing that hurts is that you shouldn't know better — that you could be so coarse — as not to know — when a woman is ready — and when she isn't. . . . I'm going in."

ALL night he heard her words. He thought of every foolish thing to do, to say — even to write. Out of it all came nothing, which was the best of all. More tight and strained around the eyes than any single night of drink could accomplish, Piry brought her breakfast. He wished her good morning in a subdued way. Pearl Peters was relieved.

"I've never had such a time and place to think," she said, pouring coffee for two. "I've been in city and school — thinking as they tell one to think — in a world that makes everything for you — everything to kill out the individual."

"They didn't do a very good job with you," Piry ventured.

"And the wind is still from the North."

He wouldn't have seized and kissed her now for all the islands of the sea — the notoriously intrepid Piry. . . . And last night's episode was whisked out of the world so completely that she dared talk of its moonlight and whispering winds.

When Piry had gone to attend his work, the woman strolled to the northern cliff and began to let herself down.

Half-way she heard a voice. Her movements became very quiet. . . . Someone was praying. She had begun to learn Spanish years before when her father left Michigan, accepting his political appointment. This Spanish was Latin pure, and she heard the prayer, even before she saw the novice. . . .

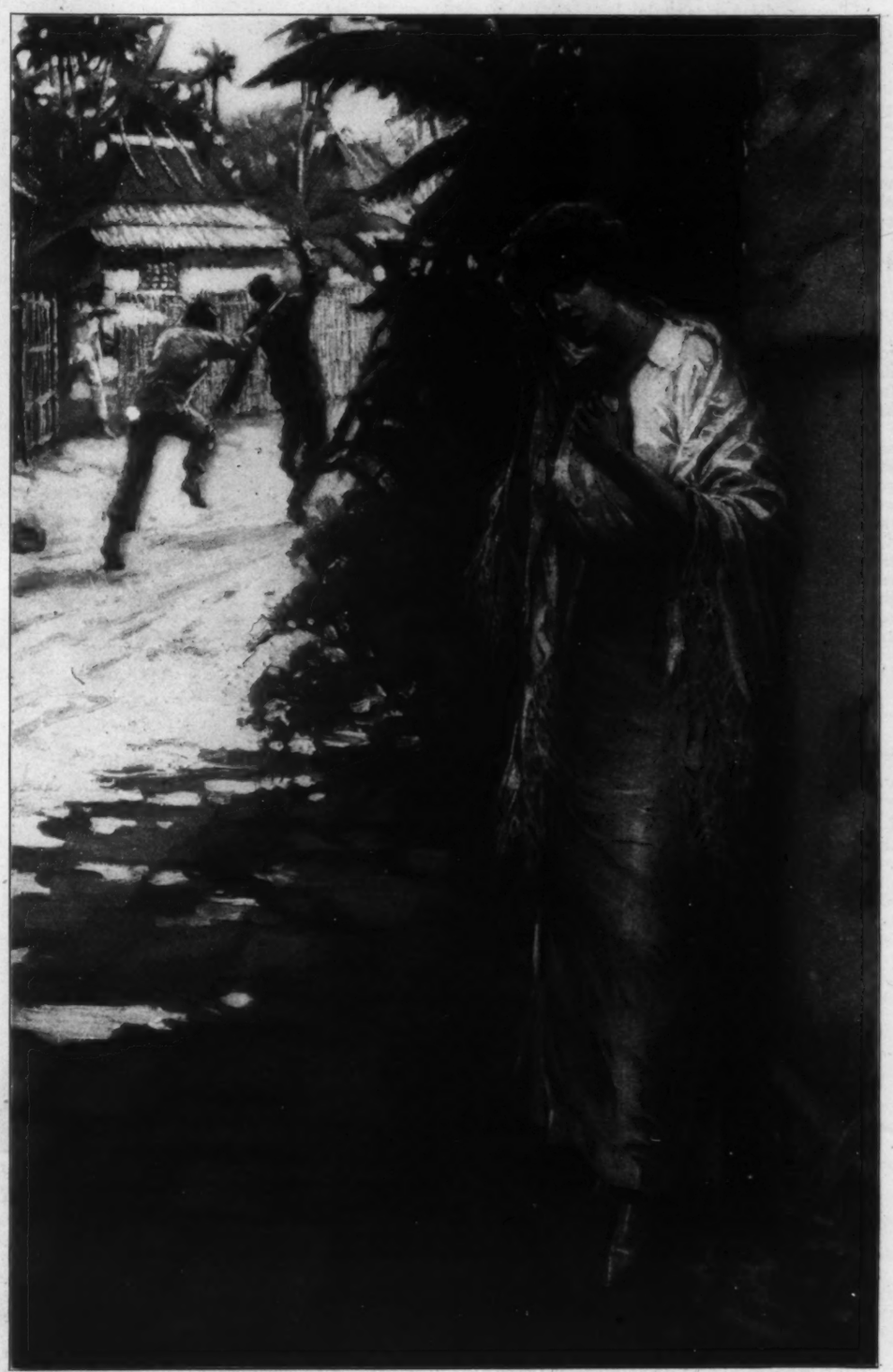
He prayed to be struck dumb if his lips uttered unworthy words; he asked to put the self from him; that he should not think of self in any process of the mind — but always of the other's good and the other's justice. . . . In what was to the young woman the dearest and gentlest humility, he asked for the gift of mercy — for a tender consciousness — for strength to serve men. He asked that the passion to serve men descend like fire upon him — to love, to lift, to labor for men. He asked to be shown the way to do good — to be used in a better way than this of El Tortu, if he were ready, if he were strong enough. He asked to die, if necessary, to live if that were better — to be used upon the rack or the thorn, if his spirit could be more powerfully awakened — he asked for Piry's good, for the Chinese, for the Filipino, for his brothers — for the peace of his mother's soul — for the peace of the woman who had come. He asked to be used to serve them all — and to be shown the perfect way.

Listening, she swallowed a sob in her throat, and this was extravagance. Her knees trembled, as if to kneel, too. She turned and made the curve around the cliff until she saw the ledge where he knelt — facing the northern world. Out of the heavy and hideous brown robe — the sun-darkened head, light playing upon it, appealed to her with an awe and loveliness that she had long since put away from her most closely-guarded ideal. This was self-effacement. She was close to him when he had finished. His eyes met hers, and he bent to kiss the lava.

"I heard you, Brother Boy. It was a great thing for me to hear you ——"

He turned his face from her. In the purity and inspiration of the moment, she could not endure this thing.

"You must not. That is evil to turn from me. I think nothing — for nothing but your good, as you have done for me. You cannot master men and turn away from woman. You turn away, not because you are pure — you must see that — I mean the Brothers — but because you fear your own devils. If you turn from me — you turn from the Maker of us all. . . . Oh, you are too wise, too pure — to fall into this low error."



He was free, not twenty yards away, and set out to reach the garrison, a native after him

He did not lift his head at once. He was thinking. The basic thing in his life was being altered. Her words had to do with that which first was a fear, but now was according to a living gospel. He arose and came toward her.

"You will forgive me? I have been taught so from a child, but I see that I must not turn from you. I thank you for this sudden understanding. You — I see it — I see it! You have come, as in answer to my prayer. . . . Oh, you must show me further!"

"I can show you a better way than this," she said in a rush of words, and something in herself wanted to belong with him in the thing she pictured. "I can take you to the cities where men and women and children, tragically poor and hideously worked upon. . . . You could walk among them, teaching, praying. A man who could pray as you pray could turn forces of good into the places of desperate need. You could melt hearts anywhere. You could teach the true vision. You would die every day with the Compassion."

There had been nothing like this animation of hers in recent years. It was thrilling, lifting — as if she were doing some work that would not be torn down. She had the sense, too, that it is dangerous to change another's life, but here she was so sure she was right, and so sure the ways of these men were evil. There was something about the boy that was everlasting. He would go far in the world — on this pure service, this lost art of the world.

"Would you run away from here?" she asked suddenly.

"I would not have to. Even this is enough. To them I am defiled ——"

She realized with the familiar rebellion that he meant he had done enough to set him apart from the Brothers in talking to her thus.

"I cannot help it. I feel ashamed and destroyed that men should think of women so! If you had seen the cities — the world, as I have — seen men going about their business, propping up each other — you wouldn't think the serpent had remained with women. And these men — these fat, helpless pitiful men — so panicky about my being here, and lifting their heads — round, empty, greedy heads — over the ledge to watch me. Oh, you must not be so silly ——"

She was laughing at her anti-climax, yet near to crying.

"You do not need to think about it again," he said tenderly. "You have come out of heaven. I will walk back with you to the monastery."

They turned over the ledge. . . . One of the monks was seen running presently toward the door of the abbey. Another appeared, flung up his arms and retired within, at the heels of the runner. There were shadows in the low windows. Silence now. The white sand-approach glittered with noon.

"Come with me to the door," he whispered.

She obeyed.

"I thank you," he said. "And now I will go and tell them."

"You are right," she whispered.

He bowed before her, and entered. Pearl Peters went back to the root-cellar, without turning.

"Tell me more about the boy," she said to Piry in the afternoon.

"I wish you could tell me," he answered. "He's sure enough good — and yet he can't stem the tide here. It's as he says. These men started right enough to listen to the soul, but have mistaken the stomach for it."

"They make me feel foul and evil," she said, biting her lips. "I feel as if their eyes were upon me when I'm alone — at least as if their thoughts were upon me. It's the same sometimes in a crowded street. . . . And this boy is trying to stand against them and be a saint here?"

"Yes."

The thought prevailed upon her.

"THE wind has turned," said Piry that night, as they stood together again on the cliff facing the North. "And there's a sun-dog for weather."

"It is running toward Pemarong?" she questioned quickly.

"Yes, we would have the wind abeam — for a while."

"Do you think the boy will have trouble?"

"I'm not sure yet — only that he won't run."

"No, he won't run. I would — I would hardly like to have him run away."

"Round Father says the monastic heart is broken," he remarked after a pause.

"And it's all my fault," the girl answered.

Piry, on his hands and knees, heard the bell ringing. He raised his head, saw the woman hurrying down. Bright was running toward her

"Poor Round Father!" said Piry, looking toward her.

"I was thinking of the boy," she said quickly, but glancing at his face found the words unnecessary. "I wish you'd show the Round Father that the only thing to do is to free the boy — to send the terrible creature away — with us."

Piry expected to do this for her, and without much difficulty. Not an hour before the Abbot had implored him to take the American girl away from El Tortu — even offering money. Round Father was so passionate about it that, American-like, Piry had repressed himself for higher bids. He had a feeling now that there was double leverage somewhere if he could only think of it.

"I'll see him again," he remarked.

"And what does the sun-dog mean?"

"Weather," said he.

"Did you — did you ever get so much of a single thing that your mind and body felt lame and crippled at the thought of it?"

"Yes, of soldiering."

"That's the way I feel toward weather. . . . We went away up by Alaska coming over. There were fourteen days in which I longed for death — and then this last little passage from Manila. I'm a landsman — but that was weather, wasn't it? They didn't call it by such a dignified name up by the Behring — just 'blow.'"

He loved her in a way that pained.

"Sprawled on the beach with China boy on one lap, and a Filipino on another — sprawled on the beach out of the near-typhoon — yes, that was weather," he said unsteadily. Between the Boy and the Woman, Piry was being ground like sandstone between granite and trachyte. His thoughts turned constantly to what he wanted — the woman, the turning of her thoughts and emotions to him; he wanted her return at his own hands at Pemarong to the discomfiture of his enemies. But thinking about oneself and what one wanted — was not the prevailing and pleasing fashion of the other two of this trinity.

"I tell you what I'll do," he said suddenly. "If possible, we'll put to sea tonight. In the meantime I'll try to make Round Father see us on the Boy matter. As for the weather, we need a *little* to make a quick passage. I promise the boat will be handled. She's a good little card, that boat. I'll make it as easy as I can for you. The Filipino will want to go, but the China boy likes it here. He's embraced religion and gone into the garden. I'll leave the mules to him. If we come back here next year — we'll find a rice-paddy ——"

"No one could do more ——"

Piry turned from her. It was like shutting off light and good air — to leave her standing alone. . . . He sat down in a brown chamber with the Round Father. The place was low and heavy — made in days nearer St. Alonso, when monks were men and made things with their hands. The Round Father breathed hard.

"The woman won't go without the boy," said Piry.

"God bless our souls," said the Abbot.

"I'd like to do this trick for you. You've been fine to me — square and hospitable and all. It would be easy, except for this sudden liking of hers."

"The devil's hand," said Round Father, holding up his palms to Piry.

"Well, there's one or two points of view, but of course you know where you stand. I was going to say if you could delegate a little squad of your men to a kidnapping, we could get the woman aboard by force."

"God bless our souls — no — oh, no! Better one to perish than many ——"

Piry was deeply concerned with the other's emotion. It appeared to be a matter which must subside of itself, as it were.

"You'd better order him to escape then," he said presently.

"Order him to escape!"

"Just between you and the young Brother — settle with Seville afterward ——"

"Order him to escape!" the Round Father

repeated, the beginning of calm and joyousness now appearing.

"He's just a novice. He has taken no vows as yet. Tell him — he must go to save the others. Represent it so to Seville, if you like. The boy isn't the sort to run away. The woman said so. He'll go for the sake of the monastery, though. Anything for others — that's what he does best ——"

"You are heaven-sent."

"It will have to be tonight," Piry said, "while the wind is as it is. We'll make Pemarong before sun-up. So hurry back."

The Round Father left him sitting there, and was gone less than twenty minutes. "I will have time to know how to represent it to Seville," he whispered, as one on the edge of break-down. "The novice will go with you. He seemed willing — when I told him that it was for the good of the Brothers. No one else will know — but — but you need not tell him that — at once. . . . Go — go before the wind changes. He will join you at the root-cellar. I must go to the chapel. God thank you for this."

Piry looked at him attentively, and took the little trembling hand. He remembered long the thickness, fatness and softness of it. . . . The Filipino would not take to the open boat again; the Chinese was already established at El Tortu. . . .

The three were at sea, the woman silent, ill, sitting alone forward. The South wind lifted them along, but there were variations in the long rollers. Piry pitied her and handled the craft superbly. The boy was not ill, but sat amidship, sometimes singing, sometimes telling them stories; and all the time he watched the sky, the rudder and the sail — as first matters of importance in his new world.

"It won't be long if the wind keeps like this. The dawn will lift Pemarong for us. You're not afraid, Lady?" Piry called cheerily.

"No, I'm never afraid when I feel like this," she said carefully, word by word.

ABOUT the time that Piry and Pearl set out a-sailing for Pemarong, word came from Manila to Governor Peters of the loss of the little steamer on which his daughter had taken passage. The night changed him in the deep ways, though he kept his nerve. In fact, he did so all next day when she was with him, but it was harder.

Peters had trained himself all the years to meet life with face unreadable, as if it was the high thing in the world to do. Crises of life particularly, he made his own business. Pemarong had not furnished a hard enough jolt so far to change the brown or tighten the lines of that weathered but easy countenance. The following night, however, he broke a bit.

Bright had gone to his own quarters; Piry to his. The boy had been given a corner against the pillared arch of the balcony, facing the east for prayer — also the *Imitation* and *Life of St. Francis*, of which there had been no *El Tortu* editions. Pearl sat under the lamp in Headquarters, aged Michigan newspapers before her, Musty's articles on the Lansing legislature marked. Her father entered, shut the door, sat down before her, and his lip quivered. She went to him.

"Last night at this time," he said, "I heard the news from Manila. I said, 'Pearl is lost,' and yet I wouldn't have it so. 'I've got to see her first,' I said. 'I'll die then. I'll give everything I have to the poor, but I've got to see her first.' . . . All night I walked up and down here, talking like that, and toward morning suddenly these words came to me: '*By what right, and who are you, to stipulate how these things shall come to pass?*'

"After that I was down. . . . I knew it was right. I saw that I had been greedy and lazy for fifty years. I saw that so far as handing me the perfect beating was concerned — there was a sort of divine right for you to be taken so — just at the doors of Pemarong — They piled in upon me — all the evils I had done — until I was down under 'em — a miserable old man, all waste and commonness; and turned against, as was proper, all that I had wanted all my life — money, ease, and authority. . . . It was a show-down, Pearl. I saw that I had fallen for what wasn't worth anything — all my life. Here I was alone, as I belonged, in the midst of all this pile that I had given real life for."

"You were splendid to see it all so clearly," she said.

"And it was all so neat," he added, "you coming back in the morning, and the man I had exiled at the tiller."

"There must be something worth working within us. . . . I've had a queer time, too. The one thing happened to make me see just where I was — and what a common place it was. We are taught in the world to get things instead of to do things — to get accomplishments, to get position, in order to get husbands — an endless chain of gets that lead to nothing."

Her father watched her without speaking.

She went on, "I didn't see it until three days ago on that Monastery Island. Father, the finest moment I ever lived was right there. I came upon that Boy praying. I had been sick and rebellious, but I didn't know what to do. He showed me that the way is not a way of *getting*. It was he who showed me — that strange spirit of a boy. And he followed me out of that — that place of flesh-pots and meal-bags. . . . It was Piry who helped to tear him out of the monastery."

"That's a grand piece of a ruffian — that Piry," her father offered.

She knew he had turned to Piry, because it was not his way to make many words of these deeper personal affairs. He would work them out alone.

"What I like about Piry," she said simply, "is that he isn't set in his ways. If he sees a good thing, he tries to establish personal relation with it — to incorporate it in Piry. He doesn't say it's a fine thing for his neighbor ——"

The old man opened his drawer, and made a play of choosing a certain sheaf of tobacco very carefully. As a matter of fact he forgot which was Manila and which Key West.

"Pearl can have anything her father's got to give St. Francis his vocation — or St. Piry his. . . . I wish my way was as clear," he added thoughtfully.

They were very close together. Words didn't signify everything. The things to do were on the way.

Piry had helped Pearl Peters ashore, laughingly made little of her gratefulness, had watched her start with the boy toward the pavilion, and turned his back upon the shouting. Quite single-handed he moored the boat and then set out for the garrison.

He was lonely and athirst. There was money in his pockets, but while the thirst and the raggedness of nerves were real enough, the idea of a wine-shop did not bite deeply into his consciousness. Yet he was never more dangerous. He could not forget Pansy B ight, nor the fact that old Peters had put him out of the way. He went to his bunk in the infantry garrison, shaved and slept until night. Apparently they did not mean to lock him up, he thought. To the soldiers who came from time to time questioning the next morning, he replied that he had made a fool of himself; that he didn't know yet what the consequences would be, but that he rather guessed he could face them.

Noon came, and no word from Peters, Bright or from the woman. Piry was a bit touchy about this, though, as he knew the sand and sky and sea, he was sure of her fairness. Also he had been told that her father had passed an evil time, having heard from Manila. The woman's coming, it was said, was the biggest thing that had ever happened to the Governor.

At noon Piry went forth. Had he not been so intent upon his affairs, he would have realized that there was a queer excitement in the town. Many Moros were in, as if it were a feast day. The river was crowded with canoes of the country. He heard immediately that the Manila party was leaving for home on the next steamer. He sat down, and several of his former friends came and went from the table. They were chatty; no deep probing whatsoever.

His whole heart was waiting for the woman. It was perhaps as gruelling a test as he could have. Her life and fortunes had been in his hands. She had talked long with him, taken the food he had prepared, praised his seamanship. They had talked as man and woman. And now she belonged to that force which had uncentered and tried to break him from the beginning. She was by law and custom now, as foreign to him as if he had been black; more so, for no one would have objected had she, as the Governor's daughter, undertaken to study at first-hand the status and morals of the various native peoples.

THUS it was piling upon Piry, but he sat tight, which for him was taking a city.

He wondered why Peters did not send for him. Even the boy had gone about his native business in the abstraction which appeared to characterize his sort of service. The natives and soldiers wearied him like a hospital full of sick men. Through the open door, he saw at last Captain Bright pass in front of the pavilion and enter — and the woman was there. This was too much for Piry's sitting still. He left the shop, and his steps took him down to the shore, to his own particular place of mooring. Light winds were drifting southeastward. He was tempted almost to set sail for El Tortu, but recalled dismally that all which had made the monastery island significant, had come away with him — save the pair of mules. He went down to the water's edge, took a seat on the prow of the craft he had come to know so well. Time was lost — until he turned and saw Pearl Peters approaching with Captain Bright. Very earnestly they talked. The officer had not seen him. Piry was not sure about the woman. He was disinclined to rise and walk before them. He turned his back, facing the sea.

"Isn't that Mr. Piry?" he heard the woman ask.

The answer did not reach. She was coming forward. "Hello!" she called.

Piry turned, his eye holding Pansy Bright, who had halted. It might even be construed that there was a touch of offensiveness in the Captain's manner.

"Why, I haven't seen you since yesterday morning," she said. "I heard you were resting yesterday. We needed it. It was late last night, and just now, you were not in garrison when I sent word over ——"

"There isn't much to say to me," he answered briefly, his eye retaining the officer.

She drew back a step. Piry was at his worst. She was sorry that it was so — before Bright. The enlisted man was gleaming strongly from him. . . . He knew it, too, and it filled him with hate and shame.

"Come, Miss Peters," Bright said. "Piry will get all that he deserves by way of commendation from the usual sources ——"

This turned the scale.

"I am going back alone," she replied. "The usual sources of commendation will hardly suffice. . . . See if you two can be men together."

She turned and hurried away along the beach. . . . Piry remembered that he had asked for this thing in her presence. She had remembered and brought it about. There was a glow through him, that she had dared to do this. It was something from her — a gift such as man never received from woman. She was new in every action. . . . The women he had known, would have screamed. The fight was in him — his neck stiffened with the instinct of it, his shoulders hardened, his hands lifted.

Captain Bright, preserved in all the forces of position and training, stood easily regarding the other. . . . They were alone.

"Go back to quarters, Piry," he said quietly.

"Go to hell!" said Piry in the same tone.

SHE had loathed the thought in Piry when he spoke of it at the door of the root-cellar in El Tortu — to be left alone with Pansy Bright. She had loathed it a moment before. The thing she had done, atrocious to her even now as she hurried up the sandy trail to the town, had been brought about in an instant by Bright's "usual sources of commendation." She disliked him for saying it.

All her life in the past week had been unusual, a splendor in it. Little that was common in man, adventure or spirit had touched it. All her life had been common before. She was lame with commonness. The saying of Bright had tweaked all the lame places in her mind. But fighting with hands — dog stuff, but of a different commonness. There had been a deep dark thought in her impulse — that Bright needed punishment.

All was silent behind. She did not turn. Her thoughts quickened her steps, until she was breathless from the climb.

"Piry will think I did it because he asked," she gasped, "and Bright will think I planned to lead him into that trap. If they could only see how I hate them at it. . . . And it will be hideous ——"

She halted suddenly, remembering that men kill themselves in such a way. All the pictures that had ever come to her of two men fighting to the death — in locked rooms, on cliffs and quarter-decks — rushed back now.

She had reached the edge of the town. Her father's headquarters shut the road, two hundred yards ahead, with its brave arch. The town seemed deserted. At her left was the low, dark entrance of San Pedro church — the path of ancient red bricks damp under the palm foliage at the door. And now the great bell above her pealed.

The ringer appeared under the square lintel. The invisible rope jerked and tortured him insanely — a white-coated native, black hair standing straight, no voice. With the heaviness of deviltry in the air, this figure in its mute gesticulations gripped her heart. And now before her in front of the pavilion, natives poured out with guns. . . . A trumpet called Americans to quarters — a call cut short at the fifth note. A rifle whipped the ghastly quiet of the whole tableau. Pearl Peters stopped. . . . It was not a fire. They were fighting — khaki and white — and voices came from it.

Now there was a cry in one of the huts at her right hand — an overturned table, crockery broken, a ripping American oath, with a guttural intonation, and thin-pitched answers. A soldier rushed out, fighting off figures at the door. . . . He was free, not twenty yards away, and set out to reach the garrison, a native after him. . . . The native was low, little, barefooted, with a curved knife in his hand — a throat-fitter, one foot long, with a pruning-crook to it. He ran low and swiftly, his hand stretching out as toward a goal. Then he leaped and stopped short, as one pulling a lariat taut. The soldier's head whipped back, his hat fallen, the white line of his forehead turned

[*Continued on page 44*]

Illustration by N. C. Wyeth

"Take a drink — maybe you'll feel better," he urged huskily, and unscrewed the canteen top. "We all ——"

The Desert Rat

Another in the Series of Exciting Mexican Border Stories

by B. M. Bower and Buck Connor

BILL GILLIS, Texas Ranger, was as miserable as it is possible for a man with a clear conscience and perfect digestion to be. On the surface of things he had every reason to be pleased with himself; for he had run down a lawbreaker whose cunning had been almost uncanny, and he had cornered — if not actually captured — his man under conditions that proved the mettle of both. He had done all this practically single-handed, while Charlie Horne and Van Dillon (the kid ranger whom Bill claimed as his especial protegé) were following false scents down along the Mexican boundary. He had cornered his man, and his man had known he was cornered and had, at the last minute, chosen to blow the top of his own head off rather than go to jail. But Bill was accustomed to the violent vagaries of the trapped criminal and ordinarily would not have permitted himself to be greatly upset over the incident. He could not, try as he would, forget those last minutes on the freight train, or the look on the face of Wolf Masters, friend of Bill's boyhood, or the tone in which Wolf had at the last surrendered to that friendship and had sent the bullet meant for Bill back into his own brain. That wistful: "Hell! *I* can't shoot yuh, Bill," repeated itself over and over in the shrinking memory of Bill — haunted him until his mind took no account of what his two hands were doing.

Charlie and Van had not come back yet from the border, where he had sent them the day before on a clue that had seemed promising. Bill had not dreamed then that he was himself within a few hours of trapping the bandit and learning in bitterness that he had harried his friend Wolf to the ultimate end of the trail where all must come. He wished the boys would show up. He tried to fix his mind on the several possible reasons for their long absence.

They could not have run down the train-robber — for Bill had done that to his sorrow. They might be in trouble — he tried to forget Wolf in worrying over his comrades. It was not that he did not love them well — closer than brothers they were to Bill; but always his brain reiterated accusingly Wolf's words: "Why, Bill, we used to play hookey together — and get licked for it with the same stick! . . . Why, Bill, I thought you was a friend uh mine! . . . It's you or me, Bill — I'll never go to jail, I tell yuh those!" and at last that heart-broken: "Hell! *I* can't shoot yuh, Bill!" . . . the last words Wolf would ever speak.

Beside the little camp-fire the smutty coffee-pot was nested in a bed of coals and bubbled at the spout with a little hissing sound where the foam dripped over into spiteful hot ashes; tantalizing to a hungry man was the smell of it, but Bill never noticed it. Bill was abstractedly slicing ivory-and-brown strips of bacon into a smoke-blackened frying pan, and he did not stop when he had the customary three slices for himself. He went on carving strip after strip with the sharpest blade of his jack-knife until there was bacon enough for six or seven hungry men and the slab in his hand was pared down to the warped, seamy end where the looped string still dangled. Even then he might have gone on slicing if two riders had not ambled into the firelight, and if one of them had not called out to him with nerve-jarring cheerfulness:

"Hello, boss! We're late — but we're here!"

"Hello — you're in time, too," Bill responded, and tried to pull his mind away from the morning's tragedy. "What d'yuh know? Get any dope at all?"

Van Dillon, eighteen years old and passing himself for over twenty-one so that he could wear the ranger star, swung down giggling. "Gee," he exclaimed, pointing at the bacon, "Bill must be expecting the whole Force to supper!"

Bill grunted and emptied the surplus slices on to the bacon wrapping.

Charlie Horne, pal of years and knowing Bill better than Bill knew himself, looked at him and knew that

some hurt had gone deep into his soul. He waved the kid back with one hand, and with the other pulled his horse between the two quite casually, as though he was merely concerned with getting the animals attended to and himself ready for supper. He rode a few rods farther from the camp-fire than was his habit, and dismounted. Van followed him, curiously rather than obediently — for Van had learned that though a Texas Ranger does not always make his meaning obvious, he nearly always has a reason for any unusual gesture.

"Well, what have I done now?" he wanted to know immediately. "I didn't say anything, did I?"

"And you don't want to," Charlie warned him. "Something's hit Bill awful hard. I knowed it the minute he looked up. *He* didn't know he was cuttin' all that bacon, and that means a whole lot, boy. Bill most generally savvies just what he's doing, and why he's doing it. You step soft around camp tonight, Kid, and keep your face shut. Bill's edgy, and you might hit him wrong without meaning to. If he tells us, all right. If he don't, leave him alone. Sabe?"

"Oh, I know Bill!" the Kid retorted while he pulled the latigo loose and yanked the saddle off his horse. "'S like working in a powder-mill to be around him when he's got something on his mind."

"A powder-mill's safe if you don't scratch a match," Charlie pointed out defensively. "Bill's all right — only don't stir him up; he's feelin' bad about something."

And that's why the Kid unobtrusively helped himself later to coffee and beans and bacon and bannock, and never spoke a word or looked to right or left.

"No, sir," Charlie Horne began, answering tardily Bill's question, "we just about rode the tails off our horses and then didn't pick up anything that hits on this case. There's lots of hay going across the line, but we never got a sign of our lone man." He stopped abruptly, for he had caught a swift shadow of trouble in Bill's face. To cover the silence he reached for the coffee-pot and poured himself a second cup. "Not a sign," he added, as if that closed the subject.

Bill set his cup down and reached for his cigarette papers. They had to know sometime, he was thinking, and he might as well tell them now.

"That case is ended," he said flatly. "I — found our man. I — let that blaze-faced horse pack me to its corral. I found a cabin and the money that was stole from the train — and I found the man that done it. It was Wolf Masters. I tried to get him at the stockyards this morning, and he seen me coming and jumped a freight that was pulling out. I jumped it three cars behind him and — he killed himself rather than give up." The tobacco he was trying stoically to sift into the tiny trough of white paper spilled on the ground. Bill swore under his breath and pitched the tobacco sack pettishly into the camp-fire as if that was where the fault lay.

"That sure is hell!" Charlie commented softly — and Bill knew what he meant and was soothed a little by the understanding and the sympathy of his best friend.

"I wired the captain my report. He wired back to wait here for further orders," Bill went on, speaking more easily, now that the worst was told. Even the absolute silence of the Kid was comforting just then — so eager are hurt souls for an understanding that does not jar, and so sensitive are they to unspoken sympathy. "But we'll have to move camp, I reckon, and give Cobra a wide trail. The town's next to us now, boys, since this morning's show-down. They ain't mourning over Wolf around here. If he's got a real friend in Cobra he didn't show himself. But now they know who we are, they're plumb snaky."

"I'll bet the reports you turned in about the general color of the place down here and the hints we picked up that smuggling's goin' on, is going to hold us here for a while, Bill." Charlie offered Bill the cigarette he had just rolled, and Bill took it with a glance of gratitude.

"This thing has put an awful edge on my nerves," he confessed.

"Took a lot of nerve to put it through — and don't I know it!" Charlie soothed. "You're sure a wonder, Bill."

"I think myself the captain is going to stake us to the job of cleaning up the gangs around here," Bill agreed, passing up the praise so far as words went, but feeling nevertheless the potency of its balm.

"Some job, at that," Van spoke up suddenly from the darkness just beyond the firelight where he had dutifully sought to efface himself.

"You're durn tootin' it's some job, Kid!" Bill's voice had recovered its usual humorous drawl. "You better pile into your blankets, youngster, and get some sleep stored up ahead. 'Cause you're liable to have it broke into a heap when we get out after some of these snaky boys that've been beatin' me at pool right along since we been here."

"Aw, maybe they can beat yuh at pool, Bill — but they've sure got to go some to get the best of yuh on a six-gun job!" And the Kid, feeling that he had done a little toward easing Bill's hurt, went docilely to bed.

"WAY I figure it," said Bill as he scanned the steep walls of the cañon and the brush-choked draws leading into it here and there, "if Wolf Masters thought this cabin was a safe-enough hangout for him to use for his headquarters, it's safe enough for us to camp in. Cobra sure don't know anything about it, because Cobra was paralyzed when it found out Wolf was the lone bandit that's been workin' this part of the country. He didn't let anybody in on his secrets."

"If there was some way outa this pocket that would let us down to the border," Charlie reflected, "we'd be closer than from Cobra; and seems like we could keep an eye on both places."

"That was my idea," Bill said. "I knew Wolf wouldn't hang out here if it's a blind pocket. We've got our horse-feed and our grub in all right, and nobody's got any idea where we disappeared to — I'm sure of that. So now, I'll show you fellows Wolf's trail out toward the border."

Bill flattered the rough, rocky little gulch that he called a trail. What he really meant was that it was possible for horses to traverse it; and with the shrewdness that had helped him discover the hidden cañon in the first place, he saddled the blaze-faced sorrel that had so innocently betrayed its master a few nights before, told Charlie to take the rangy black which Wolf had always ridden on his lawful business as brand inspector, and with Van trailing behind on his own flea-bitten roan, he led the way up the little, flat-bottomed gulch that was so hard to get into, so absolutely isolated from the country all around it by precipitous mountains that held it locked away in their midst, that a man had been able to live there unsuspected for more than three years while he preyed upon society.

The blaze-faced sorrel (which Van had boldly dubbed Judas) stepped out briskly and turned of its own accord into a brush-choked arroyo which Bill believed would eventually lead to open ground beyond. Behind the sorrel came the black, picking its way over the rocks and through the bushes with the ease of familiarity. The little roan scrambled after them as best it could.

At the end of the arroyo three others straggled away into the hills. The sorrel kept to the middle one, and Bill looked back and grinned significantly. After a while they crossed a ridge, followed the gulch that divided that one from the next, and came out quite unexpectedly on the sluggish, mud-colored waters of the Rio Grande.

"This," said Charlie after a minute of studying the river and the country beyond, "must be about eight or ten miles from where we struck it on the trail down from Cobra. This is the point of the long elbow we were going to explore, Kid — remember? Over there in the cottonwoods somewhere there ought to be a little settlement. A customs man told me about it. Obayos, he said it's called. Not much of a place, but there's no particular excuse for the place, either. He said he's going to keep an eye on it, because the customs people are getting the gaff over opium smuggling. He says they search everything that comes across, for opium — and don't find any."

"Well, that looks like a pretty good tip," observed Bill, "and I guess that must be part of what Captain meant."

"Don't you think we ought to tell him about all that hay that's going over?" Van suggested. "Hay's a good price on this side — what they want to haul it to the Mexicans by the four-horse load for? That's what looks queer to me."

With his field glasses, Bill was studying the river bottom beyond the bend. "There's some kind of a town, all right," he said suddenly. "Kid, you look innocent — you ride in and size up the place. Talk to somebody if you can. You're scurruping around hunting a job. Find out what keeps the town going. We'll be along an hour or so behind you, and you can meet us — see that brushy slope away ahead? We'll be at this side."

Van's report, two hours later, was not enlightening.

"There ain't anything keeps the town alive," he said, stretching himself luxuriously as he dismounted in the shade and made himself a cigarette. "It's deader than a door-nail. There's a few ranches scattered around where there's water on the Mexico side, and there's a little store where a man was asleep in his chair and snoring when I went in. And there was a few Mexicans sprawled around in the shade — But say! I had the best chicken dinner I've et since I run away from home! There's a little restaurant run by an Irishman — and boys, he sure knows how to cook chicken! He had it cooked three different ways — fried, 'n' with dumplin's, 'n' roasted with stuffin'. I tried all three and they was outa sight. I was so full I couldn't hardly crawl on my horse."

"Well," Bill snapped out — perhaps with the whetstone of appetite to sharpen his temper, "you wasn't so busy stuffing yourself on chicken that you forgot what I sent you for, I hope!"

The kid drew himself up huffily. "I et chicken three ways, to git a stand-in with the Irishman," he defended himself sulkily. "I asked for work — 'n' I even tried to git a job washin' dishes or something! But he didn't need nobody. He said there wasn't enough trade to pay. He says there's some mining back here in the hills, and the miners come down here and git grub and stuff — it's cheaper than buying along the railroad, 'cause the Mexicans bring it across the river and are glad to sell their stuff close to home. He says he gits chickens ——"

"Say, Kid," Charlie Horne begged plaintively, "can't you kinda let up on *chicken?* Bill and me are kinda holler under our vests."

"Well, why don't you ride in after a while and fill up? There ain't anything to stop you. I'll bet there ain't more than a dozen people live down there, and they're asleep. The feller in the restaurant told me that it don't hardly pay to keep open, except that miners drift in after grub. It's awful cheap. He says chicken is cheaper ——"

"First I ever heard of any mining in these hills," Bill observed. "It ain't mining country."

"Might be some prospectin', farther in," Charlie hazarded, "but in that case they'd outfit at some little town on the railroad, you'd think. How about seeing the river-guard yourself, Bill? Maybe I didn't pump him as dry as you could."

"He said he was going to keep an eye on this pueblo?" Bill was studying the town dissatisfiedly through his glasses.

"He said it ought to have an eye kept on it. Yes, he did say he was going to watch it — but Lord! He's got his hands full where he's at, patroling the trail."

"Mining, huh? Say, you boys can follow along the river above here, and meet me about sundown. I'm going to get an outfit and do a little prospecting myself."

"Don't pass up that chicken dinner at the Irishman's," Van urged. "It's outa sight, believe me!"

Bill did not reply, but it happened that he did not pass up anything. He found, for one thing, that the little, ill-kept store was poorly equipped for supplying the needs of prospectors or real miners. He bought a pan and a pick and a meager stock of supplies, and in the meantime he tried to learn something about the village. Van had summed it up as being "deader than a door-nail" — and he was right. There was, on the surface of it, nothing to find out. At supper-time Bill went to the Irishman's fly-infested eating place, and was served with chicken — roast chicken, fried chicken, chicken with dumplings; and, as an elaboration on the meal Van had eaten, there were chicken soup and chicken salad.

The next day, Van went in at Bill's command and ate, and complained that the chicken was all stew and soup and salad. On the next day Bill returned and was fed on bacon and eggs; the chicken supply had evidently been exhausted. Bill did a lot of thinking, but he did not seem to get anywhere. He sent Charlie in, after a few days of fruitless scouting through the hills and along the river, and told him to visit the Irishman and see what he thought of the place.

"Chicken!" Charlie grinned when he came back.

NEXT MONTH: "Scars and Stripes," by the author of "Uncle Sham;" "The Diamond Ring," by the author of "Butterflies;" "The Business of Being a Lady," by the author of "Easy Alimony;" and the first chapters of "The Lifted Veil," by the author of "The Inner Shrine."

"Chicken in four different ways and nobody much to eat it. What do you make of it, Bill?"

"I don't know," Bill admitted. "Nothing, I guess — but it's kinda queer, and anything that looks queer from now on has got to be followed up. Here's what I got from the captain today. I drifted into Cobra and got the mail — and Cobra's trying to play dead, too. Hardly a soul moving on the streets. Nobody paid any attention to me — and that looked queer, too. So I hit down to the river and come in by the back way, just to make sure I wasn't being followed. What do you think of the captain's letter?"

Charlie rubbed his jaw thoughtfully and handed the letter back. "Wants us to stick around here, I see. Guns going one way, 'hop' coming another, he says. What do you make of it, Bill? We ain't got any more clue than a rabbit."

"We've got to stick till we get next to something," Bill stated gloomily. "Only thing that encourages me is that Cobra is so darned quiet I know it's up to something. And there's something about that Irishman and his chicken dinners that kind of ——"

"Say, Bill," Van blurted, putting a very round and very red face in at the door, "I've been up on this bald peak back here with the glasses, just kinda scanning the country. And say, there's an awful lot of it piled up around here. There's a long, sandy, hot lookin' valley off west of here about six or eight miles — seems to run back from the river. And there was a man leading a burro — and he acted like something was the matter with him. He laid down in the sand three or four times while I was watching him. I just thought I'd tell you."

"He did?" Bill's voice had lost its gloom and was plainly solicitous. In the wild places every man worthy the name is a good samaritan on the principle that one never knows how soon he himself will need help. "Was he alone?"

"Just had the burro, and it was packed — camp outfit, it looked like. I watched him quite a little while, last time he laid down, but he didn't get up."

"We'll have to go see about him," Bill stated simply. "Better make up an overnight grubstake, Charlie, while I see about horse-feed. We may not get back tonight."

For a pair of good field glasses to annihilate distance and permit one to gaze upon a man in distress miles away is one thing; to travel with horses through miles of rough country and actually reach that man is another matter entirely. The three hurried, and they performed more than one feat of getting horses over places where it never was intended that a horse should go. But in spite of trail craft and dogged determination to reach the man, the sun was slipping down to the ragged skyline before Van, who was leading the way because he had been careful to spy out the most practicable route before he left the peak, led them into a wide depression where the scattered little clumps of rabbit weed only served to accentuate the sand and barrenness.

The shadows were thickening to dusk when they came upon the gray burro grazing apathetically upon the weeds. Near him a huddle of frayed corduroy stirred a little when they rode up. A lined old face with heavy white eyebrows and a tangled, white beard lifted from the huddle and stared dully at the three.

Once he had been a big man and strong. Even now his shoulders were broad, with a hint of strength under the sagging weight of his years. But his lips were blue-white and his eyes heavy with sickness; and when Bill and Charlie tried to lift him he groaned and crumpled forward on his face.

The two looked at each other anxiously, and Bill reached for the whiskey which he carried in a flask. A gulp or two revived the old man a little, so that he was able to give them a disjointed account of himself and his condition.

He was prospecting, he said — and one glance at the burro's pack bore witness to the truth of his statement. He would not tell them where he was going; but he was prospecting, and something he had eaten — or maybe it was the heat — he didn't know — but he was sick — awful sick. Cramps — that was it, and a deadly sickness. He couldn't travel. He just couldn't. And it was a long way to water — but he couldn't get there. He guessed he must be getting old — he guessed his prospecting days were about over — he was a poor man and he wasn't much good to himself or the world — he wished they'd just ride on and let him die. He whimpered a little, in a weak, self-pitying way, and lay down again with his seamed forehead half hidden on one arm.

"You boys might as well make camp," Bill said, and knelt beside the man. "Take the pack off the burro, Kid. He'll probably stick close to camp, so just turn him loose." He bent over the sick man and reached again for his flask, since he had nothing else in the way of medicine, and since he had all a rangeman's faith in whiskey as a pain-killer. The prospector looked up and glimpsed the star on the lining of Bill's coat. His dull eyes brightened a little.

"Ranger, are yuh?" he asked curiously. "I'm glad — thought mebby you'd rob a poor old man — ain't got nothin' worth carryin' off — nothin' at all — but they keep houndin' me — foller me here 'n' there — but I'm too sharp for 'em." He took a swallow from the bottle Bill held to his lips, and raised to an elbow. "I dassent show m'self in town — that's the trouble. But you're all right — you'll look out for an old man — rangers, they're honest. . . ."

He laid back, breathing heavily and blinking at Bill in the dusk. Bill left him alone for a while and helped make camp for the night. A dry camp it must be, but they had brought full canteens and had watered the horses just as they left the cabin, so there would be no great hardship for men or animals — unless the burro had gone long without a drink. And when it came wagging its long ears up to the Kid, who was pouring water into the coffee-pot, it manifested very plainly the fact that it was thirsty — horribly thirsty.

"The old man's got four canteens — and only one is empty," the Kid volunteered. "I'm going to give the poor little devil a drink." Which he did by the simple method of pouring water from the canteen into the battered basin which the old man used for mixing his bannock.

The burro drank and licked the basin and wanted more, and the heart of the Kid melted within him. Water is precious in a dry camp; but Bill and Charlie had their backs turned, and the burro stood looking at Van sadly, as only a desert burro can look — as though all the sorrows of all the ages were pent within his soul. The Kid glanced half-guiltily over his shoulder at the others, and from the old man's jumble of belongings he drew a full canteen — because the water would be staler than that which they had brought fresh from the spring by the cabin, and therefore less grudged to the burro. But he did not fill the basin from that canteen. He unscrewed the top, wrinkled his nose at the odor that came from within, shook the canteen, sniffed again, tilted it and started to pour. And then he hastily screwed back the top and slid the canteen under the disordered pack. And his eyes were very big and round and his boyish mouth was puckered as though he were going to whistle.

After a pause in which he made sure that no one was giving him the slightest attention, he dragged Charlie's big canteen toward him by its long loop and filled the basin to the very brim, hiding it with his crouching body the while from Bill's keen eyes. The donkey was a grateful donkey as well as a thirst-famished one. It drank in great gulps, flapped its long ears forward, nosed Van's wrists with little, kissing movements of its lips, and turned away to browse a supper as best it might in that barren little valley.

Just as the pilfered water refreshed the burro, Bill's whiskey seemed to revive the old man. His "cramps," which had kept him doubled up and groaning for the first half hour or so after they found him, lessened appreciably. By the time supper was cooked he sat up and drank a cup of coffee, scalding hot, and said he felt better. He looked it, and his voice had a healthier ring to it, although it still held the rasping tone of aged vocal chords. But when he roused from those vacant-eyed, brooding silences so characteristic of the "desert rat" — who with his burro passes his days alone with the wide spaces, his nights with the winds and the stars and the storms, and always with his own thoughts for company — his speech was rambling and his sentences often broken in the middle.

Bill and Charlie had seen too many of the type to wonder at him or about him. They had found him in the nick of time to save his life, but they knew that on the morrow he would probably take his burro and go his way, chasing that will-o'-the-wisp, the "mother lode" perhaps — so many of them dreamed of finding the mother lode and more gold than the mind of a sane man can ever so dimly hope to find outside a mint. But the Kid, sitting across the camp-fire, watched him fascinated.

Bill's mind was still working with the mystery of mining in these mountains, where mines had never been known. Over his second cigarette he tried to draw the old fellow out of his brooding, in the hope of gleaning some scrap of information that might form a key to the puzzle. He asked a question or two, and Charlie, catching Bill's intent, added one of his own.

And then, as so often happens with these solitary souls, the floodgate of speech was opened and the old man began to talk; cautiously at first, and afterwards, as his mania gripped him, pouring out all his dreams and hopes and desires. Had Bill wanted to do it he could not have stopped him then.

"Some day I'll find it — the hidden arroyo." The old man sat up straighter and combed his white beard with his unwashed fingers while he stared into the flicker of the little flames. "Once I was close! — but they dogged my heels and I turned back. They'd uh killed me only for that. And it's there — nuggets big as my fist, jest a layin' around in the gravel so thick yuh don't have to pan 'em out. You can pick 'em up with your bare hands — yessir, with your bare hands!"

He glanced eagerly into their faces. Charlie was listening with half-bored amusement, lying back on one elbow with his feet to the fire and his hat tilted over his left eye. Bill sat cross-legged, nursing his knees with his hands, his face imperturbable, his eyes fixed on the fire. But the Kid was staring at the old man with the big, round eyes of youth that believes, because it has not yet learned in bitterness to distrust.

The Kid moved closer. "How do you know, if you've never been there?" he asked curiously.

"How do I know? Because I *know*. I've seen the gold that come from there. My pardner, he found it — 'n' that was twenty years ago." He stopped short and looked at them keenly again. "You're honest men — you wouldn't rob a poor old man!" he began afresh. And because the Kid was staring at him big-eyed and drinking in every word, he addressed him particularly. "You're young, and you're [*Continued on page 62*]

OUT, OUT!

By Robert Frost

Author of "North of Boston"

THE buzz-saw snarled and rattled in the yard
And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,
Sweet scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.
And from there those that lifted eyes could count
Five mountain ranges one behind the other
Under the sunset far into Vermont.
And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,
As it ran light, or had to bear a load.
And nothing happened: day was all but done.
Call it a day, I wish they might have said
To please the boy by giving him the half hour
That a boy counts so much when saved from work.
His sister stood beside them in her apron
To tell them "Supper." At that word, the saw,
As if to prove saws could be hungry too,
Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap —
He must have given the hand. However it was,
Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!
The boy's first outcry was a rueful laugh,
As he swung toward them holding up the hand
Half in appeal, but half as if to keep
The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all,
Since he was old enough to know, big boy
Doing a man's work, though a child at heart.
He saw all spoiled. "Don't let him cut my hand off —
The doctor — when he comes. Don't let him, sister!"
So. But the hand was gone already.
The doctor put him in the dark of ether.
He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.
And then — the watcher at his pulse took fright.
No one believed. They listened at his heart.
Little — less — nothing! — and that ended it.
No more to build on there. And they, since they
Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

Announcement of

The Lifted Veil

[*Continued from page 31*]

A product like the new McClure serial is not made in a day, nor yet in a year — nor yet in a decade. A good, solid measure of life, of experience, of reading, thinking, traveling, are necessary for the growth of a personality which stamps the very opening sentences of the new novel. Such a measure of life Basil King has had.

It was in 1909, after nine years of patient development of the craftsman, that recognition and success came. In the interim there had been six novels. "Modest efforts with modest successes," Mr. King calls them, and they were modest in comparison to the achievement and triumph of 1909. In that year "The Inner Shrine" was published in Harper's, and published anonymously. Then followed as interesting and dramatic a chapter as may be found in recent literary history.

The novel, with its sure touch, its deep note of real drama, its glowing personality, caused an instant furore. Why it was published anonymously is a much haggled-over point. The probability is that Mr. King's publishers recognized that it was so infinitely greater than anything the author had done up to that time that they wished to have it stand alone. Why run the chance of having it judged in a light which might be projected by his earlier work? They were wise to put the new-born novelist upon a fresh, clean pedestal of his own.

Whatever the motive, the device served well. Hand in hand with clamorous appreciation of the story went, not only sales, but the most avid curiosity concerning the identity of the author of "The Inner Shrine." It became the stock subject of literary gossip; no conspicuous writer in England or America but was named in the speculation as the creator of *Derek*. The mystery got into newspaper headlines. One thing, however, was certain: whoever the author was, his place in the front rank of living novelists was made.

A year later, "The Wild Olive" appeared.

Mr. King's other novels have followed at the rate of about one every two years — for there is nothing hurried or slapdash in the art of Basil King — each marking a development of his powers and all eventuating in the story McClure's now announces — the story which no amateur in life could have written. His career with its fulness, its difficulties, its work ripened the man; it nurtured the charm that was born in him and helped to make the author whom, in "The Lifted Veil," you will come to know as he is today — an altogether delightful person.

Basil King *is* delightful. No other word seems so adequately to fit him. Simple and considerate, almost ludicrously modest, interested in everybody from a baby to a captain of industry and in everything from immortality down, he is an enticing companion indeed; an evening with him while he lets his easy, lucid mind play with one topic after another, digging up an astonishing fund of reminiscence of people and places, great and small, is a privilege more rare than Basil King for a moment imagines.

And it is splendid that, through McClure's, hundreds of thousands of people are about to know, not only Basil King, the artist and prober of life, but Basil King, the man; and it is splendid that they are to know him at his finest, through his finest achievement, "The Lifted Veil."

Have a Heart!

By William C. Freeman

IT is estimated that there are 20,000 actors, actresses and miscellaneous workers who earn their living from the 3,000 theatres in the United States.

Among this number — one per cent (or 200) a year requires and receives assistance from the Actors' Fund of America.

No case of need is ever refused. The fact that a man or woman, boy or girl, has met with misfortune, no matter how, is sufficient cause for opening the purse and the heart.

Assistance has been given where as much as $2,000 along a period of years, was spent as freely and generously as though the amount were $2 or $20. The principle is to take care of everybody that needs it.

Only 200 a year out of 20,000 is the answer to the thought in the minds of many people that theatrical folks are generally improvident and careless.

Their work is very trying — very hard. It requires the last ounce of physical endurance. It is marvelous that more do not break down than do. The length of their engagement is always uncertain.

They give us the best that's in them always — and they are certainly responsible for the many hours of recreation and pleasure that we get out of our attendance at playhouses.

Should we not be willing to contribute $2, the smallest sum required to become an Associate Member of the Actors' Fund of America?

We need not limit ourselves to a $2 membership, however. We can make it $20, or $200, or $2,000, if we wish.

The point is — should we not do our part in raising a fund of One Million Dollars, the annual income of which will provide the means for taking care of the needy and deserving among those who spent their lives in entertaining the Public.

Send your check, or a money order, or cash today to Daniel Frohman, President, Lyceum Theatre, New York.

Unuttered Love

Nursling of sunshine and of shade,
Half eager and yet half afraid,
Not venturing to quite unclose—
A bud that longs to be a rose.

William H. Hayne

Just the food for hot weather

Strengthening and appetizing, not too heavy, easy to digest, easy to prepare, requiring little effort and little heat. You could not find a food more suitable and satisfying for this time of year than

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It combines the nourishing elements of good meat with the wholesome tonic qualities of choice vegetables.

We make the stock strong and full-bodied—using selected beef for this purpose. And the thirteen different vegetables we use are picked from the best varieties that grow.

We cook each of these in the exact time and way best suited to its character, and to bring out its qualities most palatably. Each has a part in completing this perfectly balanced combination.

To make vegetable soup at home is an extravagant use of time and labor when you can buy *Campbell's*—to say nothing of your expense for materials and fuel.

Why not have the benefit of this delicious and satisfying soup, already made and cooked—with no needless work for you, no waste, nor delay? Why not enjoy it today?

21 kinds 10c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Piry of the Philippines — *Continued from page 39*

to her. The body lost all look of a man. It beat the ground like a bag with some animal tied in it.

She did not cry, but turned back, covering her eyes and ears.

"Piry, I ought to shoot you!"

"You'd better hurry."

His attitude made plain what he meant; yet he didn't know just how to begin. Long thinking of this moment seemed to furnish energy enough to strike out, and to spare — but there was no great provocation. It is hard to strike a man whose hands are not lifted. Piry couldn't recall any one thing that held the latent heat to ignite now. The act of all — of the six-shooter putting him out — proved treacherous, in that it did not come to mind. The sense of the tension, of delay, was the thing that broke him — the miserable boyish idea that delay now was cowardice. The fight was begun in the blur of this — Pansy Bright's cheek slapped stingingly.

The Captain winced. "Piry, you're a fool," and he punctuated it with a closed fist upon Piry's face, that shook the soldier to the toes.

"Now I like you," Piry began to say, when he was rocked again on the opposite temple.

"I'm going to mark you first," said the Captain. "But I confess I'm ashamed of myself. It's for the Governor ——"

"Don't be ashamed," said Piry, as they sparred. "I'm charmed with you — the way you got going ——"

He winged out a jab that touched the Captain's jaw, but lost weight in the stretch. He followed it with a real one, but the Bright helmet took it. The sand was heavy. That bothered Bright, who had always been accustomed to precise conditions for these affairs.

Piry heaved into him, had him guarding two-handed, and might have sunk him through a body opening, but the lust had come to him from the words of the Captain. He again acknowledged the other's class by taking his idea. . . . Their feet were held, and this wearied. . . . One instant Bright seemed to think he had reached the corner of his ring, for he backed no more. Piry did mark him. He thought his man must fall, but he didn't. Instead, Piry took one at this point between the nose and the cheek-bone. He was slowed by the sense of bones broken. The other's face darted here and there behind the shield. It gleamed red and intrepid; it was the hardest thing to reach that Piry had ever tried for. He had used only instinct so far — not even begun to fathom the other's science. He weakened himself missing, took his share to get something across, felt a strength that puzzled him — but could not perfectly land. . . . Once more he bent in — Bright not giving an inch — Piry's eye driving at the other's mouth and just below — striking for it — hurling out every ounce of force to get it.

Oogh-gh! — just under the arch of the ribs — the place of drink and tobacco and night-life. Piry seemed to go down under water. It was all a rushing of red water. Pansy had wearied, or else counted his target practice finished to satisfaction, before sinking that last home.

Piry, on his hands and knees, heard the bell ringing. He raised his head, saw the woman hurrying down, half falling, her hands partly covering her eyes and ears. Bright was running toward her. . . . Rifle-shot — trumpet cut short — shooting.

He was up in the red blur. Bright had him by the arm, the woman by the other, rushing them to the shore.

"Piry — Piry, listen to me."

"Yes ——"

"Take her out to sea — sail to El Tortu if necessary! They've started something."

She was crying: "Yes — yes — they started it — the whole town — fighting ——"

Bright lifted her into the boat. Piry raised the sail. The man on shore pushed them off; the sail caught the breeze, and the little craft breathed as the sand ceased to grate her keel.

The woman looked up. "He can't get back. He mustn't go back there ——"

"Captain, will I come in for you?" Piry called. "She says you can't make the pavilion through the niggers' lines ——"

"Go on," said Bright. "Don't come back — until we send for you. I leave this to you, Piry ——"

"I hear — you lie low until dark ——"

"I'll get back. Good-by!"

The last was to the woman, of course.

"He can't get back," she said, helping the utterance with hands that would not be still. Her eyes could follow but one action —and that was finished.

A half-hour passed — no words. They were far enough out of the harbor to see Pemarong in one piece; but Piry was not yet so clearly defined to himself, nor co-ordinate. He wished there were a screen in which to hide from the eyes of the woman. His face was still being pulled in all directions to make way for deep activities. The skin seemed planted with bulbs that began to grow magically — like a window-box in the last rain of April. His eyelids required muscular props. There were mysteries of growth that he had failed to tally off in the action itself — as if the plantings had come too fast for registration. He was light and heavy in places — patched with scorching heat — but hate had gone from his heart for Captain Pansy Bright.

There had been just an instant when he wished he had put that one over — the one that had done it. He had thought of it, but the imitation had betrayed him, as imitation is perfectly designed to do under all conditions of life. He had believed the other would not — and had put the idea out of his own mind. . . . There had been a chance. He recalled the particular instant when Pansy had reached his corner and was shielding his face. He could have put it over just then.

Suddenly he was clean of this — glad that it had happened so. He, Piry, would not have taken the woman out to sea. He would have tried to get her back to the pavilion. Something had happened up there — something that the woman had seen. Her face frightened him — dead-white, her eyes filled with a moving impression — something that she could not yet be sane in the presence of. Her hands were out of the law. They troubled Piry in a manner of inexplicable depth.

"What was it?" he asked for the third time.

She shook her head at him, her eyes unseeing.

"Tell me ——"

"The bell rang — it was like a fire-alarm in the street — all running. Then in a hut, as I passed, a table overturned and there was screaming ——"

"Yes — voices and a white man —" he said sternly. She had told this much before.

"Yes — and they were running before me — soldier and native — with a hooked knife — He used it like a noose from behind — the knife. The soldier's head — was like a bowl falling from a table ——"

"Good God — for you to see that!" Piry was thinking of his former affiliations with Malays.

"It was just before me on the road — all of it. I shall always have it in mind ——"

"No. I'll see to that — now that I know ——"

"Captain Bright has gone back through that — and my father is there, and all the soldiers ——"

"It will be a fight — and I'm missing," said Piry. "But he'll get back to command. I was wrong. . . . He's cold, but he can fight. He *can* raise his hands. I'd rather have him there for the garrison than be there myself ——"

"Did he look like that?" Her face was turned away, but her open hand signified his.

"I didn't notice. I didn't see him very clearly. Sometimes there were several Captains."

He thought for a second he had her lifted a trifle, but the smile did not come.

"Fighting — fighting — it will never seem the same to me. I know what it means now — oh, not you — but that boy — that soldier who ran at the call to garrison ——"

"Those aren't things to talk about," he said with determination. "In all fights — some get hurt. It isn't pretty. We don't imagine things. Death is death. It's only the reporters that come along and make a lot of that. A bullet's better than a knife — even a fever's better — but death is death. The whole fighting is to stop that. It's the Manila crowd that did it — and they won't fight. They talk, and the Moros fight. I know about that, because I did a lot of talking ——"

She straightened suddenly — seemed to find herself at sea for the first time — as if the hateful heaving, the dark green heaving, had just come home to her again.

"Where are we going, Piry?"

It was the first time she called him that.

"The wind's in the southeast — such as it is ——"

"Not to El Tortu!"

"I've got to take you somewhere. We have neither food nor water." Piry whacked his blouse pocket in sudden panic. Finding that he was not without cigarettes, he realized that he had known the real passion for self again, that popular perversion.

"I won't go away — not back to El Tortu."

The manner of her speech made him uneasy.

"Did you hear what the Captain said — the last thing?" Piry urged.

"I command you to turn. We are far enough from Pemarong. The shadows are long."

"He said he would send for us when he wanted us."

"You would stay away from the fighting?"

He winced. "I've got orders." This was his weakest saying.

"Orders — you weren't always so ready for orders. You always made trouble."

"I like these orders," he said quietly. "I like the man who gave them. . . . You wouldn't know it. You'd never find it out without beating him in the face, but he's a humorist ——"

"He isn't a talker," she said scornfully.

"No, that's true."

"He wouldn't stay away from the fighting — and keep a woman from her father ——"

"Hold on there — you're wrong, Miss Peters."

"He wouldn't ——"

"Yes, he would. If I were captain and he a soldier, and I gave him the orders he gave me, he would do just that ——"

"He wouldn't force a woman ——"

"Oh, yes, he would ——"

"If she struggled with him — arms and hands — like two men ——"

He smiled at the picture. "It wouldn't be good business — for small boats."

He looked down into the dark green.

"Won't you please turn about and go back when it's darker? We can reach the pavilion. Then we would be there — all one — cheerful to die if we had to."

"Sounds good — but I like this way best. There's one thing I'm going to do."

"What?"

"I'm going to carry out the last orders Captain Bright gave. He may not give me any more. He may not have reached the pavilion. If they've started war — and I guess they have — there's a fight on in Pemarong that will be bloody and rough. We're out of it. Bright said so, and it's right. I see now it's right. . . . It's funny running from it — and I haven't seen a fight since Southern Luzon days. . . . But it's right. They'll send for us, when they want us."

She tempted him.

"Why not leave me in El Tortu — and go back? I'd be safe there — oh, so safe — and you could go back and help."

"Talking is getting me in trouble," he muttered. "Say, Miss Peters, you don't miss anything to make a man feel like hell, do you? . . . I'm through talking."

In the long silence he figured that he was through imitating another man's methods as well. Moreover, he found he was comfortable thinking about Captain Bright, and saving the woman's life. It was one day's work — to show him the danger of talking, of imitating, and the decency of thinking for others — a memorable day.

"Mr. Piry," she said at last.

"Yes."

"If I fought with you and there was no other way, would you knock me down — senseless in the bottom of the boat — to carry out those orders for El Tortu?"

"Yes."

"Do you think they've murdered Father and Captain Bright?"

"God, I hope not! They're safe in the pavilion. Was your father there when you left?"

"Yes, he was reading Musty."

"If he was inside — when they started, *he's* safe. The pavilion will stand anything the natives have. The soldiers will fight to the doors and make a stand there. . . . If only Bright gets to 'em ——"

He stopped short. Her face turned to the red west. He saw that she was ill again, felt the burden of his destiny and not the strangeness of it — that his lot should be cast with hers once more. He had no hope of her ever even respecting him. Her words were still cutting their way in.

"I wish you could have a cigarette that's all there is to offer," he said.

"I don't want anything," she answered.

It was as if someone were turning off the lights around the horizon now — the way the dark came in — all but the west, and a red gleam from Pemarong.

[*To be concluded*]

The Cage Door

[*Continued from page 34*]

The thought of Leila, of what she was doing, became torturing to him.

Without having planned it, a week after his flight he found himself walking through Dallas Street, up Green Street toward home. Yet even as he went he felt like an escaped convict returning to prison. Even wearied, with growing irritation he reached his house.

"My God!" he thought, "a man oughtn't to have to face a thing like this when he's dog-tired."

He opened the door. The house was strangely quiet. It had a curious air of having been unoccupied a long time. A timid voice from the door called:

"Jim! Oh, Jim, is that you?" It was Mamie Kleiser. "Jim, oh — don't you *know?*"

"Know?" he echoed stupidly. "Know what? Don't you know I've been away?"

Here Mamie burst into tears.

"Oh, I don't want to tell you, Jim! — Ed and Leila — who'd 'a' thought it? — *Ed* and *Leila!* They're gone! But she was sure you wouldn't come back, you didn't write — nor — nor anything — they both was sure — Honest!"

"Ed?" he repeated. "With Ed?"

Why Ed? Why not her own kind? Did she always have to have dreamers? Another man she could torment deeply. A feeling of pity for Ed so penetrated him that his first moment of jealousy and betrayal was enveloped in it. A sense of great peace came over him. Mamie had tip-toed away. Now he was free. He stretched out his arms as though to embrace the whole world.

Then suddenly came the question — free for what? His gladness died. Intolerable loss and jealousy came to him. Suddenly all the gifts of the spirit seemed to him as specious and as meretricious as the ornaments Leila had put about the house, and Leila's own fierce passion for joy and life the one thing on earth worth having.

NEXT MONTH: The first chapters of "The Lifted Veil," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," "The Wild Olive," and "The Street Called Straight." Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg.

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The Amazing Fraud — *Continued from page 17*

EVERYTHING was now ready for the grand coup. But "Warren" decided to protect himself further. He had a very respectable friend named Noyes residing in Hartford, Conn. They had known each other since boyhood. Noyes knew nothing of Bidwell's recent career other than that Bidwell had been a successful speculator in Wall Street stocks and had a handsome income.

Up to this time, Austin Bidwell as "F. A. Warren" was the only one of the confederates known at the Bank of England, and the only one who apparently assumed any risk. In the event of discovery, therefore, it would be necessary for Austin only to take flight. His brother George and McDonald, the expert forger, were practically unknown to anyone in London.

"Warren" had explained to the manager of the Bank of England that he had bought an immense plant in Birmingham for the manufacture of railway material, and that he should be in Birmingham superintending the work there a good deal. He might, therefore, send to the bank occasionally by mail his bills of exchange for discount. He had already sent two or three lots of genuine bills in that way. If he could send the forged bills the same way, McDonald and his brother George could carry on the business by mail in his name, and Austin could leave Europe while the actual operations were going on. He would thus be beyond the clutch of English law, or, if extradited, could prove an alibi. McDonald and George Bidwell could go to Birmingham and there mail the bills of exchange, forging "Warren's" signature along with their other forgeries. But it might look suspicious for "Warren," or someone representing him, to avoid the bank altogether. Besides, it was necessary to draw out the money deposited to "Warren's" credit, and to turn this cash into United States Government bonds.

Accordingly, Austin Bidwell wrote Noyes a letter, telling him that he and George, his brother, had been in London for some time and had made a lot of money in speculations. They had been so successful, he wrote, that they had determined to make Noyes a present of a thousand dollars, which he would find enclosed. If Noyes himself cared to make a few thousand dollars, he had only to cross the ocean. If they decided they could employ him, they would later send him a cable, which he might get soon after the receipt of the letter. If he came, and determined not to go into the speculation with them, they would refund him all of his expenses. But he must be cautious and preserve absolute secrecy as to his destination, an injunction the necessity of which they would explain when they saw him in person.

A few days after the receipt of this letter, Noyes received a cablegram. It read:

"Come by Atlantic on Wednesday. Wire on arrival at Liverpool. Meet at Langham."

Ten days later Noyes was in London. The plot to loot the bank was unfolded to him, but not until he had been sounded out by other disclosures and had guessed the occupation of his boyhood friend. The Bidwells were remarkable judges of human nature. Had Noyes flared up at the revelations, they would have dropped him then and there. Though unused to criminal ways, and astounded at the plan to rob the bank, as the scheme dawned on him in all its clearly-reasoned details, he became fascinated. That the Bidwells did not misjudge their man before confiding their plans to him, was shown by Noyes's subsequent "gameness" and loyalty.

After some days' consideration, Noyes gave his reply. "I'll do it," he said. "I want money badly. The Bank of England, after all, will not miss it. I'll go in for this once."

On several occasions Austin Bidwell had gone to Jay Cooke & Co.'s London branch and purchased United States Government bonds under the name of F. A. Warren, giving his checks in payment on the Bank of England. He now took Noyes to Cooke & Co.'s agency and purchased twenty thousand dollars in bonds, giving his check. He then introduced Noyes as his clerk, directing them to deliver to him any bonds Bidwell might buy at any time.

On the same day that "Warren" introduced Noyes to Jay Cooke & Co. as his clerk, he took Noyes to the Bank of England at a busy time of day, and while drawing some money casually introduced him to the paying-teller as his clerk, requesting the teller to pay Noyes any checks "Warren" might draw. Then for the next few days "Warren" had Noyes take checks to the bank and also had him order two or three small lots of bonds from Jay Cooke & Co. Thus the Bank of England and Jay Cooke & Co. became familiar with seeing Noyes on "Warren's" business.

Everything was now finally ready for opening up the gigantic scheme of plunder.

"Warren" entered the Bank of England and sent in his card to the manager. He presented his Rothschild bill of exchange for six thousand pounds. He engaged the manager, who was in a communicative mood, in an extended conversation, during the course of which "Warren" boldly asked him what precaution the bank took against forgery. The manager replied that a forgery on the Bank of England was impossible.

"Why impossible?" inquired "Warren." "Other banks get hit sometimes. Why not the Bank of England?"

The manager went into a long explanation, ending with the assertion, "Our wise forefathers have bequeathed us a system which is perfect."

"Do you wish me to understand that you have not changed your system since your forefathers' time?"

"Not in the slightest particular for a hundred years," replied the manager.

One day late in November "Warren" packed his baggage and after warm handshakings, bade his friends adieu. They talked about the happy future when they should drive their four-in-hands and own their town houses in New York and their summer cottages at Newport. When they next met it was in Newgate prison.

Two days after "Warren's" departure, Noyes went to the Bank of England and drew out all the money to "Warren's" credit except three hundred pounds. On the same day he went to Birmingham and mailed lot number one of the bogus bills of exchange. They went through the bank without question and were credited to "Warren's" account.

Noyes returned to London, went to Jay Cooke & Co.'s office and bought seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of United States bearer bonds, giving "Warren's" check on the Bank of England for them. On the same afternoon he returned to Birmingham and mailed to the Bank of England another letter containing fifteen thousand pounds in forged bills. He then returned to London and purchased of Jay Cooke & Co. another lot of bonds.

These operations were repeated, the bogus bills sent to the bank steadily increasing in amount and value. On some days the mail brought to the Bank of England letters with bills amounting to twenty thousand pounds, or one hundred thousand dollars. Day by day, and week by week, the bank continuedto pile away in its vaults the worthless collateral of "F. A. Warren" in exchange for its gold.

AS Christmas drew near, the conspirators began to long for home. Their friends were all in the United States. Hardly a soul knew them in London, and there were none with whom they were on terms of familiarity. They were content with the five million dollars which they had already drawn out of the Bank of England.

The last batch of bills had been placed in the mail. That day Noyes bought one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of United States bonds, and gave "Warren's" check on the bank for them. At three o'clock that afternoon the conspirators sat down to lunch and then went to the apartments of McDonald, the forger of the party, for the purpose of destroying their illicit paraphernalia. McDonald drew the sealed box containing the unused spurious bills up to the fire and began throwing them in one by one. As he came to some beautifully executed specimens of forgery, he was tempted to withhold them from the fire, and threw them on the floor beside his chair. He finished the task of burning the others, and took from the floor those he had thrown there. He looked at them in admiration for a moment, and then crumbling them together, raised his hand to cast them into the fire.

An impulse stayed his arm. Fate was hanging out a red signal, but they were color-blind.

"Boys, these are perfect works of art," he said. "It's a pity to destroy them. It is only necessary to drop them into the mail to coin more thousands."

"Suppose we send them in," volunteered George Bidwell.

"All right," echoed the others.

There were in the lot nineteen bills of exchange for twenty-six thousand pounds. A date had been left off one of them; but they failed to note the hiatus.

The three men went to Birmingham, mailed the letter enclosing the bills of exchange, and then laughed over their success. The next morning the letter arrived in due course at the Bank of England. The bills were discounted and the amount placed to "Warren's" credit. This left him with a balance of two hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

The fatal omission of the date was made on an acceptance of Blydenstein & Co., a great London banking firm. The discount clerk at the Bank of England noticed the omission of the date on the bill but thought it a clerical error on the part of the bookkeeper of Blydenstein & Co. He made no report of the matter, but laid the bill aside until the next day. The next morning he gave it to the bank messenger, telling him when he went his regular rounds to take the bill to Blydenstein's and request them to correct the omission.

That day the confederates purchased another lot of one hundred thousand dollars in United States bonds from Jay Cooke & Co. The following morning they drew fifty thousand dollars from the Bank of England in cash. A few moments later they were sitting round a table in a restaurant. They intended to leave London within a few hours. One of them remarked that they had still a balance of seventy-five thousand dollars to "Warren's" credit. Noyes spoke up.

"Boys," he said, "that is too much money to leave John Bull. Suppose you make out a check for five thousand pounds. I will run over and get the cash."

The other two assented.

While they were sitting and plotting this last act in this criminal drama, the bank messenger was hurrying past the very restaurant where they sat, carrying the startling news that the two thousand pound bill on Blydenstein & Co. was a forgery.

McDonald wrote out a check for five thousand pounds, and Noyes started for the bank. As he entered the doors of that institution he found himself the center of a scene of tremendous excitement. In ten minutes after the bank runner had reported the forgery, the story had reached the Stock Exchange. Rumors of gigantic frauds and forgeries flew right and left. The bank parlors were packed with a host of stockholders and directors of the bank. Noyes was instantly identified by the teller the moment he stepped inside the door. The officers and directors surrounded him. They were unable to shake his story. "Warren" had hired him as a clerk. That was all he knew. But even the possession of that much knowledge in such a crisis was sufficient to land him in Newgate.

George Bidwell and McDonald followed Noyes to the bank and waited outside. They surmised that something unusual was up, and guessed the cause. McDonald rushed into the bank to be of any assistance he could, but it was useless. Noyes saw and recognized his confederate in the crowd around him, but gave no hint of recognition. Lionel Rothschild, the president of the Bank of England, offered Noyes his liberty and one thousand pounds reward if he would tell all he knew; but Noyes stuck to his original story.

The Bank of England cabled their legal agent in New York. That astute individual, being fami iar with the inside reputation of the New York Police Department, sent for Robert A. Pinkerton and put the case in his hands. As a matter of fact, the conspirators had bribed the New York police officials in advance.

In searching Noyes, the London police found that his garments were made by a certain London tailor who had several establishments. They brought the foremen and salesmen of these different establishments to see him, but none could identify Noyes. When they arrived in London, the Pinkertons went over the ground again and discovered that the London police had overlooked one branch store. This was the one Noyes had patronized. The salesmen remembered him as a customer who had given the name of "Bedford." This looked bad for Noyes. Why should he, if he were the innocent clerk of "Warren," trade under an assumed name?

One of the salesmen in this store recalled having seen Noyes (or Bedford) walking with a well-dressed gentleman. The detectives

started on a house to house canvass of the neighborhood in an effort to identify this stranger. The first house they entered was the residence of a famous London physician. McDonald, the forger, had been a patient of this physician. But the physician knew nothing about his patient except his name and the address he gave. This was the Westminster Palace Hotel. The detectives found that no such person had ever been a guest at the Westminster Palace. Here were more interesting developments. The Pinkertons continued their house to house visitation of the fashionable lodging-houses. It was a huge task, but they kept at it. Inquiring at every place if an American gentleman was lodging or had lodged there, they were informed by one lady that such a gentleman had been a lodger at her place, but had left a few days before. She had seen a friend of her lodger, and though she did not know this gentleman's name, the detectives knew from her description that he was "Warren." In the waste-paper basket of the recently vacated room, the detectives found some pieces of blotting-paper, one piece of which when held up to the mirror reflected the impression of a check drawn for ten thousand pounds sterling by "F. A. Warren." This was compared with a canceled check at the bank, and exactly fitted it. The first definite link in the chain of proof was forged.

McDonald had suddenly departed for Paris. Knowing that Noyes would be "game," and without any suspicion that his connection with the forgeries had been discovered, he registered in Paris at a prominent hotel under his own name. The Pinkertons soon located him, but they were half an hour too late. The "Thuringia," with McDonald on board, had sailed for New York. However, his whereabouts was cabled to the New York office of the Pinkertons, and he was arrested as he stepped off the "Thuringia" in New York.

George Bidwell led the detectives a merry chase all through Ireland. At Cork, he was about to take a steamer for New York, but was dissuaded by the presence of detectives. It was the steamer "Atlantic" which on that trip went down off the coast of Nova Scotia, carrying to death more than half her list of passengers. After this, George Bidwell and the detectives played hide and seek all the way across Ireland and back. His astonishing legerdemain in changing his wearing-apparel deceived them more than once. He finally escaped by boat to Scotland, but was captured in Edinburgh.

When Austin Bidwell left London just prior to the beginning of the bogus operations on the Bank of England, he went to Paris to join a sweetheart to whom he was engaged to be married. This was a very respectable young English lady, and she and her family were waiting to greet Bidwell. The wedding-day was fixed a week ahead. During that week Bidwell in his four-in-hand drove his bride-to-be and her family everywhere in and around Paris, making merry parties at Versailles and at Fontainebleau. During this same week Bidwell received one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in cash as his share of the loot to date.

After the marriage, the bride and groom took passage from a Spanish port for Mexico, but on the way stopped at Havana, Cuba. There Bidwell entertained the Spanish officials in lavish style. During his stay in Havana he saw in one of the New York papers a sensational account of the great fraud on the Bank of England. He determined to sail on the next ship for Mexico, where there was no extradition treaty covering his crime. But his wife had arranged to give a fashionable dinner, and he took the chance of the next steamer to Mexico. It was Austin Bidwell's last die in the lottery, and fate had loaded it. While seated at the head of the table, entertaining his wife's guests, Capt. John Curtin of the New York Pinkerton force entered the room at the head of a dozen civilians and soldiers and placing his hand on Bidwell's shoulders, quietly informed him he was under arrest for forgery upon the Bank of England. Austin Bidwell had with him at this time eighty thousand dollars in cash and bonds, besides many valuables.

William Pinkerton had ordered Curtin to seek out in the United States the identity of "F. A. Warren." Curtin made up his mind "Warren" was an American and was a resident of either New York or Chicago. He was led to this conclusion because "Warren" was so young and because he must have had a good knowledge of financial matters. Curtin procured a list of every banker and broker in New York and spent some time interviewing them with the idea of identify-

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ing "Warren" by the physical description. He soon narrowed the list of possible "Warrens" down to four, Austin Bidwell's name being one of these. He located Bidwell's home in Brooklyn and inquired of the neighbors. He learned that Bidwell was believed to be in Europe, and that when he was last in Brooklyn he had paid off debts and had plenty of money. He heard from some of Bidwell's acquaintances a saying of Bidwell's that if he ever had a bank account he would live in the tropics. Curtin therefore visited various resorts in Florida. He also sent letters to the West India Islands, inquiring for the names and descriptions of all wealthy young Americans lately arrived. One of these letters was received by a physician in Havana, who gave Bidwell's name as that of a young American sojourning in Havana.

AFTER several days' confinement in the police barracks in Havana, Bidwell escaped by the aid of friends and bribery. He sought his way South with the design of joining the forces of the Cuban insurgents and thus hiding his identity and evading capture. He traveled through jungles by night, and slept in dense forests by day. After many hair-breadth escapes from capture by the Spanish forces, he had almost reached the lines of the insurgents, when, in order to secure food, which was absolutely necessary, he entered a small town and opening a shop door found himself in the presence of twenty Spanish soldiers. These soldiers, believing him a rebel spy, would have shot him instanter and without trial, but Bidwell boldly threatened them, insisting that he was a correspondent of the *New York Herald* and an American citizen. They relieved him of his ready cash, his five valuable diamonds, and his fine watch, and took him back to Havana. They overlooked ten thousand dollars in bonds which he had pinned in the sleeve of his undershirt. The rest of his fortune which he brought with him to Cuba he had turned over to his wife before escaping from Havana. Shortly after his conviction in England his wife married again, and with her went the money.

In due time Bidwell arrived with his captors in London. It was Derby Day when they arrived in the metropolis, a bright spring morning, and the crowds were thronging in thousands to Epsom Downs. Nevertheless, a crowd of twenty thousand awaited Bidwell's arrival, and cheered him lustily.

The four conspirators, Noyes, McDonald and the Bidwells were all convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment in English prisons. They were sentenced at ten o'clock on a smoky, foggy London night, but the courtroom was packed. As they were parting in the stone conduit leading to the dungeons of Newgate after their sentence, each pledged himself to the others to obey the regulations of the different prisons to which they were to be assigned, not to give in to despair, and to read a chapter of the Bible each day, and while reading it to think of the others. For twenty long years each kept this promise.

Their sufferings in those prisons are not to be described. They became boon companions of the rats and trained them to do tricks that would shame a thoroughbred circus dog. More than once they saw their prisons emptied of all the inmates except themselves and filled again with fresh recruits.

Underfed for twenty years, driven like quarry slaves, they saw scores of men die under the treatment which they survived only by resolute will power. For fourteen years Austin Bidwell had nothing but a Bible to read. Every Sunday of that fourteen years he walked the floor of his contracted cell and preached a sermon to the four dumb walls in order to keep his mental faculties alert. After long effort and through the intercession of American friends, the American Minister at London secured him the privilege of a copy of Shakespeare. For weeks after the receipt of this, Bidwell was transported with joy.

The American friends of the Bidwells enlisted the support of James Russell Lowell, James G. Blaine, Charles Dudley Warner, President Grover Cleveland, and others, and after twenty years of imprisonment the men were all released.

In 1899, six years after their release, I became acquainted with the Bidwells in Butte, Montana, and had many interesting talks with them. They were men of remarkable physical appearance, with broad, massive brows. Shortly after one of these interviews with Austin Bidwell, I learned that he had died of what was said to have been pneumonia. Two days later the corpse of George Bidwell lay alongside of his brother Austin in the undertaking establishment in Butte. He was also said by the physicians to have died a natural death. But the Nemesis of fate still hounded them. Here were two men who had quaked the bourses of the world from turrets to foundation stones. The local newspaper paragraph which chronicled their demise read:

"George and Austin Bidwell, two brothers who both died within the last two days, lie at Richards's undertaking establishment on West Park street. The undertaker is holding the bodies as security for his services."

After their release from prison, the Bidwells numbered among their friends such men as Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and Chauncey M. Depew. They tried to make good, and did for a while; but after the novelty of their story had worn off, they were left to shift for themselves. The public loses its interest in the star figures of the sensational world as soon as those figures relapse into the everyday grooves of life. But they would not return to the paths of crime, and that fact goes a long way in bespeaking the charity of the world. They died paupers. The same will power that sustained them through twenty years of prison life kept them true to the rectitude they had resolved upon. They had learned an awful lesson, but they had learned it well. It took some time for me to overcome a natural repugnance to them. I did not realize any more than the newspaper reported who wrote his paragraph, the lights and shadows of their lives, until I saw them lying side by side in the winding sheets and knew that George's heart had cracked with grief over the death of his brother. Then the vision of their past came back to me, with all it had represented to them — the early paths of ease, the primrose way, the vivid life of the boulevards and the indolence amid tropic flowers, only to be succeeded by the cold and narrow cell. Then I felt remorse that I had been uncharitable and had not done something more for men who had trod the wine-press so uncomplainingly and for every hour of pleasure had sweated the blood of suffering and despair.

***NEXT MONTH:** The first chapters of "The Lifted Veil," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," "The Wild Olive," and "The Street Called Straight." Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg.*

Filming the Snoopers

[*Continued from page 22*]

bridegroom. Just why Johns should value the empty honor was something he could not understand until he got the anxious author alone.

"Don't you get me?" answered the boy to his inquiry. "If old Snooper sees me in the position of what appears to be his son-in-law, with all the nabobs around showing enthusiasm, he'll get used to the idea, and it won't seem so awful."

"Absurd!" from the director.

"I'm not through yet. Then he'll go to town and see the picture over and over, and invite all his friends to see it; then Alice and I will slip off and get married; and then, *then*, Mr. Cartwright, there will be a lot about it in the papers — 'Romance of the Movies' — and your firm boomed. Can't you *see* it? They'll write him up — I'll attend to the press — and all these heavy swells will say they were at the film wedding and that I'm not so bad. Those girls in the hen-house have worked it up. And in the end the old man will really be pleased. It will make him happy for life, and oh, Cartwright," his voice snapped, "it will make Alice and me happy for life, too!"

Johns waited breathlessly while a number of ideas passed through the other's mind. In this sceptical world one cannot put down the director's resolution to pull off this arrangement out of sympathy for aching hearts. He may have been actuated, later in the afternoon, to conquering the objections of the obstreperous Snooper for chivalrous reasons, but he cherished, as well, a fond notion that a marriage during the winter of Alice Snooper

and Homer Johns would put the picture on the screen a second time — with enormous profit.

But it took finessing! At the tea hour the host was not among the careening tea wagons, nor was the director. They were closeted in the library registering the conflict of two wills. On the landing of the stairs the thousand-dollar stars and the dollarless young couple listened fearfully. It would seem by the explosions of Mr. Snooper that his artillery was the better, yet Cartwright won the day. They plainly heard his last volley, for he swung open the door and delivered it as he prepared to leave.

"All right, Snooper," fired the director. "We'll throw these two days out as waste and find another estate. You won't have your daughter filmed in marriage to a man who has got a head on his shoulders, and I won't have her filmed in marriage to some boob who'll spoil the whole show. We can get out of it easily enough. I'll explain to these visitors of yours that we don't find this place rich looking enough, and —— "

"Oh, come back, Cartwright," whined a beaten voice within the room.

There followed quick on Cartwright's disappearance a sharp call from the library for Alice and Homer.

They came down sooner than they should had they been decently removed from the scene of action, and there was a new fear in their faces when they looked upon the malevolent face of the father. It was so hostile and so capable in its hostility that by combining forces only could the two young people withstand the power opposing them. Alice moved instinctively within the circle of Homer's arm.

"I love him, father," she whispered.

"And I love her," said Johns, "and want her for my wife."

Mr. Snooper expressed no surprise. His face showed cruelty, but even Johns was obliged to admit that it also showed a strength which was not to be trifled with.

"Homer Johns," said the father of Alice, "I've just met a man who — in his walk of life — is my match. I take off my hat to him. In any deal I've always taken off my hat to the man who has beaten me — not many have, understand that. And you can't. You can sit in your hall bedroom and write love stories, and have 'em end any way you want to, but this love story is a-goin' to end my way. Now you go up to town, and tomorrow morning you come back here and go through this tom-foolery. Then you get out — forever. I'll keep my eye on Alice — and it's a good one when I've got it peeled. I'll keep it on her till you're both so weary of the game you'll hate the thought of each other. I may be a fool but I'm old enough to know that time kills everything in life but bein' bored."

Alice broke into sobbing, but Johns drew her into the closer shelter of his arms, head erect.

"Mr. Snooper," said the lover, "there's everything on your side but invention. And I say that my invention is as good as your ability — which I grant — and some day you'll take your hat off to *me*."

"Get out of my house."

"I've cooked up something already, and like all inventions it's developing."

"Get out of my house!"

Without further words he swung off to the station, and the most generous of the young men, upon hearing from the perplexed but loyal hen-housed that he went up to town for his morning-coat, was sorry that the author had not remained and borrowed a decent one.

The reluctant day gave way to a star-skied night and Alice sat by her window watching it, in turn, yield more gracefully to the silver of the dawn. Her mother made little predatory raids upon her daughter, offering what consolation she could out of a past singularly lacking in experience. No one had minded when she had married George Snooper — not even the other girls. The two had but one sustaining thought — although the older woman was not so sure about it — Homer would find a way.

The business of life went on, and at the Snoopers's it went on at an alarming pace. The pergola was draped in extra green and a wedding-bell of huge proportions, the effort of the gardener, was hung at the end nearest the house. It had been arranged, with due regard to the sun, that the march of bride, bridegroom and attendants was to begin at the lower end of the Italian pillars, the clergyman was to issue from a Gothic door, which resembled an entrance to a church but was in reality the opening to a small morning-room, and, after the ceremony, those most intimately concerned were to withdraw into this church effect, with the Gothic door shutting upon them. Then, in the next scene the guests were to be regaled with real Snooper champagne at small tables, while the proud parents were to be pictured moving among the guests, expressing perfect satisfaction and receiving congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Snooper, with the irony of fate, had already accepted the characters of the fond parents, and, as has been developed, Mr. Timberlake, who arrived in full regalia at sunrise, was to officiate.

The countryside foregathered shortly after the reverend gentleman drove up, the company of players were out from town by ten (more alert than usual, for — naturally dramatic — they sensed a row) and the whole scene could have been finished before eleven, when the sun was best, had not the bridegroom and the camera man with his assistant for some unaccountable reason been late.

When the tardy ones did arrive they came together in a fast motor which Johns magnificently paid for himself. And to the querulous complaints of the director, the camera man and assistant were obliged to admit that Johns had arranged the night before to call for them, and had kept them waiting. The camera man had been nourishing a grievance for some time that he had been obliged to go down by train, and he did not intend to let this opportunity for a drive slip.

As for Johns carrying them down, the director understood this perfectly. The young man was determined that nothing should be done until his arrival. But a late bridegroom — even a film one! For a fraction of a second a doubt as to the staying qualities of this forceful writer passed through his mind, but he dismissed this as he viewed him professionally.

Homer, perfectly equipped, was standing at the end of the pergola with a set purpose on his face, not unmixed with the nervous terror that is exhibited by the most fashionable bridegrooms of the weddings at St. Thomas's. Alice, by his side, in her yellow gown — a color which photographs so beautifully — was as timorous as a bride should be, Mrs. Snooper was as tearful, and Mr. Snooper suffering so nobly that he was remarked upon as an unusual delineator of character.

No words had been spoken between the young people. Mr. Snooper had seen to that, but one instant before the wheel began, giving to posterity this strange ceremony, he had sought her hand. And by its convincing pressure she was assured that some day their marriage would be a real one.

The guests gathered on either side, and firm adjurations from Cartwright kept them from encroaching. The minister issued solemnly from the door, the word was given, the little wheel began, and the procession moved. Cartwright, out of range, called his directions.

"Moderate pace! Hold up your head, best man. Don't look at the flagging, anybody — it's smooth. Is that a sunbonnet hanging on your arm, Mrs. Snooper? Leave it there — leave it there! Try to be pleasanter, Mr. Snooper. Don't drag your wife along. Don't talk, guests. I know the bride and groom shouldn't walk together, but they have to for the story. Come on, groomsmen — no, *no*, don't look in the camera! Stand where you are, guests. Don't move! Keep in the center of the walk, wedding party. . . . Now the close-up! Ready, Timberlake? Don't answer me! Open your prayer-book. Stand in front of him, bridal pair. At the left, parents. At the right, best man. Don't hog the scene, groomsmen; keep up stage in a circle. Don't look in the camera!"

The wheel ground up the film, the parson's voice droned, the director stabbed the air with his tense orders as the scene went on.

"Get your glove off, bride. Got the finger split? That's right. Where's the ring, best man? Where is it? Don't look at me! Don't look in the camera. Don't feel in your pockets. Your book's shaking, Timberlake. Cry if you want to, Mrs. Snooper. Don't wipe your eyes on the sunbonnet. Don't look in the camera. It's all right. You're all right. Say, 'I do,' so the lips move, folks. Say, 'I do,' Alice. That's right. Say, 'I do,' Homer. Good! Roll your eyes up, minister, on 'what God hath joined.' Fine effect! No, don't keep rolling them.

"Now the certificate. We'll sign it here — better than the studio. Fountain-pen, Timberlake. Certificate, best man. You *must* have it. I saw our boy give it to Johns, and Johns give it to you. There, I knew you had it — Lord, he's dropped it! Pick it up — don't look in the camera. It'll do for comedy. Turn, Timberlake, go through the Gothic door; go after him, bridal pair; go after him, parents; stay where you are, attendants. Shut the door—shut the door—shut the ——"

The door slammed, the humming wheel was quiet. Cartwright turned to the guests. His face was beaming. "Fine!" They all breathed, they all laughed. Everybody told everybody else what each had been doing. Nobody listened.

On the other side of the Gothic door, Mr. Timberlake, too, was beaming. Mrs. Snooper was still crying. Alice was standing passively, but Snooper and Johns were facing each other squarely. "Now you git," said the fond parent of the film.

Johns shook his head. Mr. Timberlake looked inquiringly and made as if to leave, but the writer put out his hand.

"You're in this," he said, shortly. He turned to the father. They had formed a circle in the little room. "Mr. Snooper."

"Hey?" snarled the father.

"Take off your hat to me."

Mr. Snooper had no hat on and only stared. The young man continued:

"Take off your hat to me — I've beaten you. I'm only a poor hack of a writer, but I've got invention. I secured that marriage certificate this morning — it's real. I drove the property man down, and looked over his fake one and substituted this. The clergyman is real. The ceremony was real — not reel. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

Someone laughed. It must have been Mrs. Snooper. It could not have been Alice, for she was crying incoherently that "he had found a way." It was certainly not Mr. Timberlake, for he was protesting that it was illegal. And it was not Mr. Snooper, for, pale green, he had backed against the wall with not a laugh in him.

"It is not illegal if Alice is willing to accept the ceremony. We are both of age. What I want to know is, Snooper, what are you going to do about it?"

The fond parent of the film gathered his forces into articulate speech. "Do — *do?* I'm a-goin' out there on the lawn, tell' em the story, and say you're the biggest rascal unhung."

It was Johns who laughed now. "Are you? You're going to confess to your new friends — for they are friends, I believe — that you've been hoaxed? You're going to set every one of them to laughing at you, and despising you, and deserting you? You're going to set the press to laughing at you — the world to laughing at you? It won't be a nine days' scream. The picture will be released in a month or so and millions will go to see it and laugh all over again. And you may bet the Film Company will let no man forget that Snooper, walking placidly up his pergola, is being made a fool of!"

Snooper did not speak. The magnitude of the deed was taking hold of him. To be in all the papers — the joy of that! To be in all the papers — but to be ridiculous! Johns's pause was psychologically correct. He wrote of men. He knew how long it took for the permeation of this thought.

"But," he continued — they all raised their heads — "there is another way. It is to accept this marriage, to claim it as your wish, your design, your surprise. To let it be understood, for the sake of Mr. Timberlake, that he also was in the deal. You will still be in the papers; millions will go to see you — but not to laugh. These neighbors of yours, always eager for a new sensation, will set this day as one from which to date events. You will be made!"

Mr. Snooper visualized the rich future, while Alice flung her arms about him in mute pleading. Mrs. Snooper, religious by training, signaled the minister for some apt word in this hour of need.

The clergyman also saw prospects ahead, gay or gray, for himself. He cleared his throat. "I really think, Mr. Snooper, you won't find this young man so bad ——"

The father gathered his only child in his arms and glared at Mr. Timberlake. "Who said he's bad? He's beaten *me!* He'll do."

"George," said Mrs. Snooper, "that's your real self — " which could have meant a number of things.

"And now," suavely from the clergyman, "I'll go first and when the beverage is poured out to drink their health, I'll make a little speech ——"

But Mr. Snooper continued his real self. "I'll make the little speech, thank you. He's my son, ain't he? And I arranged it — *all*."

So Alice and Homer were left alone within the morning-room, "registering joy."

NEXT MONTH: The first chapters of "The Lifted Veil," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," "The Wild Olive," and "The Street Called Straight." Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg.

The Engineer

—ever alert to trouble ahead—heeds the first danger signal.

But how many of us run past danger targets in the form of headaches, heart-flutter, biliousness, nervousness, or some other symptom of possible disaster and ***forget to look ahead.***

The cause of these and other obscure ills is often found to be the drug, caffeine, in coffee, which, used regularly, sooner or later impairs the health of many of its users.

Any coffee drinker who values health, steady nerves and a clear head, should quit coffee entirely and use

POSTUM

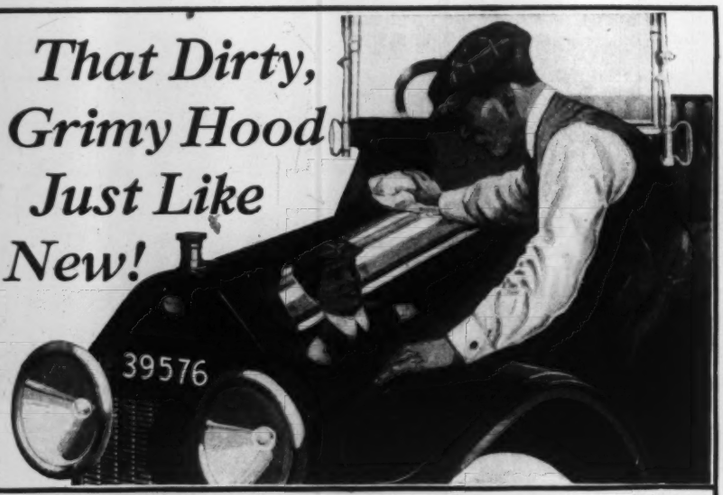
Made of whole wheat, roasted with a bit of molasses, this famous pure food-drink has a pleasant, snappy flavour much like that of high-grade Java coffee, but contains no caffeine nor other harmful element.

Postum comes in two forms: The original ***Postum Cereal*** must be well boiled; ***Instant Postum*** needs no boiling—a level teaspoonful in cup of hot water makes the same delicious drink—instantly. The cost per cup is about the same for both forms.

Wise health engineers know

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

Sold by Grocers.



That Dirty, Grimy Hood Just Like New!

YOU, yourself, can easily make that dirty, grimy, old hood look just like new and save the cost of revarnishing—all you need is Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax.

JOHNSON'S CLEANER

entirely removes all stains, scum, road-oil, tar and grease from body, hood and fenders. Even those spots that are ground in—mud freckles—and surface scratches you thought were permanent—will disappear like magic under Johnson's Cleaner. It doesn't injure or scratch the finest varnish—simply cleans and prepares it for the Wax polish.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

is the proper body polish to use on your car. It preserves the varnish and protects it from the weather, adding years to its life. It covers up mars and scratches—prevents checking and "*sheds water like a duck's back.*"

A Dust-Proof Polish

Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a perfectly hard, dry, glass-like coating to which dust and dirt cannot adhere. After a dirty, dusty trip just wipe off your car—it isn't necessary to wash it. Many people even wax the **under side** of their fenders because the mud comes off so easily.

Makes a "Wash" Last for Weeks

Johnson's Prepared Wax is a boon to the man who takes care of his own car as it makes a "wash" last twice as long. It keeps the body, hood and fenders of your machine as beautifully polished as when it came out of the factory.

Old cars require both Cleaner and Wax—the Cleaner two or three times a year and the Wax every six or eight weeks. **New cars** need only the Wax—to protect the varnish.

Going to Sell Your Car?

If so, clean and polish it first with Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—it will sell quicker and you can get from $50 to $100 more for it.

USE COUPON AND CONVINCE YOURSELF

I enclose 10c for trial cans of Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—sufficient for a good test.

Name .....

Address .....

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Fill out this coupon and mail to

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.

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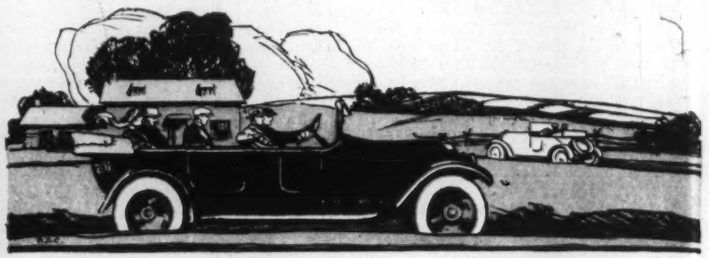

Automobile Rheumatics

Lubricating Oil—A Medicine for Gouty Cars

By Waldemar Kaempffert

IF you could see a metal plate under the microscope you would be astonished at its roughness. It seems all hills and valleys. A file viewed with the unaided eye seems no rougher. Place another metal plate upon it and rub the two together. If the plates are highly polished the task is easier than if they are rough. The hills and valleys of the one intermesh with those of the other, and the greater the roughness of the plates, in other words the deeper the valleys and the higher the hills, the more difficult will it be to move one plate on the other. Even the most highly polished metals cling together—"seize" each other as the mechanic expresses it.

In the unavoidable inequalities of rubbing surfaces you find the cause of friction. When a savage wants to make a fire he rubs two sticks together. Friction generates heat. Every Fiji Islander is an expert on friction. The chief problem of mechanical engineering is the reduction of friction. It takes energy to move one thing on another, and if the object is to transmit power by that motion, some of it will surely be lost in overcoming friction. The mechanical monomaniac who fritters away his life in devising perpetual motion machines finds that his mechanisms are always arrested by friction; it is impossible to design any piece of machinery in which friction is completely overcome.

Place between two plates, which are to be moved one over the other, a layer of shot or, better still, a layer of perfectly round, hard, steel balls, and at once friction is marvelously reduced. One plate moves over the other with magical ease as it rolls on the intervening balls. No longer is it possible for hills and valleys to intermesh, for they are separated.

Substitute for the layer of steel balls a film of lubricating oil, and the same effect is obtained. The oil is in reality composed of countless minute liquid globules, which serve exactly the same purpose as the steel balls. They keep the rubbing surfaces apart, and they slip and slide past one another with little interference.

All this seems very obvious and very simple. And yet, curiously enough, it was only in the present generation that the true function of a lubricant—the function of separating rubbing surfaces—was discovered.

This matter of lubrication affects every one of us. Greases have always been employed. They answered well enough for crude early machinery. But as mechanical engineering developed more highly specialized devices, better lubricants were demanded. Had they not been forthcoming we might still be using machines long since discarded. Petroleum lubricants met the requirements. There would be no trolley cars, no power-houses to supply current for electric lighting, no factories in which shoes are made by machinery or fabrics woven by complicated looms, no fast express trains, no great ocean steamers, and no automobiles, were there no way of separating moving surfaces in contact. If the petroleum wells of the world should suddenly run dry, a calamity would befall us.

Some machinery might still be operated with vegetable and animal lubricants; but almost every manufacturing plant would close its doors. Detroit, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Sheffield, Essen, in a word, hundreds of manufacturing towns all over the world would be reduced to mere tombs. New York and London of today would not differ vastly from ancient Rome and Athens were it not for the astonishing development of mechanism. But mechanism would not have been astonishingly developed without lubricating oil. Egyptians and Greeks of old were not distinguished as inventors. The achievements of Hero of Alexandria, who invented a kind of steam engine, or of Archimedes, who seems to be remembered chiefly for leaping out of his bath-tub and screaming, "Eureka," are fine subjects for historical reading; but they are outdone every day by the thousands of ingenious American mechanics who rain applications for patents on the government. The ancients knew nothing of lubricants derived from petroleum. They had no simple way of overcoming mechanical friction. Is that, perhaps, the reason why Greece produced philosophers, poets and sculptors, but no towering mechanical genius? Some historian, with the knowledge of an engineer, should write a treatise on the influence of lubricating oil on civilization. Liebig once said that the amount of soap consumed by a nation was an indication of its culture. The amount of lubricating oil required by a nation is a measure of its mechanical genius.

Even in this war lubrication plays its part—only the newspapers never mention it. In my last article on the scarcity of gasoline, it was pointed out that without Galician gasoline von Hindenburg might have found it difficult to shift his regiments by motor car in a hostile country unprovided with adequate railways. Galician oil is even more important to Germany as a source of petroleum from which lubricants can be obtained. Without lubricants the fires of Essen might as well be extinguished. Shells could not be made on a wholesale scale, nor rifles, nor airships. Galicia is worth any sacrifice in men for the sake of her oil. Projectiles and guns are indispensable in war; but so is lubricating oil. Without efficient lubrication, battles would still be fought on a diminutive medieval scale.

No mechanism is more difficult to lubricate than an automobile engine. You can imagine why if you can conceive the two metal plates with which we began heated to redness. Clearly, the thin film of oil which is spread between them and which serves to reduce friction cannot last long. Part of it must be consumed in that intense heat, and it must be renewed as fast as it is consumed if it is to perform its task. Such, in a general

NEW YORK ASTOUNDED!

Read the Criticisms

At Carnegie Hall, on April 28th, there assembled what was said to be the most distinguished audience of the year. 2500 of Manhattan's most cultured people came to hear Madame Rappold, of the Metropolitan Opera, match her glorious voice against Thomas A. Edison's Re-Creation of that voice by means of his latest invention

The NEW EDISON

Remember, this was the pitiless test of an actual direct comparison, for the purpose of determining whether Edison's new art does in fact re-create the human voice so perfectly that the re-creation cannot be distinguished from the original. Read what New York's critics say in the columns of their own newspapers:

NEW YORK TRIBUNE—*April 29, 1916*
"Mme. Rappold stepped forward, and leaning one arm affectionately on the phonograph, began to sing an air from 'Tosca.' The phonograph also began to sing at the top of its mechanical lungs, with exactly the same accent and intonation. . . . It is the latest triumph of Thomas A. Edison."

NEW YORK EVENING MAIL—*May 2, 1916*
"The ear could not tell when it was listening to the phonograph alone and when to actual voice and reproduction together. . . . It was quite impossible to know when the phonograph was singing alone."

NEW YORK GLOBE—*April 28, 1916*
"Artists hear phonograph with soul."

NEW YORK MORNING TELEGRAPH—*April 29, 1916*
"He has succeeded in re-creating the human voice."

BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE—*April 29, 1916*
"No one could tell which was the real and which the reproduced."

Marie Rappold

has just concluded a brilliant season with the Metropolitan Opera Co. Here you see her actually singing in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of her voice. Madame Rappold and many other great artists (both singers and instrumentalists) have thus proved that Edison's Re-Creation of their work cannot be distinguished from their actual performances. Hear Edison's Re-Creation of Madame Rappold's wonderful voice, then hear Rappold herself at the Metropolitan next season or while she is on tour this season.

Look in your Local Papers

for the announcement of a merchant who is licensed by Mr. Edison to demonstrate and sell this new invention. Write us for the booklet "Music's Re-Creation" and also ask for a Symposium of Musical Reviews of Edison's New Art by America's leading newspapers.

What will you have in your home? Will you have the New Edison, which literally Re-Creates all forms of music, or will you have an ordinary talking machine?

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., Dept. 102 B, Orange, N. J.

The Dish That Belongs to July

Puffed Wheat and Rice—the bubble grains—seem to belong to summer. They are light and airy, dainty and inviting.

Summer brings flower-decked breakfast tables, and Puffed Grains seem to fit there. Summer brings berries, and Puffed Grains mixed with them make them doubly delightful.

Summer brings dairy suppers. And these airy tit-bits, flaky, toasted and crisp, are the morsels to float in milk.

Playtime Bonbons Mealtime Foods

These are both foods and confections. Keep a package of them salted, or doused with melted butter, for the children to carry at play.

Use them in place of nut meats, in candy making, on a frosted cake, or as garnish for ice cream.

Almost every hour of the day, from breakfast to bedtime, brings some use for Puffed Grains. People consume, at this time of the year, a million packages weekly.

Puffed Wheat *Except in Far West* **12c**
Puffed Rice *Except in Far West* **15c**
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

Consider Puffed Grains, above all else, as scientific foods. They are Prof. Anderson's invention. Every food cell is exploded. Every granule is made digestible. Every atom feeds.

They are not mere tit-bits—not mere palate-pleasers. They are made to make whole grains wholly digestible. They are made to avoid any tax on the stomach.

Why serve these grains in a lesser form, when everyone prefers them puffed? And why serve only one of them when there are three of these perfect dainties?

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(1319)

way, are the conditions in an automobile, except that air or water is used to cool the metal and prevent it from becoming red-hot. Within the smooth cylinder of the automobile engine is a piston which moves back and forth. The cylinder is one of our rubbing surfaces; the piston is the other. Between the two is a film of oil. The piston moves up; a mixture of gasoline vapor and air is squeezed together; an electric spark passes at the moment when the squeezing is greatest; a violent explosion of the mixture takes place, as a result of which the piston is driven back. And this occurs perhaps many hundred times each minute. The engine becomes hot — intensely hot. Temperatures of 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit are attained as the gases are repeatedly ignited.

When the automobile came these extraordinary conditions began to be studied in earnest. An oil is needed which will endure heat. Accordingly, oil chemists and mechanical engineers began a long series of investigations which taught scientists more about oil than was ever dreamed of in their philosophy and which has made it possible to obtain special lubricants for special motor car purposes. Oils are now prescribed for cars as are medicines for human beings. Indeed, they may almost be regarded as the exact mechanical equivalent of medicines. How does friction manifest itself in the human frame? Is it not in arms, legs, and fingers which move stiffly and painfully? Rheumatism is one form of friction which results from a lack of lubrication. Without oil a car could not be driven; its joints would fail; it would suffer from a kind of mechanical rheumatism.

The renewing of worn-out tires is popularly supposed to drain the purses of automobile owners. Ask a motor car manufacturer and he will tell you otherwise. "Three-fourths of the trouble with motor cars is due to carelessness on the part of the owner in keeping the car properly lubricated" is the dictum of one maker. Many cars suffer from mechanical gout because their owners either fail to lubricate them adequately or because they employ the wrong kind of oil.

Cars are like human beings. They have individualities. The lubricating requirements of one differ from those of another. Hence it has been necessary to study the design of engines, the arrangement of cylinders, the construction and location of valves, the manner of supplying oil to the moving parts, the number and fit of the piston rings, the condition of the bearings, the cooling system, the speed of the engine, and even climatic conditions. So, oil-chemists and engineers have become doctors to the automobile industry. Motor cars are their patients. The experience of these physicians of the automobile is embodied in lubricating charts or tables which hang in most garages and which are supplied for the asking by half a dozen reputable oil refiners. If automobile owners dose their cars with the wrong medicine it is not for lack of simply and compactly expressed advice.

It is the primary duty of a lubricating oil to reduce friction and thereby to enable the mechanism of an automobile to transmit as much power as possible to the wheels. But the conditions under which an oil must be applied in a motor car are altogether opposed to the attainment of the ideal in that respect. When the balls in a ball bearing are chipped they cease to perform efficiently the function expected of them. So it is with the minute globules of which oil is composed. The heat to which it is subjected splits up some of the oil—an injury which is both chemical and physical in character. Most of the broken down oil is burned with the fuel; the rest of it is carbon, the physical evidence of the change. From a fine transparent yellow the oil changes in color progressively to bluish-yellow, blue, and finally black. If a used, black oil is left to stand, much of the blackness will settle in the form of a sediment. Chemists have analyzed that sediment. They find that it is composed of metal particles, worn off the rubbing parts of an automobile, harmless carbonaceous matter, and black, powder-like carbon. It is this fine carbon powder which prevents an old oil from lubricating; its effect on the polished bearing surfaces of an automobile engine and other parts is like that of so much sand.

Try as they may, chemists will never be able to produce an oil which will not eventually yield that black, sand-like carbon after use. This follows from the very nature of petroleum. Ask a chemist what is the composition of an oil and he will reply at once "hydrogen" and "carbon." Without carbon there can be no oil, just as a brick house cannot be built without bricks. It used to be the fashion among the less conscientious oil refiners to claim that their lubricants contained no carbon. Latterly we hear less of that ridiculous claim. The scientific spirit that pervades the chemical laboratory, the spirit of finding out the truth and expressing only the truth, has made itself felt in the salesroom. No reputable refiner now claims that he sells a "non-carbon oil." But he does claim that he employs a staff of physicists, chemists, and engineers whose task it is to study oils, to discover how they can be made to resist the destructive heat to which they are subjected in automobiles, and to devise refining methods which will render it possible for an oil to wear long and well before heat and wear will finally deposit that black carbon grit which every automobilist has reason to fear.

It is fortunate that good lubricating oil carries a car very far. Ten dollars will probably pay for the best oil that a car requires in a year. The better it is, the less of it is used. A temporary saving of two or three dollars in the purchase of a "cheap" oil may result in a hundred-dollar repair bill.

Just why that should be so follows from the peculiar work that an oil is called upon to perform. Many a motor turns over at the rate of twelve hundred revolutions per minute. During a single minute, then, a piston must move back and forth twenty-four hundred times, sucking in the explosive mixture of air and vapor, compressing it igniting it and exhausting it. Between the cylinder and the piston is a film of oil — a film so thin that its thickness is less than three-thousandths of an inch. Without that film the piston could not move; it would cling to the cylinder wall. It is the business of the chemist to give the oil sufficient body to withstand heat and to separate the piston and its cylinder. If an oil has poor body — a bad oil for the automobile — it cannot lubricate long. Piston rings will break and cylinder walls will be scored. With other parts of the car it is the same — with bearings, connecting rods, and wrist pins. Only an oil which has been evolved after much scientific research to meet the needs of the automobile will prevent that wear and tear which manifests itself in the hideous "knocking" which is sometimes heard on the road.

NEXT MONTH: The first chapters of "The Lifted Veil," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," "The Wild Olive," and "The Street Called Straight." Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg

What happened in the foregoing instalments of Piry of the Philippines

PIRY, one of Pansy Bright's regular army men, had been transferred from a cavalry outfit for incorrigible drinking. His quick temper and resentful attitude provoke Bright to the point where he informs old Peters, Governor of Pemarong, that he is going to discharge him. Peters, having a theory that Piry's behavior is due largely to his resenting the attitude of the officers toward the men of the ranks, intercedes for him and has an interview with Piry. The Governor promises him that if he will make good for the next eight or nine months he will recommend him for honorable discharge.

Six months after this talk with the Governor, Piry breaks out again and is sent to El Tortu, an island some distance from Pemarong. Here Piry finds an Order of monks in sole possession of the island. He has been on El Tortu but a couple of days when the island is struck with a terrible hurricane. The following morning, while walking along the cliff, Piry discovers a boat which has been washed in and nearby he sees three people huddled together. Hastening down, he finds that one of the three is a young girl, and, as the monks according to the laws of their Order cannot look upon woman, takes entire responsibility for seeing that she is made comfortable.

Divorcing Your Uncle

[*Continued from page 30*]

drew his own pay for the first time in eight years. A negro came to the treasurer's window and signed the pay-roll for fifteen dollars. When the three five-dollar bills were passed out to him he kissed them gleefully. Somebody asked what he was doing.

"Doin', boss? I'se kissin' my wages — an' if you hadn't drawn yo' own wages in three years, yo'd kiss 'em, too!"

For several days the Boston papers published little human stories that rose out of this freeing of the serfs, and in no case did a money-lender protest, or claim that assignments of wages thus canceled were binding. All these serfs had been held in purely mental bondage.

Second, Flynn brought actions against two of the most aggressive money-lenders before the supervisor of small loans, and succeeded in having their licenses revoked for extortionate practices. This took him further into the whole question of small loans and wage assignments, secured publicity, and brought to him other victims who were not employees of the city, with similar cases.

Now he began to hear something about the traffic in goods sold on instalments, which is closely connected with wage assignments. All through the factory towns of Massachusetts there were concerns selling watches, jewelry, clothing and flimsy finery to wage-earners on the "no-money-down" plan. Purchasers were attracted by advertising in the daily papers, and around every factory, car barn and workshop there were canvassers soliciting customers for these instalment concerns. The customer got possession of goods by signing a closely printed legal document, binding him to pay so much a week for so many weeks. But this document, so complicated in its provisions that not even an attorney could analyze everything it covered, was also an assignment of wages. If the purchaser failed in any of his payments, the instalment concern could make all sorts of trouble for him and annoyance for his employer.

A factory girl agreed to pay thirty dollars for a willow plume. The first time she wore it she was caught in the rain and the feather went to pieces. On a liberal estimate it was worth about eight dollars in a regular retail store. But she had to pay a dollar a week for seven months. In another case a street-car motorman bought five gold watches while he was drunk, signing papers that tied up a third of his wages.

A shoe factory worker bought a suit of clothes on the instalment plan, and made two or three payments. Then he failed to meet the obligation because he was out of work. The instalment dealer went to his boarding-house and took the clothes away. The shoemaker hunted up the dealer, shot him, and was sent to jail for several years.

This sort of instalment traffic is going on pretty much all over the United States. Every year, for the past fifteen years, bills have been introduced into the Massachusetts legislature for the purpose of regulating instalment business, but a powerful underground lobby always defeats such measures.

There is a legitimate instalment business. Furniture houses, for example, sell wage-earners furnishings with which to set up housekeeping, at prices which are within reason, considering the risk of extending credit and the cost of making weekly collections. The ease with which such merchandise can be purchased often leads to extravagance, of course. Yet at the same time, were it not for legitimate instalment concerns, many a young couple, wishing to marry, would find it difficult to establish a home. The mark of the legitimate instalment house is that no assignment of wages is demanded from the purchaser, sufficient security being found in a conditional bill of sale under which the goods can be taken back if there is failure in the payments.

Assignment of wages is the great evil, and instalment sales made on that basis are urged with so little regard for the purchaser's circumstances and ability to meet payments that Flynn has put the whole thing in an expressive phrase — he calls it "hanging watches on the poor."

With a view to clearing up abuses in small loans and instalment traffic, he introduced in the Massachusetts legislature three bills. The first fixes three per cent. a month as the maximum interest on loans under three hundred dollars, and provides that any charge in excess of that rate shall make the loan void. The second makes it necessary to have the consent of wife and employer on an assignment of wages given to secure instalment purchases under three hundred dollars. The third provides that no assignment of wages shall be binding upon an employer unless he agrees to it in writing at the time it is made, and is given a copy.

So much for the investigation, the publicity, the change in laws. These will all do good. But they are not the real cure for the loan shark evil. For the publicity and the legislation come only now and then, here and there, for a little while, and the loan shark evil is going on pretty much everywhere in the country all the time in some form or other. It is probably going on right now, in your very community. Your factory or office may be full of its victims.

There is a persistent belief in the United States, just now, that laws are the cure-all for everything, and a great activity in passing new laws, chiefly designed to regulate other people, making them good, or honest, or wise. But this very loan shark problem illustrates the limitations of law as a remedy for most bad conditions, because after you have made all the noise, and introduced your special bill in the legislature, and fought the lobby, and got your law, the kind of man and woman who borrows money from a loan shark because they need it desperately will need money just the same in emergencies, and the kind of folks who lightly sign away their wages and freedom for thirty-dollar willow plumes, worth eight, on the instalment plan, will be just as eager to enter into that sort of one-sided horse trade.

Money is lent to people who want it at interest rates that cover the risk and cost of getting money back. Most of the people who borrow from professional money-lenders are poor risks, and have to pay accordingly. When the newspaper stories appear, exposing the high interest charges of Your Uncle, you gasp in horror at his rapacity. But, really, Your Uncle has his troubles, losses and expenses. If the kind of people who borrow from him are to have money on better terms, they must be improved as credit risks.

THE permanent cure for this evil is a little complicated. It calls not so much for new laws, or getting somebody else to do something, as for better utilization of the laws and agencies already at hand, and doing something about it yourself.

If you could sit and listen to the stories told by the money-lender's customers who have got into difficulties, that would suggest one phase of the real cure immediately.

Such stories!

The other day there walked into the office of an Eastern credit loan official a big, blue policeman who wanted to know if there was any way on earth in which he could get free of the clutches of a loan shark. When questioned, he explained that he had needed some money five years before, and called on a man who advertised money to lend, and got what he wanted. Ever since he had been paying interest.

"How much interest are you paying?" he was asked.

"Six per cent.," said the policeman.

Investigation showed that he was paying more than four hundred per cent. a year! Yet he had thought the rate six per cent.

"What made you believe that?" asked the official.

"Why, that's what the money-lender told me I was paying," replied the policeman, in surprise, and as he had not taken the trouble to look more deeply into the transaction, so he had given little thought to clearing off the principal of the loan.

In Boston, more than twenty per cent. of the money-lenders' business was done with city employees. And in the business world, among the office clerks, and shop hands, it is the same, and the stories are just about alike.

The money-lender believes in advertising. Look over the newspapers in your town and see if there isn't one that carries the bulk of his announcements. Read the hearty offers of ready money:

"People's Loan Agency, organized by citizens to lend money to men and women whom the banks will not accommodate — salary loans, cash in your pocket at once."

"Short of money? We have cash for every-

Get out in the open with a

PREMO

Light, compact, easy to load and operate, a Premo is a fitting companion for every vacation, every outdoor excursion, every ramble afield.

You can make good pictures with a Premo without the need of skill or experience—so simple are they. You can carry one with you everywhere without inconvenience—they are so light and compact. You can make the best of pictures with a Premo—they are so carefully equipped and tested.

There is a Premo to suit any requirement. They range in price from $.75 to $140.00. They are made for film packs, for plates and for Cartridge Film.

Ask your dealer for a copy of the new Premo catalogue, or send us your name and we will forward a copy direct without any expense. It is sure to interest you.

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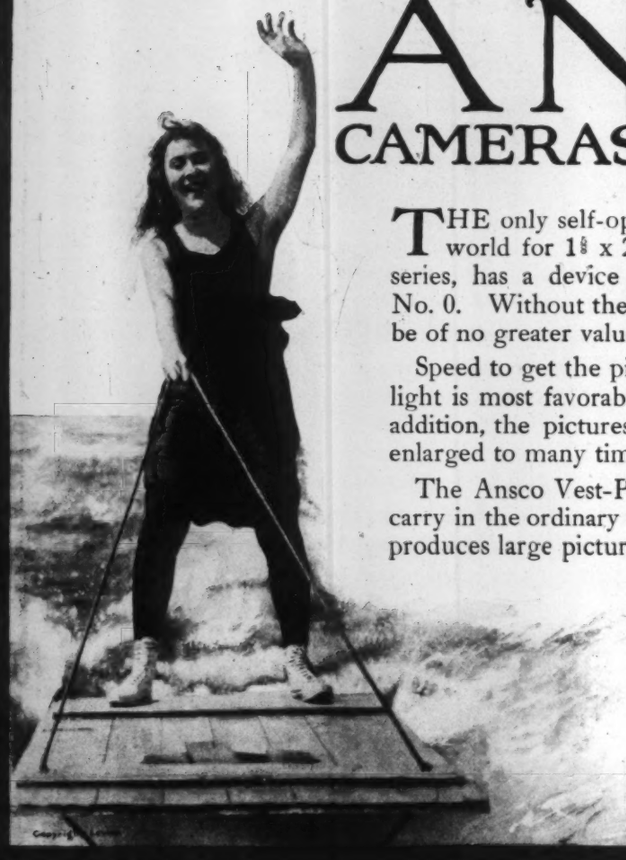
EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM



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THE only self-opening camera, and the only camera in the world for 1⅝ x 2½ inch pictures which, in the anastigmat series, has a device for focusing, is the Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 0. Without the focusing device, an anastigmat lens would be of no greater value than a cheap lens.

Speed to get the picture where the picture is—not where the light is most favorable—is the great anastigmat advantage. In addition, the pictures are so clear and sharp that they may be enlarged to many times their size without sacrificing detail.

The Ansco Vest-Pocket No. 0 is small and light enough to carry in the ordinary waist pocket all the time and, by enlarging, produces large pictures of professional quality.

The Sign of the Ansco Dealer

Catalog and specimen picture on Cyko Paper from your dealer or from us, free upon request.

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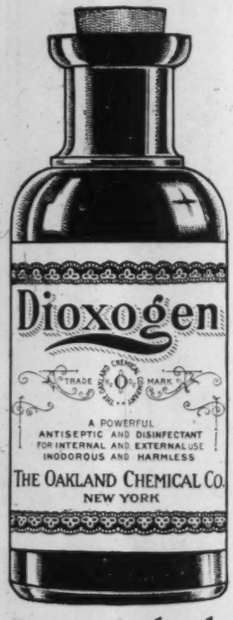


is a liquid antiseptic and disinfectant. Protects against the possible infection of Cuts, Burns, Bites or any injury to the skin. It keeps little hurts from getting big and the big ones from getting bigger.

As a mouth wash it is unsurpassed, keeps the mouth clean and the breath sweet.

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUG STORES
The Oakland Chemical Co.
10 Astor Place New York

A dandy story is being told and there's lots of fun—for all but one. She can't enjoy the story or the company—a foolish little corn ruins the party for her. If she only had used Blue-jay!—she could have worn her dainty party shoes with comfort, and enjoyed the whole evening.

Corns must give way before the attack of these wonderful, inexpensive little plasters. 91 per cent of all corns go with the first application. The stubborn 9 per cent vanish with the second or third. Other measures are but temporary, and some of them, such as paring with a razor, are positively dangerous. You will enjoy your next party if you use the simple, safe, efficient Blue-jay Corn Plasters.

15 and 25 cents At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

one who is working—pay as you are able."

Some years ago, in New York City, an investigation showed that most of the money-lenders' advertising appeared in one newspaper of large circulation, read by wage-earners and loudly professing itself "the advocate of the people." Income from these advertisements ran to several thousand dollars weekly. When the publisher was asked to throw out such advertising for the public good he bluntly told the investigators to go to the devil. A chart was compiled, recording the loan shark announcements from day to day. It revealed an interesting fact — that such advertising fluctuated greatly. Now it would drop suddenly, and again rise in amount. The investigators found that for each fluctuation downward there was some political condition that threatened the money-lending business, and for each rise some danger removed. The thing was as sensitive as the stock market. Acting on that suggestion, they began a campaign that ultimately drove all the advertising out of the paper, and most of the money-lenders out of New York — for a time.

Another interesting discovery was, that three-fourths of the loan sharks in New York had their offices in the same building. This building belongs to a rich benevolent society. The president was asked to get rid of those tenants, and made the same vigorous reply as the newspaper publisher — go to Jericho! In the campaign of publicity that followed, however, so much attention was called to his building that he not only let the money-lenders go, but chiseled the name of the building from the arch over the door.

The money-lender is always handy, and people who need funds in an emergency find him, and borrow, making an assignment of their wages as security. After that, the rest is more or less easy for Your Uncle. Lacking ten or fifteen dollars surplus at one time to pay off the principal, or the thrift to save that much in quarters, if necessary, his borrowers go on paying interest in silence.

It is the assignment of wages that keeps everything so quiet. At the slightest delay or rebellion that assignment is filed with the borrower's employer, making all sorts of trouble. Employers detest wage assignments. Their responsibility is not always clear in the matter, the documents are often drawn so cunningly that the employer does not know what to do, and there is the family of the employee to be considered. Most employers, after a few experiences of this sort, take direct and drastic action.

"I used to be bothered to death with assignments of wages filed against men who borrowed money or bought goods on instalments," says the boss. "But, by golly! I stopped *that!* I made it a rule to fire any man or woman the day an assignment was brought to me, and now I never hear of them."

Simple rule! Straightforward man! This is just what the money-lenders want — a fear and a potency behind the assignment of wages held in their safes that will keep borrowers up to the scratch with their interest and keep them silent as the grave. When this silence and fear are realized, it seems obvious that the first real remedy for the loan shark evil is publicity. Not in the form of newspaper headlines here and there occasionally, but in facilities for confession by the worker who has fallen into Your Uncle's toils, and advice for the one who is about to fall in.

The whole situation calls for somebody to tell troubles to, somebody to confide in, somebody who is known to be wise and sympathetic, and who will give advice and help in an emergency, either before or after making an unwise loan.

There is a big, human job for a sort of Big Brother to grown boys and girls in every work force, and the best man to fill it is the employer or manager. He must make the job for himself, and fill it by self-appointment. That is the way the situation is being handled today in numerous places where the magnitude of the loan shark evil has been discovered. It is not paternalism, nor philanthropy, nor interfering with other men's private affairs, but is plain, practical business. For secret money worries hinder good work. They cut down efficiency and production, cause mistakes, and may even lead to accidents.

The best way to help borrowers out of trouble, once they are in, is to pay off the principal of their debt and give them time to repay in instalments, plus reasonable interest.

The best way to deal with an assignment of wages, when one is filed against a worker, is not to adhere to some blind rule of discharge for every such case, but to hand the assignment over to one's company attorney. He will know how to deal with it best. Perhaps it is flagrantly illegal, or a showing in court of the extortion practised will lead to interference on behalf of the borrower. If an employee persistently assigns wages for frivolous purchases of goods on the instalment plan, then perhaps discharge is warranted—that sort of worker lacks sense and thrift.

For the employee who must have money, and would borrow from a loan shark if there were no other way, the best agency is a credit union such as has been established for city employees in Boston, as the final and permanent cure. The credit union is a thrift institution designed to meet just this need. It provides funds for emergencies by taking small sums from the very workers who may need to borrow, and paying them interest for such deposits. Any worker may buy a share, worth five dollars in this Boston credit union, and pay for it either in a lump sum or by instalments of as little as fifty cents a week. He may deposit any sum, as though in a savings bank, and an important advantage in such a credit union, maintained inside an industrial organization, is that money may be deposited on pay night, without going to a savings bank, or waiting until the latter is open some other day. If any member wants to borrow money, he applies for a loan, and gets funds according to his credit, without assignment of wages or other security. He gets funds promptly, his transaction is confidential, and he pays moderate interest — from eight to twelve per cent. a year instead of ten or fifteen per cent. a month. The credit union is usually conducted by fellow employees. Its clerical work may be performed by the employer's office force. As there are no salaries to pay, no rent, nor any overhead expenses, it is possible to lend money at moderate interest, and at the same time return five or six per cent. interest to depositors.

This credit union idea is an old one in Europe. It is an old idea in the United States, too, for that matter, because certain classes of workers, like the printers, canny in money matters, have long maintained credit unions among themselves, providing funds to meet emergencies. But only recently has the credit union been widely advocated as a remedy for the loan shark evil. A primer issued by the Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East Twenty-second Street, New York City, tells just how to organize and manage one of these co-operative banks. Anybody can get a copy of that primer free by writing, and since it was issued there has been considerable activity in organizing these credit unions.

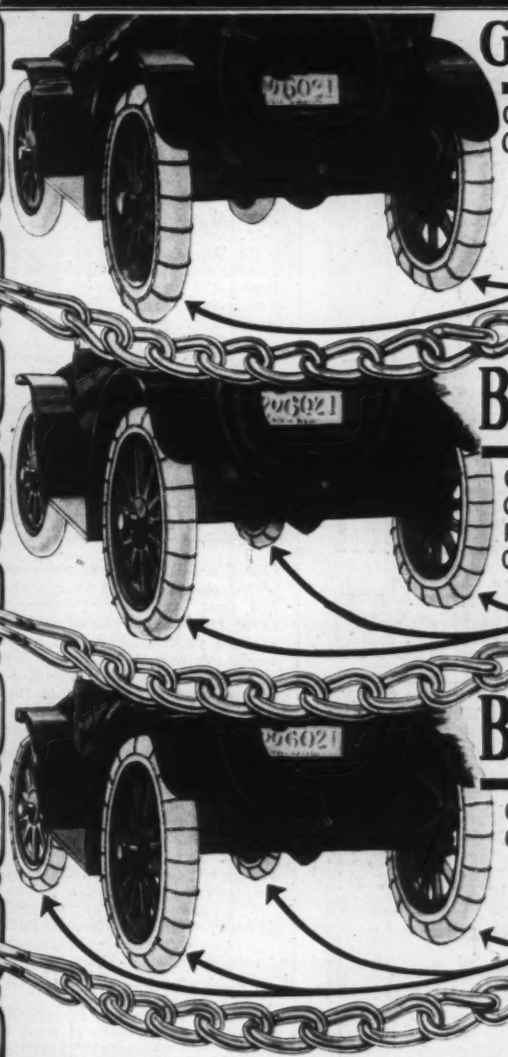
Whether an employer would find it to his advantage to help organize and run such a credit union, let him judge from a story:

Telegraphers have long been nomads. A good operator could usually find a job in any big telegraph office. Going from town to town, he would work a few days, borrow some money from a loan shark, give him an assignment of wages, and then leave for another town. This habit of borrowing was probably responsible for much of his wandering. It did not swindle Your Uncle, apparently, for the latter charged interest rates that fully covered the risks, and also kept an eye on the telegraph offices all over the country. When a man against whom he had an old assignment of wages turned up, he filed against him, and by working co-operatively with money-lenders in other places, managed to do very well.

He managed to file so many assignments of wages against operators in one big Eastern Telegraph office, a national center for wanderers, that the management sought ways of stopping the nuisance. Discharging the man who had an assignment filed against him was only a joke to telegraphers, and there seemed to be no basis for fighting these proceedings. Finally, on the advice of a thrift expert, a credit union was formed among the telegraphers themselves. It was predicted that such tramps as telegraph operators would wreck any co-operative loan enterprise. But the operators began depositing their money as members, and borrowing from the credit union instead of the loan sharks. Instead of the telegraphers wrecking the credit union, the latter has stabilized the telegraphers, for they work more steadily, and the office has a better class of men, and the organization has improved all around.

***NEXT MONTH:** The first chapters of "The Lifted Veil," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," "The Wild Olive," and "The Street Called Straight." Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg.*

The Most Effective Way to use Weed Chains



WEED CHAINS *on the front tires* pick the easiest way in the hardest going and prevent the front wheel skid - the most dreaded of all skids as it is the hardest to counteract by manipulation of the steering wheel.

Sold for ALL tires by dealers everywhere.

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No Beauty Doctor Can Do More For

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Assisted when necessary by touches of Cuticura Ointment. These fragrant, super-creamy emollients do much to restore faded, injured or neglected complexions, prevent pore-clogging, remove pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness. No senseless massaging, steaming, etc. Cuticura Soap is a perfect skin and complexion Soap and should be used daily for the toilet.

Trial Free by Return Mail

For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book by return mail, address post-card, "Cuticura, Dept. 47, Boston." Sold throughout the world.

Bright Light Right Where You Want It

Fasten this lamp to the top of your bureau to dress by—to the top of your bed to read by—fasten it *any such place* for direct light where you want it.

ONLY $1.35

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Traveling or Bureau Lamp

Stands 11 in. high—handsome nickel finish—6½ ft. of cord with plug—attractive shade, which moves two directions. New patent swivel in top of base permits lamp to turn all the way around, adjusting itself to any angle desired. No bulb included. A beautiful lamp, *absolutely guaranteed* and a rare bargain—price is only $1.35. Order direct, or send for free copy of Lighting Fixture Book.

Montgomery Ward & Co. Dept. X325

New York Chicago Kansas City Ft. Worth Portland, Ore.

Write house most convenient

The Straight Road

[*Continued from page 18*]

"Hello, Wo Far!" said Harvey, looking up from the skillet he was cleaning. "What do you think you want?"

The Chinaman just stood looking coolly about at everything in the room with that odd, half-jeering air that they have sometimes. He finally announced that he had come to fetch Harvey's Oriental dressing-gown away to be mended.

"All right, Wo—you know where it hangs," Harvey said, and the man went on upstairs. He came back soon, the robe across his arm, and stopped again in the kitchen.

"You cook?" he asked; and then, grinning: "No good, I think." He gave me another look as he went out laughing—a look that made my face burn.

If Harvey noticed, he didn't show it. I said nothing to him, but got away as soon as I could, and when next I had an invitation to go out in the machine I told him flat that I never would again. He didn't ask for any explanation. What he said was:

"Oh—if you feel that way. I think you're foolish—and some other things—but, you're the one to say."

So the days went by. Harvey came back from those week-end absences of his with a grudge at all the world, and a belief that it was somebody's duty to smooth him down. On two of these Sundays I had Boy in at the Poinsettia with me. Nothing was said against it, and with the friendlier footing there he was even noticed pleasantly and petted a bit by the Martins.

THE necessary term of residence in San Vicente County was nearly over. Harvey had done some shrewd bargaining with Oliver, the details of which I need not repeat, got the understanding that my husband would not contest the suit, and even the promise of a little money, paid over for a cow my mother had given to Boyce as a calf. She was a Jersey, and the allowance was to be a hundred dollars, Oliver promising, characteristically, to pay it as he could, twenty-five dollars at a time.

Then one Friday afternoon when Harvey was due to be leaving for the week-end, he unexpectedly called me on the telephone at school and asked me to stop in at his office on my way out. His voice sounded so solemn and queer, that I asked him if there was anything the matter.

"I'd rather break it to you here," he said in reply. "Don't fail to come in."

I just grabbed my hat and ran, and I got into Harvey's office all out of breath.

"Sit down, Calla," he said in the muffled tones of an undertaker.

I couldn't move after he spoke to me. I was rigid with terror. It must be about Boyce. "Tell me quick!" I whispered.

A long thick envelope lay on his desk. He picked it up and held it toward me.

"It is my painful duty," he said, "to break the news to you that—that——"

Things had begun to whirl. Was I going to faint? He reached forward suddenly, took me by the shoulders and swung me into a chair.

"—that your divorce is granted," he crowed triumphantly. And this was Harvey's idea of a joke!

"Did I scare you?" he asked as I sat there trembling, trying to pull myself together, and not see things all jiggling and falling down around me. I hadn't a word to answer him. I couldn't be angry. He thought he was smart. He was laughing in the most heartfelt manner at his own wit, and apologizing, too, for having carried it quite so far.

"Never mind," I said. "I'm so thankful. It's all settled, is it, Harvey? Nothing can go wrong with it now?"

"This is the interlocutory decree," he explained. "It isn't made final for a year. If you get married within twelve months you'll be committing bigamy." He was still jocular. "I'm obliged to warn you. Otherwise your decree holds in every respect."

"And Boy?"

"You've got complete control of him," Harvey nodded.

I sat and looked at the floor until I could get voice enough to speak again. Then I said: "Harvey, I thank you more than words can tell," and jumped up and started for the door.

"Hey, where you going?" he asked.

"Straight out to Las Reudas to have a look at my son," I said. "I wish I hadn't promised to let him go with Mrs. Eccles to her daughter's over at Corinth. I'll have to hurry to catch them before they start."

"Say," Harvey was suddenly natural and like himself, "I forgot all about celebrating this. Of course we ought to—and here's this banquet of the bar association on my hands—and a speech to make. If it wasn't for that—we'd sure have a big time this evening."

I halted reluctantly near the door. He considered a moment.

"Shucks," he said, "I won't see you again for two weeks. I'm leaving with that bunch of solons in the morning for their Yosemite trip."

"Then I'll bid you good-by now," I said, stepping back to offer my hand, "and oh, thank you again and again."

We shook hands. Harvey looked at me rather wistfully, and hesitated:

"Say, Calla, as long as you're going to be out there this evening, I wonder if it would be too much to ask of you to stop in at my place and give me the once over. You see I've got that speech to make—it's full dress—and I'm no good when it comes to an evening tie. Will you, Calla? I could bring you back to town in the machine."

Why hadn't I gone out quickly in the first place? I just couldn't refuse him.

"Well," I agreed reluctantly, "if I'm out there that late."

"But I'm not going to be late," Harvey followed me to the door to insist. "I'm closing up here right now. Please do come in—you might give me a word of help about the speech."

I still had to go up and put my desk in order, and get some carbon paper to take home for Mr. Dale's Saturday work. All through it I was swinging to a realization of this new thing that had come to me—actual freedom. I hadn't known how it would make me feel; how great the difference would be. When I got out to Las Reudas late, and found Mrs. Eccles had missed a train waiting for me, and was cross about it, for the first time she couldn't make me feel reproved. I hugged Boy, whispered to him that I loved him ten million bushels, and let him go. The San Vicente, Las Reudas & Corinth trains ran an hour apart, so that it was almost night when I got to the Watkins's place, and saw Harvey's car out in front. The house was dark; the porch light not on; but the front door was ajar, and at the sound of my step Harvey called from above for me to come up.

I went, slowly, feeling a fool, and stopped in the upper hall asking:

"Where are you? Where do you want me?"

"Out here," his voice came from the sleeping-porch.

I went on through the bedroom with its twin brass beds, Harvey's business suit that he had taken off flung about, the room flaring with light, and stopped in the door that led to the sleeping-porch. Harvey was getting a little parcel from the table that stood at the head of his bed there. His blue silk pajamas lay on the foot of the cot, ready for him when he should return from the banquet, late. He was in his evening clothes.

"I'd about given you up," he groaned, with his back to me, then turned, pulling open the package, and drew out some white lawn ties. "I never could get one of these things to look decent. You tie it for me, Calla."

"I don't know whether I'm an expert," I hesitated.

"You can do it better than I can," he urged.

Harvey Watkins was not the kind of man who can wear evening clothes well or becomingly, but evidently he did not know it. I suppose he had them on three or four times a year, for grand occasions, and they made him feel as pretty and as worked up as a girl going to a party.

He handed me one of the new ties; I took it, and glanced at the rumpled one that straggled across his broad expanse of dress shirt-front.

"You'll have to have another collar," I said. "You've mussed that one."

He pulled one out of the parcel.

"I always spoil two or three. You button it, Calla," and he hauled off the soiled one.

It was funny to see how helpless the sheer excitement of getting dressed for his party made him. He took hold of the lapels of his coat, gravely easing it back out of my way, craning his neck a little as I stood on tiptoe for the awkward job. I had finally got the collar on, the tie around it, and was beginning on the bow when I realized all at once that Harvey had shifted his interest. His eyes, which had been wandering, so that I had felt sure he was conning over his speech, were fixed intently on mine. The hands that held his coat back were relaxing; one of them let go entirely.

"Calla," there was a tremor in his voice.

"Keep that lapel out of my way," I said sharply, and hurried. What had made me maddest that night at the roadhouse was the realization that Harvey wasn't trying to behave, that he had deliberately let himself go. Now, I could see the constraint he used, and it scared me. I jerked the bow into hasty shape and backed off.

"There, that's all right," I said, and with a sudden inspiration, "I'll get a flower for your buttonhole and wait on the porch."

"What's your hurry?" Harvey tried to speak jocosely, as he half blocked my way to the door.

"I've got to get home," I said shortly. "I'm doing some typing for Mr. Dale tonight," and slipped around him.

Out on the lawn in the moonlight I drew a free breath. I crossed to where the gardenias grew near that gap in the pittosporum through which I had once seen Pendleton lying on his sleeping-porch reading. As I passed the bungalow this evening it was all dark; he must still be away.

It wasn't easy to find the gardenias; the moonlight on the leaves made them look like blossoms; and I wanted to choose a nice, full-blown one. I was bent close down over them when a sound in the Pendleton bungalow startled me; a door opened; a step sounded on the sleeping-porch. Every flower on the gardenia bush stood out in a blaze as someone snapped on the electric light there, and I pulled one. But if I raised up, I should be in plain sight of whoever that was. While I crouched, uncertain, almost ready to drop on hands and knees and creep away, a man's voice spoke on the porch—and a woman's answered.

My muscles jerked me up straight; I stared through the gap in the hedge, into the face of—Miss Eugenia Chandler!

Yes, Miss Chandler, but as I had never seen her—flushed, laughing, animated, all seductive feminine grace—and in negligée. Twisted alluringly around her slim figure was a delicate rose-colored robe I had altered; my fingers had sewn the little rosebuds down by the ear on that boudoir cap that covered her charmingly disheveled head.

She saw me at the same instant; her face changed frightfully; with a look that pierced my heart she threw up a sheltering arm between us. Her cry brought the man around to stare at me, too. It was young Pendleton. There we stood, I on my side of the hedge, wishing the earth would open and swallow me, they on theirs—discovered—exposed. Then Miss Chandler's other hand went groping back and switched off the lights.

IN a small town there are always two or three mysteriously shameful women whom the village girls regard as of different flesh and blood, outcast beings with whom they could have nothing in common. There I sat and held my head and tried to think. Miss Chandler—my Miss Chandler—well-born, well-bred—cool and disdainful with a lot of common, decent, uninteresting folks—the girl who had been so lavishly kind to me, was—that! It was no use. I couldn't get any realization of it. I almost forgot about Harvey till he called to me from above, in what tried to be a careless tone:

"That you—Calla?"

"Yes." Instinctively I guarded my voice. All at once I was in a fever to be off, to get home where I could be alone. "I've got the flower for your coat. Do hurry."

He waited quite a while, hoping perhaps that I would bring the flower up. Evidently he hadn't quite the face to suggest that, for at last he came slowly down in the dark.

Memories of a thousand little things all through my companionship with Miss Chandler were starting up in my mind, rawly significant. Terribly taken up with them, I wasn't disposed to waste much worry on

Harvey and his actions. I rather hated to have him light the hall light, but I told him to do it, kept outside till he had, then went in quickly and put the flower on his coat.

"What's the matter?" he asked with a swift glance toward the door. "What's happened?"

"Nothing," I answered, short and sharp. "Let's get away from here. I've got to get back to town."

I felt Harvey's breath on my cheek as he whispered close to my ear, "To Dale?"

"To my work." I hurried down the walk. At the curb by the machine I faced him, and added, "Harvey, can I ride home with you? If not, there's the street-car."

"All right — all right." Harvey dropped his head. He made no protest as I got into the tonneau. How easy it would have been to do this at any time! He cranked up, got in, and there was hardly a word said between us, till he drove the car straight up before the Poinsettia, and let me out.

Chapter IX—Miss Chandler's Point of View

INSTEAD of going straight in when Harvey left me on the steps of the Poinsettia, I turned off at a right angle, went down the arbor and rapped on the bungalow door. Mr. Dale yelled at me to come in; I realized that I was late and he was angry about it. I stood there on the step till he came and opened the door, and then said without a word of preface or apology:

"I can't work tonight."

"Ill?" His tone was anxious, but I knew the anxiety was all for the job in hand.

"No," I shook my head. "I just can't work." And I went, and left him staring after me.

I didn't sleep that night. Miss Chandler had left the Poinsettia Thursday evening; she would be back the first of the week; when I tried to think how I should meet her, what she would say, I almost went to pieces — I couldn't imagine it. In all the turmoil of my thoughts the thing that continually came uppermost was a wish to have her know that her secret was safe with me, that I would as soon hurt myself as to hurt her. I wanted her to be assured of that, yet shrank from the idea of seeing her to give her the assurance. I thought of writing a little note to meet her on her return; but the things I had to say couldn't be put on paper. They would have to be said — and forgotten.

Through it all I had come back again and again to those clothes hanging in my closet. I got up and switched on the light to look at them. The sight put me at my wits' end. I had got them for about a tenth of their value in sewing. They were in the nature of a gift. The little manicure set was given me out and out, and now her careless description of the way it had been bought came back to me with unbearable significance. By morning I knew that I never could put on the raisin-colored outfit again — and wondered how I was going to get along without it.

I couldn't go back to the old blue serge. To succeed you must look successful. How about that cow money? Twenty-five dollars of it might come in any time. On my way to school there was a big plate-glass window with some very pleasing suits and blouses in it and a card that said, "Your credit is good here." I got on my hat, hurried down there, and found a better suit than any I had seen in the windows — a soft, dead-leaf brown, delicately relieved with a touch of color and lace in the blouse. The price, of course, was more than if I had paid cash. Then we came to the question of payment. They asked me where I lived, where I worked, and what my salary was.

"The Poinsettia — McBride, McBride & Watkins," I said calmly, and mentioned the salary Harvey had promised.

I carried the suit home myself.

Mrs. Eccles was bringing Boy in to the Poinsettia at noon; I found her in my room when I got back. I had to hurry them off because I was due at Mr. Dale's.

My work with him went hard. He had a perfect right to complain of me — and he did. We finally quit in a sort of squabble, he cross and I ready to cry, barely two-thirds of the work done.

"We won't keep on," he said, when it got so dusky I could hardly see. "If you're this by daylight, God forbid we should tackle it by electric! We'll quit — and pray for better tomorrow."

Sunday morning I had prayed all right, but the work went worse than ever. I could see it made him angry enough to shake me that I didn't get down into the collar and pull, as he put it. How could I concentrate on the keyboard when my mind was flying off at a tangent every two minutes? Had Miss Chandler got back yet? Should I find her there in the house when I went in? How was I going to meet her? What was I going to do? Could I help her? The impulse I had to leave the Poinsettia, and look for new quarters, was sheer cowardice — a shrinking from seeing her hurt and humiliated by the sight of me.

It was about three o'clock when Mr. Dale and I stumbled to the place where he said shortly that he could finish now himself, and I might go — to the devil, I thought he really wanted to add. I was half-way through the arbor that led out front when I saw a taxi glide up. I held back behind the vines; the driver got down, a suitcase in his hand, opened the door, and out stepped Miss Chandler. They went in; I lingered there till the man came back and drove away. Yet when I finally did slip inside, her door still stood open, and she called to me. I pretended not to hear, and went past almost on a run. I had hardly got my breath from the stairs when there was a tap on my door. It was Orma, all smiles, eating from a box of candy.

"Miss Chandler's got back — gee, she's one peach esquire! Have a piece of candy? She said for you to run down to her room a minute."

It had come. I shut my eyes — and opened them again. Around me were the shabby walls that had grown to seem home. Downstairs was the one woman in all San Vicente who had really cared whether I lived or died. I felt myself fairly drowning in pity, anxiety, the helpless desire to help — to do something for her.

I got as far as the lower hall, facing her outside door, and found it ajar. She herself, in the little entry, pulling down a robe to replace her street dress, spoke to me without turning her head. "Come in — I've got something to say to you."

She had something to say to *me!* That, and her tone, stopped me like a shot. Then I followed her in, braced for something different from what I had expected. We didn't look squarely at each other, but I realized that I was the scared one. She pushed toward me with her foot the chair I liked — a little mahogany rocker that had been her mother's — got into the robe, and went to the dress closet for her slippers. I stood glancing about at the sober, rich, luxurious furnishings. For two days, whatever I looked at, I had been seeing this room — seeing myself go into it; then breaking off in terror of what would be said when I got here.

"Sit down — sit down," her voice called as her pumps clattered to the closet floor. "What are you so solemn about?"

At the moment I couldn't speak; I laid my hand on the chair back and with an effort faced her as she came out. Now that I did look directly at her I saw that a little dull red glowed under her hard, defiant eyes; that slim, elegant figure of hers was drawn up tense as she pulled the robe around it. Oh, I wished she wouldn't take it like this!

"Please don't," I choked.

"Don't what?"

She dropped down sidewise, tucking one foot up under her, leaning back over the great cushioned arm of her chair, as I had often seen her, posed like a Bacchante just flung down from the dance.

"Don't tell me anything. I'd rather not know. You can trust me without that."

"Trust you?" She sat up suddenly from her lolling position. "Well — how about you? Do you feel that you can trust me?"

A moment I gaped, stupid. Then in a flash I saw what she was driving at. Yet strangely, even this didn't seem to matter very much. It was only human — this trying to pull another down, to make her own case look better.

"You're mistaken—" I began.

Her teeth came together with a click. She leaned forward and stared at me savagely.

"You're not going to put up a front with me — with me — are you?"

"No," I floundered helplessly, "never mind about me. My little boy boards out there, you know — with Mrs. Eccles, just back of — on Fern Street. I'd been to see him. I——"

"Callie Baird, do you mean to deny that you were at the Watkins's house when Al Pendleton and I saw you through the hedge?"

"I'm not denying anything," I said. "I really went out to see Boy, and then I stopped in at — Harvey had asked me — I told you Harvey Watkins was an old friend and going to give me a position. Friday evening I'd just ——"

Miss Chandler sank back with a little breath that was half laughter, half relief.

"Oh," she said, "then you don't deny it."

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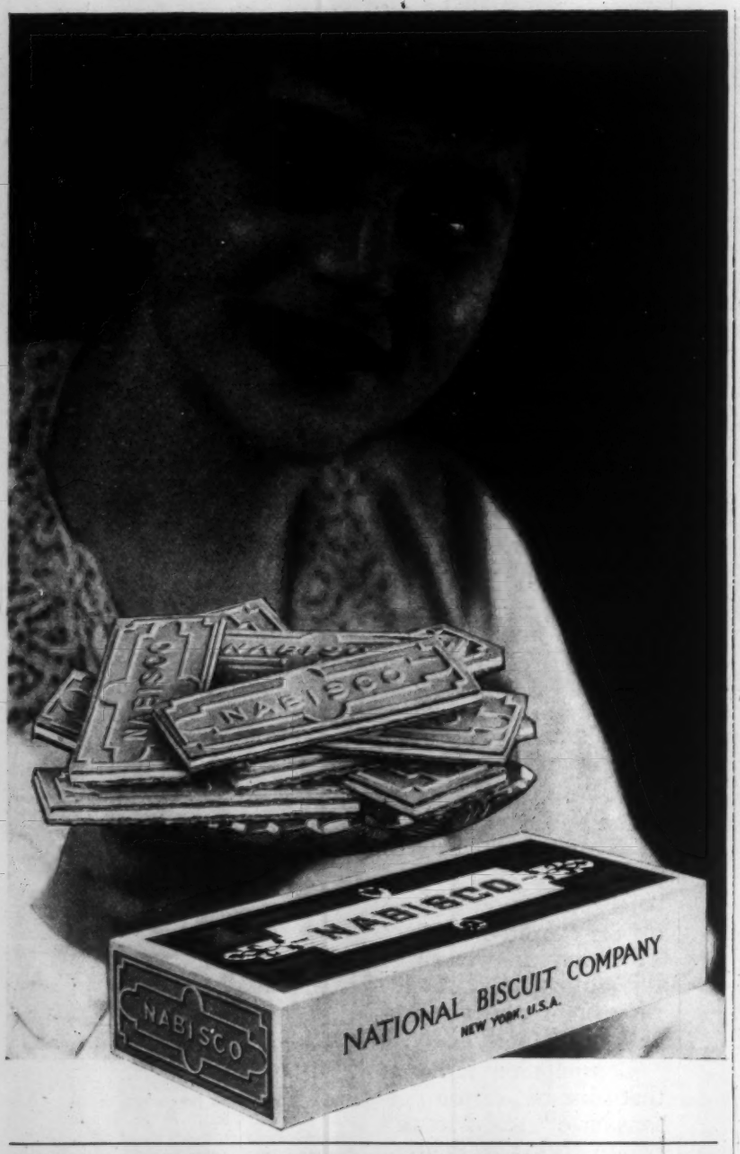

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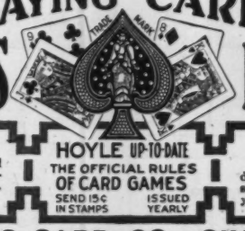

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This was so different from anything I could have imagined. It stung me to retort:

"I'm not answerable to you, I don't have to justify myself to you — if I tried you wouldn't believe me. Orma said you wanted me to come down here. I came because I supposed you wanted —— "

"To beg you to keep still about what you'd seen — eh? But when we come to what I saw — nothing doing!" She flung her hand round in front of my face and snapped her fingers. I had never seen her do a coarse thing before. "I was on one side of the hedge with a man — you on the other with —— "

My face was flaming. Hers was pale, as always, except for those two unusual spots of dull red. It was my turn to interrupt.

"If you keep on talking to me that way — I'll go." I dropped my hand from the chair back, and half turned to the door.

"No, you won't!" she shot the words out at me. "You'll stay right here in this room, till you and I come to some sort of understanding. Sit down, why don't you? Oh — too virtuous to sit down in my room? Well, you certainly have nerve!"

"Why are you so angry?" I said stupidly. "I don't set myself up to judge you."

"Cut that short," she cried. "I can't take very much of it — from you."

"No," I said in despair, "there's no use to talk. You'll never have to take anything from me again."

She seemed to notice my new dress for the first time. A sudden change came over her. She swallowed nervously, and half whispered:

"I believe you're in earnest. Well, you're a fool to quarrel with me, anyhow."

"Oh," I cried miserably, "I'm not quarreling with you. I've been almost crazy ever since Friday evening — scared to death. Suppose someone else had seen what I did? If you think of nothing but the risk —— "

Miss Chandler laughed. When had I ever heard her laugh aloud!

"That's so funny — from you," she said. "You're the most reckless creature I ever knew. If I managed my affairs as you do yours —— "

"You have a right to criticize me there," I said.

"I guess I have — coming here to the Poinsettia — using Joe Ed's room."

"Yes — I know now that seemed suspicious to those women downstairs."

Again Miss Chandler laughed. I seemed to be making myself very amusing.

"Well, how about Joe Tipton?"

"How about him?" I echoed like an idiot.

"Yes — how about him?"

It would have been too silly to tell of the few little letters I'd had from Joe Ed. I didn't want her making something wrong of them, and of his perfectly innocent boyish admiration. I just told her as I had Harvey that he seemed like a child to me, and was wandering and maundering on about my bitter experience making me feel older, when she caught me up suddenly:

"Yes. Just so — but I hardly think you're mothering that Watkins man — are you?"

I made no answer.

"Or Hollis Dale?"

"Frank Hollis Dale doesn't know I'm alive," I snapped, "— except that I'm a typewriter — and not nearly as good a one as he'd like to have."

For a long minute Miss Chandler leaned back silent, then jumped to her feet and stared at me angrily.

"Well, have it your own way; suppose you have kept the letter of the law — so far? It's only a matter of time with a girl of your sort — pretty — green as a gourd — drifting about from one man's office to another. You've got to face life as you find it — make the best of things as they are — not as the preachers tell us they are."

"Well, I'm trying to do that," I said shortly. It did seem a farce for her to lecture me. "I've got to consider both myself — and a child. A mother owes —— "

"Piffle!" she broke in on me. "You mean by that that you'll drudge like a slave through all your best years, lose your good looks and attractions, never have anything for yourself, all to raise another human being that isn't any better or any worse than you are."

"A mother owes a clean record to her children," I said doggedly. "Boyce didn't ask me to be born. He's a four-year-old baby — with no say-so. Before he came I lived every day and night of my married life with the thought of suicide. I couldn't do that now — I don't belong to myself alone."

"Ugh!" Miss Chandler shrugged disgustedly. "You're a mush of sentiment, Callie. I guess the child's got to live, hasn't he? And have an education? A chance in life? Who's paying his board out there now? What ails you is that you won't face things. If the child's all, let me tell you that you could do a lot better for him than you do."

I tried to interrupt; she silenced me with a motion. "You could live nicely, stand better than you do now — and have him with you — wait — wait — hear me out! — if you'd only show a little common sense. You'll inevitably attract men — you're a man's woman. The question is, what are you going to do with that attraction? It's eat or be eaten. Are you going to play the poor little shabby country girl just come to town — every man's prey — or are you going to use such sense as you've got and prey on them?"

"Nobody's trying to prey on me," I said.

"Wait!" Miss Chandler flung the one syllable out meaningly, then added, "some you don't even have to wait for, but they all come to it at last. Beat them to it. And keep sentiment out of such affairs, or they make a victim of you — just as marriage does. Feeling — I'm done with it!" Her face was black.

"Don't talk that way!" I protested.

She dropped into her chair and spoke quietly.

"Sit down and listen to me, Callie. It won't hurt you. I've got to tell you where I invested my feelings, and what I got by it."

Without a word I took the little chair, and she talked right on.

"When my parents died — within a week of each other — I was abroad, with the first Mrs. Hoard; she'd gone for an operation, and I to study music. The Judge was left administrator and guardian. When I came home I lived with them." She wheeled sharply on me. "You've seen Judge Hoard?"

I had, several times at the McBride office. He was a fine, haughty-looking man.

"Mrs. Hoard was an invalid. He's the biggest brained man I ever knew — nearly as old as my father, yet I was crazy about him, perfectly happy with his promise of marriage when he should be free to marry." She flared a sudden glance at me. "What do you think of the man who betrayed his sixteen-year-old ward, his dead partner's daughter — under such circumstances?"

"Oh, dreadful!" I cried.

"Not so much worse than others," she said coldly. "You don't suppose that your friend Watkins would treat you like that, maybe, or Hollis Dale; but I'm here to tell you that men are pretty much alike. Judge Hoard's wife died when I was nineteen. Our affair had been going on more than three years. By that time I was living with this cousin of mine; Celia was a rich widow. Our secret meetings slacked up a little — it was as though he drew off before beginning openly to court me. That's what he gave me to understand. He was courting my cousin on the sly. I came back from a little southern trip to find them married."

It was very still in the room. Outside the ting, ting, ting, ting, of a scissors-grinder went slowly by. Miss Chandler began to tap with her slipper on the carpet.

"I was finished, right there," she said dryly. "Done with sentiment. I'd adored that man — been as big a fool about him as a girl could be. And I hated him now just as thoroughly. I stayed right there in the house. Cousin Celia asked me, and it was a good way to get even with him. He'd treat me like that, would he, and think he could get by with it? I showed him. He hadn't much — my father was the money maker of the firm. But I took what he had, and I made his life a burden to him when it gave out and he wouldn't go to Celia for more."

I thought of the clothes, jewelry, and all sorts of stuff that I had seen brought into that room to crowd the places of articles just about as good, almost as new — it would be impossible to keep Eugenia Chandler's pockets filled. I had seen Judge Hoard and his wife together. Nobody could doubt that he really loved the woman he had married, that the peace of his latter years was all in her hands. I imagined his dread and hatred of this wild girl against whom he had sinned, with her insatiable demands for money.

"Oh, let them alone," I pleaded. "You only poison your own life trying to punish him."

"No —" obstinately — "I'm going to shake him down once more."

Again the room was still. I sat with head bent, hands gripped tight in my lap. What she had told of the judge was to set herself right in my eyes; it put me in despair of her — of everybody — of life. I couldn't hold back my tears any longer; sobs began to shake me.

"For goodness' sake!" there was a queer new tone in Miss Chandler's voice. "Did I hurt your feelings?"

"No," I choked. "I'm just heart-broken for you."

"Well!" she said. Her hand went up to her lips, and she eyed me. "Did you ever! Is there anybody else on earth who would take it like that — who would care that much! Callie — *don't!* If you get me to crying we'll bring the house down; I'm a whale at it. Do say something cheerful, child."

"All right," I gasped; I shook away the tears and jumped to my feet. Miss Chandler got up the minute I did. "We'll forget it."

"And you won't leave the Poinsettia — because I'm here?"

"N — no, not if you'd rather I'd stay."

"Poor Callie!" she laughed a little, but I saw her mouth tremble. "I do want you to stay. I'll let you alone — it'll be a kind of comfort to see your face in the halls."

Chapter X — Delia's Address

I KEPT out of Miss Chandler's room. When we'd meet in the hall she seemed just as usual, except for a queer little laughing devil in her eyes that made her look much prettier and more fascinating. I had quite a lot of her work, and my sewing things were all among her belongings. I finally went down to straighten this up. And the minute I got into her room she started talking right where we had left off last time, going at it as if we'd been barely interrupted by the shutting of a door. The first time I was so upset that I didn't get a thing I came after. I had to go back next day. I never saw her now that she didn't have something new and disturbing to say about her revenge on Judge Hoard.

"He hasn't got anything left — of his own; I pretty well cleaned him out," she remarked. "But Celia's Alaska properties have taken a jump. Nobody knows what those mines will amount to yet — half a million, maybe. Now is my time. I'll have a hundred thousand of it, and the Judge will give it to me." When she said that she glanced at my face. I suppose I did look shocked, for she wound up good-naturedly, "I forgot that scared you. I won't repeat it — but you'll see!"

One thing remained to me from her talk as a light on my personal affairs. She was no hypocrite, and I couldn't defend Harvey when she called him one. But when she spoke slightingly of Delia, I remembered Delia's coming, a young lady from a larger town, and making so much of me when I was a village high-school girl; remembered how fond I had been of her; and I made up my mind to get that address from Harvey as soon as he got back to San Vicente, and write to her. Looking back, it seemed perfectly inexplicable that I had not done this before. What could she possibly think if I met her in after years and she knew that I had been in San Vicente so long, out at her house, going about with Harvey — though it might be at the time they were separating — and never once made any attempt to communicate with her? Harvey was to get into San Vicente on a certain Saturday night, or he might be delayed till the next Sunday. I rather thought if he did get in he would ring me up, yet when Monday came and he hadn't done so I stopped in at the office and inquired.

Yes, he had come. Mr. Bisbee, in the outer office, motioned me toward the private room and I walked right through, as had been my custom. He was at his desk with a big pile of mail in front of him, and he looked up at me with a queer kind of look, then glanced over my shoulder at the door that did not swing quite shut behind me. I hardly waited to shake hands. I did not sit down, or say a word to him about his trip, but rushed straight to the point.

"Harvey, I want you to give me ——"

Again he looked at the door, so significantly this time that I hesitated. Someone was coming into the outer office. There were noisy greetings. Determined not to be put off or interrupted, I bent down and spoke in a sort of energetic whisper.

"Harvey," I said, "give me Delia's address — now — this morning. I've got to write to her. It's none of my business what — how — how things are between you two. I love Delia. Why would I hold off from her? I'm ashamed that I haven't written before. Where is she? Give me her address."

Without taking his hands off of the work on his desk, he sat, his head twisted around, and stared up at me. Before he could say a word a voice sounded behind me.

"Well — Fornia Boyce — Foncie!"

A stoutish, palish, much dressed-up woman that I could not think I had ever seen before stood in the door of the private office. I stared at her. It came over me that I must be looking at the Mrs. Harvey Watkins Miss Pomeroy had described. Yes, I was right, for the woman came and took me in a businesslike embrace and kissed me.

"Mr. Bisbee said it was you in here. To think of just walking up on you this way — when I haven't seen you for — why, it must be six or seven years!"

"Delia!" I hung onto the lapel of her coat, it seemed to me I never had been so glad to see anybody in my life. The unexpectedness of her return made it only the more welcome. Here was my refuge. Here was the one woman friend I could count on in San Vicente. "Why, Delia," I babbled, "how did you know me — just like that?"

"Oh, I knew you were in San Vicente, though of course I didn't expect to find you here. Mrs. Eccles wrote me she was taking care of a child for you."

"Mrs. Eccles!" I stood there, not daring so much as to glance in Harvey's direction.

"Sure, Mrs. Eccles," Delia repeated. "She always attends to things at the house for me, and when she wrote about them she mentioned you and the child. Harve never would have thought of it." She had moved over to him. Her hand was on his shoulder; he was looking straight ahead of him. "That's a man for you — writing to me every day of the world, and never mentioned it!"

He had been writing to her every day! I stood positively stupefied, trying to make that fact fit in with any other single thing I knew of the past months. He had been writing to her every day. There they both were in front of me, talking, and I had to answer — this was no time to get it straightened out — *he had been writing to her every day!*

Harvey bunched his letters in his hands, got up and pushed his desk chair around with his knee. He had not looked at me, yet, but now I gazed hard at him as he glanced toward Delia and spoke — naturally enough, it seemed to me:

"You've forgotten, Dele — I certainly mentioned Calla when she first came down to San Vicente. You've just forgotten."

He went then. I can't say that he seemed embarrassed or distressed, but as I looked after him it was as though the Harvey Watkins I knew had been spirited away and another man put into the good tweed suit. This was Harvey Watkins the married man — Delia's Harvey. As she shoved in, smiling, to take his desk chair, and pulled me toward the arm of it, I asked stammeringly:

"When — when did you get back?"

"Came Saturday — with Harve. Every week-end for a month, when he'd start home, I've been having half a mind to come along; and this time I just did it."

I held my eyes down and fumbled with my fingers and thought what an idiot I'd been never to guess where Harvey's week-ends were spent. Delia noticed nothing. She was going on in her good-natured, practical, chatty way:

"And I'm glad I came, too. I can get as good electric treatment right here in San Vicente as I was getting at the sanatorium, and the way they feed you at Mount Pleasant is a disgrace. Give me my own house and my own cook."

"You —" I raised my eyes with what I meant to be a smile — "you've got such a lovely home ——"

"Oh, you've seen it?" she interrupted. "Of course — going out to Las Reudas where the child is. But wait till I show you my things. We'll have some good times there — won't we?"

I nodded, clawing desperately at the idea of telling her how often I had been in her house. Then I heard myself say:

"I'm attending business college now, but — but of course I'll be glad to come and see you when I'm out at Las Reudas some time."

"Business college!" Delia picked up my jacket edge, her eyes on my face. "Say, Foncie, have you left your husband?"

"Yes."

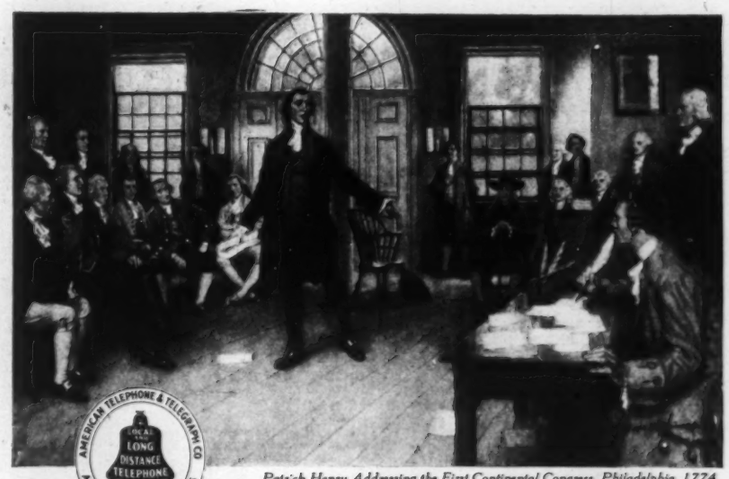
She pulled a bit, unconsciously, on the coat hem, and squinted up her eyes.

"Uh-huh," she nodded. "Mrs. Eccles said she thought you had. Are you getting a divorce?"

"Yes. Harvey got it for me — the interlocutory decree — just before he left on this trip."

"Well, did you ever! Aren't men funny?" She let go of me and sat back a little to laugh. "They never think to tell you the gossip. Of course Harve and I were on the go every minute with the Bar Association this time; but — a divorce — poor Foncie! 'Change the name and not the letter, change for the worse and not for the better.' I'm awfully sorry. Was — was he mean to you?"

"No — yes — I — not now, Delia," I halted out, in answer to her question.



Patrick Henry Addressing the First Continental Congress, Philadelphia, 1774

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"All right — all right," Delia agreed hastily. "But, Foncie — any alimony?"

"No. That's why I'm studying stenography. Harvey thought it was the best plan. He got the firm to promise me a position here."

"Here?" screamed Delia, then laughed heartily. "Isn't that just like Hoddy? He couldn't think of any other place for you, so he let them stick you in here. Goodness, that'll never do! We'll have to think up something better for you, Foncie."

"But I've — they advanced money for my course in the business college," I said. "I'm to pay it back out of my salary."

"Well — can't you pay it back out of a salary you get from some other firm just as well?" demanded practical Delia. "These folks'll never give what you ought to have — with a child to support. You let me manage it. Hoddy's a fine lawyer, and a kind old dear, but he's of no account for a thing of this sort. I'm twice as good a mixer." She looked me over thoughtfully, patting my shoulder. "I'll tell you what I'd do if I were in your place — I'd try for a position on the *Clarion*. You used to write splendidly. You were sending articles to the San Vicente *Clarion* when I visited in Stanleyton."

Quite true. The clippings of those first attempts which had actually been printed on a Woman's Page seven years ago were among my things at the Poinsettia now, saved along with other valuable documents in a pasteboard box. I would have said there was no one left in the world to remember them; it warmed my heart that Delia should sit there and seriously recall them as of value, and I cried out almost as I might have done in the days when those things were written:

"If I only could get a place like that!"

"Well — there's no reason you shouldn't try," Delia encouraged. "Fix up nice, put on the prettiest dress you've got, and go and ask. Just stick to it. Don't let them say, 'No,' to you. Tell them you're an intimate friend of mine — that I'll swing all the women's associations in town for you. You've got to make every edge cut, Foncie — a divorced woman, burdened with a child — poor girl!"

Harvey was coming back. He stopped in the doorway when he saw that Delia had his chair.

"All right," she said, getting to her feet and collecting shopping-bag, boa, gloves and veil, "I'll go. We can finish our visit out home. Foncie's coming to dinner this evening, so don't you fail to be on time, Hod — five o'clock, because you've got a lot of watering to do on that front yard —— "

"Oh, Delia," I interrupted. "Really I don't believe I could come this evening."

"Of course you can." Delia freed a hand and took hold of me. "I'm just dying to show you my house. You get there by five o'clock — half-past — six, anyhow — and we'll have a real old-fashioned visit."

"I've seen your house — it's lovely," I was beginning hurriedly. But Delia wasn't listening. She brushed me aside with, "Foncie, don't bring the little one with you this evening. I want to have a nice long visit — just with you. He can come some other time."

While she said all this I could not see a flicker of change on Harvey's wooden face where he stood by the door, the knob in his hand, ready to let her out. When she got opposite him she halted, picking at an imaginary thread on his coat, looking him over with a connubial intimacy that would have been disconcerting to any outsider. I knew of old that what one got from Delia was always plain facts. If there had been any real trouble between her and Harvey she could no more have concealed it from me than she could have written stories or acted on the stage. It wasn't merely that she meant to be frank — she lacked imagination to be anything else. She looked from him to me, from me to him, and finally said complacently:

"He's a pretty good old man, Foncie. But you have to keep any of 'em busy. Make 'em useful, or they'll forget you're alive — won't they?"

Harvey got a parting pull and pat. Delia looked over her shoulder to nod once more brightly to me. Then he shut the door behind her. We were alone together. He came across to his desk. He didn't look at me. I tried to think of something to say — and couldn't get out one word. What was the use? There he stood, just Harvey Watkins. And after all he had not actually lied to me at any time. He had just implied everything, and let me deceive myself.

"Well, Calla," as Harvey got into his chair, he sent a sort of dodging glance at me, and attempted to take up our conversation where it had been interrupted, "weren't you asking me for something when Dele came in?"

I laughed a little. "Yes," I said. "For Delia's address. But I've got it."

"All right." Harvey refused to see the joke. "What else?"

"I wanted to return the scholarship card," laying it on his desk. "I'm done with it."

"Ready for work, do you mean?" He looked up, startled. "Can you begin now? I wouldn't have taken that stuff out to Bisbee if I had known that."

I stood before him, mute. What in the world should I say? I couldn't work for McBride, McBride & Watkins, and meet Harvey every day — let alone hold the position of his private secretary — yet there was the bargain. I'd had the money.

"Well?" he prompted impatiently.

"Delia and I were talking — " I began, and broke off. The stupid silence that followed made me mad — why should *I* have to feel all the embarrassment? Before I knew it I had blurted out, "I'm going down to the *Clarion* office and ask for a job there."

"The *Clarion*?" Harvey swung around and stared. "Who put that fool notion in your head?"

"Delia — " I began, but he broke out:

"Well, I'll be darned! If you leave two women alone for a minute they can hatch up more mischief — Take this week off if you like — on salary — and go to work here next Monday morning. You let the *Clarion* office alone — it's no place for you."

"What's the matter? Don't you believe I can write well enough to work on a newspaper?" I asked resentfully, and added, "Mr. Dale thinks I have ability."

"He does?" For a minute Harvey had a notion to quarrel with me about Frank Hollis Dale. I could see it in his eye. Then he went back to the first question. I rather had him there, because he wouldn't say a word openly and directly against Delia's advice. "That's not the point," he shook his head. "Even if I should let you throw up your bargain with the firm here (mind, I'm not doing anything of the sort; you're going to work for us as you're in honor bound) it wouldn't do to see you go after a place—well, everybody knows what Stokes is. You keep out of his office."

Yesterday Harvey's talk about my having made a contract with his firm would have silenced me; yesterday what he said about the editor of the *Clarion* would have weighed with me; but after this morning I thought I was doing pretty well only to say to him:

"I guess I'll take Delia's advice this time, Harvey. She thinks the *Clarion* office is all right — said you were just making a place for me here out of good nature. I can pay you back as well with what I earn there, and I'll do it."

Harvey exploded, but inarticulately. I left him furious, yet I think he got off easy.

I did exactly as Delia had told me — went home and put on my best, made myself look as nice as possible, and was downtown again while my courage still held. A frowsy old flight of steps led up to the *Clarion* office. The newspaper had the entire second floor. I could see when I got to the head of the stairs, through little dingy corridors and open doors in every direction, people moving about, work going on. I asked a dirty-faced boy, who came flying past with his hands full of manuscript, where Mr. Stokes's room was. He jerked a thumb over his shoulder toward the door he had come out of, mumbled something, and I went ahead, somewhat frightened.

I got my first view of my editor sitting at his desk. I rapped again on the open door; he paid no attention. Of course he wouldn't with all the clatter of the presses and machines on that floor. I stood and stared at him and trembled — a big, loosely-made, bearish-looking man working away like smoke at galley proofs. I went in and stood directly across from him. I had my name ready, written on a card. After a while I got up courage to reach out and put it on the table beside his work. He glanced at it, looked up at me without seeming to see me and mumbled: "Whadd'ye want?"

"A job."

"What kind?"

"Why — writing. I wrote these for the *Clarion*." I spread out my little bale of clippings, my faith in them not quite so strong as it had been when I put them in my purse.

He reached a great hand across, swept the bits of print into the circle of his gaze, and looked them over. Then he raised his eyes to me, apparently really seeing me for the first time.

"You wrote these for the *Clarion*? When?

Good Lord," as he glanced down and caught sight of a date line on one of them which included the year, "these things are seven years old — outlawed." He thumped them with a sort of grunt. "Haven't you any better reason than that for expecting to get a job on a newspaper?"

"Yes," I answered, "you're going to give me the job, because you can see by looking at me that I'm a good worker, and I'll obey orders. You're going to give me a chance."

Up to this time everything Mr. Stokes did or said was in the line of getting rid of me. Now he threw himself back in his chair for a long survey.

"Sit down," he ordered.

I dropped into the chair instantly. His eyes never left me. I felt the blood come into my face because as soon as I sat down his foot touched mine under the table. I would have thought myself prudish to notice this but for what Harvey had said.

"What have you been doing since you wrote these things?" the editor of the *Clarion* opened up his investigation. "Are you sure you did write 'em? You look to me like a high-school girl. I can't see you writing for the papers seven years ago."

"I was in high school then," I said. "I had no assistance on the work except one — one friend, who criticized them for me."

I sat looking down, suddenly overwhelmed — it was Philip who had listened, commented, praised.

"Huh — so you wrote these things seven years ago — with somebody to help you — and you'll walk in here to my office and expect me to turn a perfectly good society editor out of her place and give it to you — is that it?"

It descended on me like a load of brick. He hadn't intended to do anything but refuse. I jumped up hastily, afraid I should cry, he had managed to make it so disappointing and humiliating.

"I didn't know but you had a place vacant," I got out with fair composure. "I need the work. I have a child to support — and —— "

I turned my back and fairly ran. Mr. Stokes's voice stopped me at the door.

"Hold on," he bellowed after me. "Come back here. I want to take another look at you."

He swung around in his desk chair, a big bulk of a man, pompous, overbearing, but not, so far as I could see, dangerous in any way. I went meekly and stood before him like a child while he put me through a catechism.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-two."

"Married?"

"Divorced. My little boy is four years old. I have him and myself to support."

"Four years old!" Mr. Stokes worried the big black cigar he had stuck in the corner of his mouth and surveyed my points at leisure. Now that he had begun to look at me he scarcely glanced away at all. I didn't mind his staring. I felt toward him a good deal as you do toward a big, shaggy dog that you aren't really afraid of. "Four years old," he repeated — "married before you were seventeen,— huh?"

I nodded.

"Where did you live? What does your husband do?"

"At Meagher, Oregon. A small dairy ranch."

"I see. A job on the *Clarion* is likely to be easier than the dairy — huh?"

Again I nodded. Let him think what he would. All I wanted from Mr. Stokes was a job; so long as there was any chance of my getting that, I certainly would not offend him, or admit myself offended by him.

"Is there — have you got anything for me to do — anything?" I asked.

"We-ell," his glance left me slowly and traveled around the room, "I guess I'll let you go now, Sis. Come back tomorrow — late — I'm busy up till five o'clock. You come in after five — and I'll see what I can do for you."

I thanked him and went. He was back at his proofs before I had crossed the room. I hadn't received the promise of any job, but as I descended the stairs my spirits were good. I had confidence in my ability to "manage" the editor.

I went straight from the *Clarion* office to Las Reudas, and found Boy in a furious tantrum. My son stood in the middle of the little garden at Mrs. Eccles's, his hazel eyes black with rage, his cheeks burning red, his yellow hair towsled by dirty, clutching hands. He had thrown bud'n down and was kickinge it, shouting:

"I won't have it — old ugly thing! Muvver," he ran to me as I came in and laid hold of my skirts, "I want my Fairy doggie. Bring it — quick."

"It isn't your doggie, Boy," I reasoned with him gently. "Fairy belongs to Mrs. Watkins."

"*Is* my doggie!" he delivered a blow on my thigh which may have been intended for emphasis, but seemed more like chastisement.

"No, it's Mrs. Watkins's doggie," I persisted. "Mrs. Watkins hasn't seen Fairy for a long, long time. She's been away. She's been sick, honey Boy. Aren't you sorry she was sick? Poor Mrs. Watkins!"

"No. She can't have my Fairy doggie." Then with a sudden crafty eye cast up toward me, "I'll give her bud'n. I don't want bud'n. She can have him. I want my doggie." And again the sobs shook him; once more he mauled the unoffending bud'n for not being what it was never intended to be.

We had a great time over him, and I liked Mrs. Eccles better than I ever had done. He hit us both, and she didn't stand out for her first proposition that he should be made to apologize. I told her he'd do that next day without any making. I had never seen his will broken, though I had had to interfere when his father tried with a collection of eucalyptus switches to accomplish that undesirable thing. I was desperately eager to get to Delia's — I did wish I could be there before Harvey came from town, so as to have a minute alone with her and set things right. They weren't really wrong, but concealment would make them seem so — and there was nothing to conceal. Boyce roared and charged till he wore himself out; at last we got him, snuffling, into bed.

I was late. I found both the Watkinses on the lawn, Harvey with the hose, being told just what to do with it like a true suburban husband and householder. Poor Boy's "own doggie" lay on the porch and snored, till my step roused her and she waddled out toward me yapping.

"She won't bite," Delia called, coming down the walk.

Harvey had nodded to me as I came in and gone on with his work, but now we were within earshot, and I said rather at him:

"I've just come from somebody that doesn't think Fairy's old or fat. Boyce cried himself to sleep this evening for her. Won't you please let her go over and play with him tomorrow?"

"He'd better come here," Harvey spoke up quickly, and Delia added doubtfully:

"I suppose he might. We'll be all torn up tomorrow anyhow, having the rugs out. A child around won't make so much difference. Yes — he'd better come. I can keep an eye on him, then. Fairy's a spoiled baby herself. Children never understand getting along with animals."

She had no more notion of the feeling between Boy and her dog than she had of the footing that Harvey and I had been on. No imagination helped her to guess what might have been taking place while she was away.

"Hoddy," she said suddenly, "before I go in I want to see you watering those lilies. I'm crazy to show Foncie the house, but I won't leave till I see you start on them. They need a lot."

"I've seen the house inside," I began hurriedly, determined that the mere statement of facts should not be lacking. Delia ran to take the hose out of Harvey's hand and regulate the spray.

I was glad to follow into the house. Delia hardly let me get my hat off before she hurried me down the back hall, pulled open the door of the kitchen and was for going in.

The range was covered with simmering, steaming saucepans; an odor of cooking came out to us; a Chinaman in blue cotton jacket stopped our way, demanding:

"What you want?"

"Now, Wo Far — " my heart jumped at the name "— I only want to show Mrs. Baird your lovely kitchen. Just a minute. We won't disturb you. You keep it so clean I'm proud to show it."

The Chinaman stood back and regarded us with a half derisive eye.

"Missy Baird," he echoed. "Name Missy Baird?"

"Yes, my friend Mrs. Baird. Look at the range, Foncie, it's wrought steel and has all the very latest tricks to it. It cost —— "

"She you' flend?" Wo Far laughed a little, and my cheeks were hot. "I think she see plenty kitchen — you go now — I cook dinner."

"Oh, but she's never seen *my* kitchen before," Delia coaxed. "I wanted her to see my kitchen once. There — we'll go."

We went. The Chinaman looked after us huckling, and repeating, "Never see you'

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kitchen! Now she see you' kitchen!" I would have explained to Delia then and there, but she began to talk and fairly headed me off.

"Wo Far's always like that," she said. "Chinese cooks never want you to go into the kitchen, but I put up with Wo because he's the best I ever had, and he's been with me so long. Come up to my room, and let me show you the sleeping-porch."

It was Wo Far who put the crowning touch on my discomfort that day. It seemed to me I had made an honest effort to have Delia understand the intimate knowledge I had had of her home, and how things had been going on. It couldn't be done; there was too much of Harvey's tacit deceit to explain. By the time we got to the dinner table I fully realized that there was no use trying. If it hadn't been for the Chinaman then, the meal would not have been such a misery. Really nothing had happened that amounted to a row of pins, yet whenever Wo Far changed my plate or asked Delia a question, I had a feeling of guilt. I was glad when Delia finally asked me:

"Well did you go to the *Clarion* office?"

"Yes," I nodded, "and made an appointment for tomorrow afternoon. I believe I'm going to get some sort of place there."

"All right for you," Harvey was helping my plate a second time to lamb and mint sauce as he spoke, "but you needn't say I didn't warn you."

"I haven't got the place yet," I said, laughing nervously.

"What's that?" asked Delia, adding mashed potato as my plate passed her. "Didn't Hoddy want you to try the *Clarion*?"

"Well — rather not!" There was a gleam in Harvey's eye as he glanced across the table. "She went up to Phipps's to fit herself for a place in my office. Then when she's ready for it you get at her and persuade her to rush out and hunt another job. Who would like it?"

"Now, Harve — you haven't got a place for Foncie in your office."

"I need a private secretary bad enough," sullenly.

"Well, she can't afford to work for 'thank you.' There's no future in your place. Foncie'll make a name for herself in newspaper work."

"She'll make a name for herself working in the same office with Bill Stokes," Harvey laughed shortly. "But it won't be the right kind of name."

"Now, Harve, just because you've got a high standard, it doesn't do to condemn people right and left. I know what you mean — but I don't see it the way you do. I know there are stories about Mr. Stokes, but that's just what I think they are — stories. What did you think of him this afternoon, Foncie?"

"I didn't think of him at all," I said untruthfully.

"There — you see," Delia nodded across at Harvey triumphantly, "Foncie's not the little school girl flirt she was when you knew her back in Stanleyton. Poor thing — she's had trouble, and it's made a woman of her. She could go anywhere and get along with anybody — now."

"Well — if she 'gets along' with Bill Stokes, it'll certainly be the worse for her. And there's not a ghost of a chance for advancement in that office. Stokes wouldn't have it. He'd be jealous of anyone that showed ability. I think you might at least have spoken to me before you put her up to going there for work."

I made some sort of hasty interruption, and switched the talk to something else for the moment, but we quarreled off and on about that miserable business all evening. No topic could be started up that didn't get around to it finally. Boyce was the only subject that disputed the center of the stage with it; when Harvey turned in to talk to Delia about him, I didn't know which way to look. They both became angry, and spoke more plainly than they had any business to before a third person. You would have thought there never had been such a child born into the world as that son of mine. I am foolish about him myself, but Harvey, trying to make Delia feel badly, raved about him beyond all common sense and reason. And poor Delia, almost crying, talked about her health and went into details on the subject of her operations. I could see it was the one point that Harvey let himself go on and got the best of her about — children — their childless home.

Altogether, it was a pretty stormy session, and it didn't make me feel that I wanted to go back there very soon. The question of my working for Harvey or getting the place on the paper was not brought up again till just as I was leaving. We had got as far as the hall when Delia called, "Wait a minute," and dived into the hall closet for something. Harvey seized the chance to ask in a whisper:

"Was it true — what you said at the table — about not having closed the trade with Stokes till tomorrow afternoon?"

I nodded.

"All right. I'll see you again before that time. I'll talk you out of it. I'll show you why — "

I shook my head sharply. He took hold of my arm and pulled me toward the front door, speaking hastily over his shoulder:

"Dele — I'll take Calla to her car."

"Of course." Delia got the scarf she was after and emerged, putting it on. "We'll both take her."

The three of us walked almost in silence to the corner where the car stopped. When we saw its lights a block down, Delia kissed me, urging:

"Now, Foncie, come out here to see me all you can. I know it's hard in a strange town this way. You just count Harvey and me own folks."

The car was near. Harvey came up to help me on.

"Kiss her good-by, too — why don't you, Hoddy?" Delia demanded. "Poor, lonesome girl — I don't mind — kiss her!"

[*To be continued*]

NEXT MONTH: Callie finds a woman's job on "The Clarion," and meets with a strange night adventure. Later, coming home, she has an unlooked-for experience with Mr. Dale, and a sudden awakening.

The Desert Rat

[*Continued from page 42*]

honest. I'll tell you — something I ain't never told a livin' soul, 'nd there's them that have dogged me fer years, tryin' to git the secret of that hidden arroyo. But it's hid — they's only one way in — 'nd they's gold when you git there. My pardner 'nd I was lost in these hills, 'nd starvin' almost. We found that arroyo 'nd we found the gold — and then the Indians, they found us — we was goin' out after more grub. They killed him 'nd scalped him b'fore my eyes. Me they took 'nd kept prisoner — I — can't remember —" He drew his grimy hand across his eyes as if he would brush the fog of forgetfulness from his wandering mind.

"Gee!" said the Kid under his breath, and moved closer. "What did they do with yuh?"

"Boy — don't ask me!" the old man threw out a shaking hand, warding off the curiosity of youth. "God! The things I want to forget — they haunt me. And what I would remember — it's gone. The arroyo — some day I'll find it — but I'm an old man now, and I can't travel like I could once — and there's them that want to steal the gold — I've got to hide and dodge ——"

"Maybe it's farther west," Charlie Horne suggested indulgently. "The Santiago mountains — have you looked in there?"

The prospector shot him a sidelong glance from under his shaggy brows, and did not answer.

"What kind of a lookin' place was that arroyo?" the Kid persisted, ignoring Charlie's interruption and the silence of the other. "Ain't there any mark ——"

"There was a map — we drawed a map so we could find it again." His fleeting suspicion of Charlie passed and he leaned again toward Van. "Boy, it's the map I'm lookin' for. When the Indians got us I rolled the paper up and hid it inside two empty cartridges slid t'gether. There was a pointed rock that stood out in a sandy hollow. I hid the cartridges in the rock. We went on a little ways fightin'—'nd they killed my pardner 'nd scalped him before my eyes — 'nd me they took 'nd kept a prisoner. Four years — 'nd I can't remember — God, if I could remember! Nuggets big as your two fists — I seen 'em, I had 'em in my hands!" His lined old face purpled and contorted. With his two shaking hands he clutched the empty air before him. His voice rose to a cracked, hoarsened kind of shriek. "Gold — gold — layin' there in the gravel — gold — 'nd the map —!" He rocked his body back and forth, crying out incoherently for the gold and the map.

Bill and Charlie looked at one another understandingly. "He's crazy — plumb gone on the subject of gold," Bill muttered pityingly. "I've seen 'em like that before."

"By gosh, I never did!" the Kid said suddenly, his lips puckered again in the shape of whistling.

"The map!" gasped the old man, huddled beside the fire, his hands groping dazedly. "The gold's there — big chunks of it — If I could find the map ——"

"Here, pardner! You'll find your map, and you'll find the arroyo," Bill's voice spoke soothingly. "You're sick now — but don't worry, you'll be all right in the morning. Just forget about the map for tonight."

"Why," soft-hearted Charlie Horne took up the persuading, "I've known things like that to stay lost till a fellow just plumb gave up looking; and then, first thing you knew, there it was right under your nose! You don't want to worry. You'll find your gold, all right — sure, you will!"

"I'm an old man — I can't hunt much longer," came whimpering from behind the hands. "But it's there ——"

Wide-eyed, the Kid got up and stood looking down, first at Bill and then at Charlie. He made a queer sound — that may have been a sob choked back midway in his throat — and turned to the packs. In a moment he was back and kneeling beside the prospector.

"Take a drink — maybe you'll feel better," he urged huskily, and unscrewed the canteen top. "We all ——"

The man jerked back his head just as the canteen touched his lips. "I don't want a drink," he muttered. "Put it away — I don't want it."

"Sure, you do! Come on — be a sport and drink!" Again the canteen approached his mouth.

"Let him alone, Kid, if he don't want to drink," Bill cried sharply.

"Aw, gee, Bill, you're easy!" The voice of the kid had an exultant whoop. "Gee, but you're the limit! Here, you taste the *contents* uh this canteen! It's worse than 'gip' water, Bill!"

The prospector tried to get up, resisting the insistence of the Kid. Van, reaching out to restrain him, tangled his fingers in the old man's beard. It was sheer accident, as was the involuntary, backward jerk of the old fellow's head to avoid the contact. The result was astonishing. The Kid stood looking foolishly from the handful of fuzzy white stuff in his hands to the bare cheek of the prospector. It was just for an instant, and then the Kid reached for another handful. The prospector ducked and started to run, and it was Charlie Horne and Bill who grabbed and held him — and had their hands full, because he was showing an amazing amount of strength for a crazy old desert rat who had lately been very ill.

Van, making a second clutch with both hands, bared the face of the fellow except where a few wisps of crepe hair still hung like torn fleece on a thorn bush where sheep have run through.

"Gee!" ejaculated the Kid, too surprised to giggle.

Bill Gillis, rising instantly to the emergency, pulled off the white wig and as his hand came down he harvested also the bushy, gray eyebrows. Except for the cunning network of lines and the slightly painted shadows of age, a smooth-skinned face glowered at them with ugly eyes and mouth drawn into a snarl.

Like a trapped animal he fought — but they were three, and two of them at least were trained in the fine art of overpowering desperate men. While the horses moved closer and stared curiously with ears perked

forward at the heaving, struggling mass just within the firelight, Van snapped on two pairs of irons — wrists and legs were made secure.

"Gee! I knew he was smuggling opium — I got next when I was going to give the burro a drink outa that canteen. But I sure took him for an old man — and I was kinda sorry for him, too. I just hated to tell yuh, Bill."

Bill, breathing unevenly after the struggle, was poring over a battered, red-leathered memorandum book. He looked up while he turned a leaf, and grinned a little.

"There's things he hates to tell, too," he said drily, "but that won't stop the telling." And he went back to the little book.

Across the camp-fire, the scattered embers of which Charlie was kicking together, the prisoner swore by several gods that he'd tell nothing. Bill paid no attention to him but turned another leaf, read a page and then looked across at the man.

"I've got your number now, hombre," he announced cheerfully. "You're Peyson Grey, actor-manager of the Metropolitan Comedy Company. You ran off with the funds and five thousand you'd grafted out of the leading-lady's 'angel!' You're considered a real artist at make-up. You're an outdoor man, and there's a reward of fifteen hundred for your arrest.

"Now, we're not out hunting any actor-crook, particularly. What we want is the trail of these hop smugglers. You're one. Where did you get it? At this little town down here on the line, I reckon — but who's working with you?"

Peyson Grey, wiping the lines of old age from his cheeks and temples and the crows-feet from his eyes, scowled and told Bill to can the chatter, and that, since he knew so much, he didn't need to be told anything.

"Have some sense!" Bill advised him impatiently. "You're up against it, whether you tell or not — and if you do tell, it will help a whole lot on your sentence. You can knock off five or ten years right now, if you talk. I stand pretty well with the captain, and so do these boys with me. We'd sure appreciate a little information right now, and we'd sure know how to show our gratitude."

"Would you let me go and give me a running start?" The eyes of the prisoner brightened hopefully.

"Not if we could help it," Bill killed the hope promptly. "Rangers don't let go, once they've got a man. I said you can knock a good many years off your sentence — depends on what your talk is worth to us. You'll get a square deal, man."

A crook is a crook, and a man who will betray the trust of his fellow-workers once will do it again if the gain is great enough. Peyson Grey decided to buy a few years of freedom with the trust of his friends.

"Go to Obayos," he said sulkily, "and nab the Irishman that runs a restaurant there. He has the hop brought over in dead chickens — a small can in each one. That's all I can tell you. I don't know who else packs it from there — I've got three canteens of it myself. This is only my second trip — and for God's sake do what you can for me! I've told you the truth. If you get that Irishman you've got the main guy — other poor devils like me only pack it away on shares."

"That ain't all you know," Bill asserted, reading the shifty eyes of the traitor as he had read many others.

"It's all you'll get," said Peyson Grey sulkily. "It's enough, ain't it?"

Bill did not argue with him. He seldom did argue. He settled himself comfortably with a cigarette, put away his little note-book and looked as though he considered the day well spent.

"Good work, Van," he said after a little, and smiled across at the Kid. "For that, you can be the one to slip the irons on that Irishman tomorrow. It won't look bad in the report I'll send to captain — huh? Think he's earned honorable mention, Charlie?"

"I should say yes!" Little Charlie Horne reached over and slapped the Kid on the shoulder. "Some kid, believe me!"

The kid's soft, boyish lips twitched and pursed themselves to keep from smiling. "Well, I'm going to have one more good big feed uh chicken, anyway," he said hungrily.

NEXT MONTH: The first chapters of "The Lifted Veil," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," "The Wild Olive," and "The Street Called Straight." Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg.

Why?

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OLDSMOBILE SIX-54, 55, 42 and 44 have Timken Bearings in the rear wheels.
"OVERLAND"
See Willys-Overland Co.
PACKARD MOTOR CAR CO. Detroit, Mich.
All models have Timken Bearings in the rear wheels.
PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY Cleveland, Ohio
"Light Eight" has Timken Detroit front and rear Axles with Timken Bearings in the front and rear wheels, at differential, on the pinion shaft and in the transmission. Other Models have Timken Bearings in the rear wheels.
PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR CO. Buffalo, N. Y.
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...ner Ehhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.
...MOTOR MANUFACTURING CO. Indianapolis, Ind.
...Model SIX-50 has Timken Detroit front and rear ... with Timken Bearings in the front and rear wheels, at the ...ential, on the pinion shaft and in the transmission.
...OR CAR CO. Lansing, Mich.
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...OSE AND YOUNG MACHINE CO. Detroit, Mich.
Eight Cylinder Model has Timken Detroit front and rear Axles with Timken Bearings in the front and rear wheels, at the differential and on the pinion shaft.
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Notice: See Electric Pleasure Cars, page 7; Electric Industrial, page 7; Electric Commercial, page 8. Gasoline Commercial, page 8.

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EVERY few years the "financial community," the banks, bankers and legitimate promoters, adopt new methods and devices in the sale of stocks and bonds. Finance tends to be progressive, like medicine, legislation or any other branch of human activity and knowledge. In a general manner of speaking it seems to become more stable, certain and legitimate. But whether the individual stock or bond proves safe for the individual investor—that still remains the supreme question. In making a selection, the old standards and safeguards are just as much needed as ever. New "fangled" forms and reforms must never be relied upon as a sole protection.

In the present era of great industrial expansion and emission of new investments, perhaps the most novel feature has been the issue of stocks without par value. This is an honest and for the most part wholesome measure. The subject of par value in general is one that often seems to be little understood by readers of this page.

With negligible exceptions it has been the practice in the past to create all bonds and nearly all stocks with a par, or face, value to each bond or share of stock. But beginning with last year's business expansion a few financial leaders defied the old custom and put out stock without any par value, thus openly admitting what had always been true, namely, that stock represents nothing but a percentage of ownership, and to assign it a nominal value through rich and poor alike is mere misrepresentation. It is different with bonds or mortgages, because they are promises and agreements to pay back specific sums of money, usually in gold; not simply evidence that the holder is a recorded owner, or partner, in an enterprise, entitled to his pro rata share of dividends.

In theory anyone who knows even the first elements of corporate finance is well aware that par value does not mean real value. But there is a persistent tendency to ignore the distinction between stocks and bonds; to emphasize unduly the face value of stock; to get the idea that stock must have value behind it equal to its face; to treat the shares as claims against the company, or even against the community, for the number of dollars they represent. We get the idea that if a stock purports to be worth $100 on its face, that the round figure $100 is not merely a convenient measure or standard, but is almost a sort of guarantee. Nearly a dozen big corporations have recently been formed with non-par common stock. Their promoters have frankly refrained from placing any nominal, merely convenient and artificial mark upon the shares. Time alone will prove their value.

There seems to be only one serious danger in the issue of non-par stock. What is to prevent the output of an overinflated capital? After a corporation has once gotten under way I do not see any more danger of inflation than with stock having a par value. But when an enterprise is first being promoted, when it is being shifted from the basis of a partnership or a close corporation to a publicly owned company there does appear to be a possibility that the original owners and bankers will be more generous in marking up the number of shares than if they had par value. "Six hundred thousand shares of common stock of no par value" sounds much smaller somehow than "$6,000,000 capital." It doesn't frighten the public away quite so easily. It sounds less formidable.

But the danger of inflation is exaggerated. It is all a question of management, earnings, and success in the issue of common stock. Physical values do not play much part in common stock. No company has yet put out preferred stock without par value. That is, common stock represents the speculative, risk taking, big profit taking end of the business. Preferred stocks and bonds should represent the solid, non-risk investment foundation of the business. Indeed a number of companies which have sold non-par common stock have also issued preferred stock with a par value of $100 a share. Thereby is the distinction made so clear that the most ignorant must heed. The company practically says:

"We believe our preferred stock is worth somewhere around $100 a share, because there is actual property to back it up. It will probably pay 7 per cent. dividends regularly from the start. It is an attractive investment. We do not pretend to tell you what the common stock is worth. It may or may not prove extremely valuable. Therefore in strict honesty we do not pretend to put any nominal value upon it."

As I see it, the great advantage of issuing common stock without par value is that it will force investors to be honest with themselves. As it is now a man buys a highly speculative stock and when it declines he feels disgruntled because somehow he has the feeling that it ought to be worth more nearly its par value. But when the certificate itself makes no pretenses whatever, the distinction between speculation and risk taking on the one hand and investment on the other is much more clearly drawn. It is absolutely necessary and legitimate that there should be risk takers, people willing to buy speculative stocks, but anything which will mark off more sharply that class of stocks from the investment type will prevent a great amount of loss.

I do not mean to imply that numbers of the new non-par stocks will not prove highly valuable. But they are mostly of new companies or of old companies operating on a new or an artificial war-time basis. Their bankers have been frank enough not to pretend to assign an artificial face value to what has not yet been tried out. Of course where a company has been long and successfully in operation the par value of its stock comes in time to have a real meaning. The Pennsylvania Railroad recently celebrated its seventieth birthday. During its long life, it has never defaulted a payment, and dividends have been paid for more than half a century. What has really happened in such a case is that so-called stock has come to partake much of the nature of a bond. There is still some risk element in Pennsylvania stock, but as compared with most stocks it is very small indeed.

Among the important new or newly reorganized companies whose common stock has no par value are the Cuba Cane Sugar Corporation, Submarine Boat, Davison Chemical, Butterworth & Judson Chemical,

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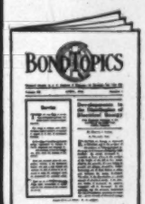

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Cerro de Pasco Copper, Haskell & Barker Car, Aetna Explosives, Marlin Arms, Penn. Marine & Ordnance and Kennecott Copper companies. One of these, Haskell & Barker Car, was put on the New York curb market late last year at about 59 and is now selling at 39. No doubt the purchasers are much disgusted, but they can only endeavor to estimate what the intrinsic value is; they cannot complain because the stock does not sell nearer 100, or some other artificial, nominal face value.

It is singular how often the par values of stocks are overlooked. Several letters have been received by this department asking why Pennsylvania has declined so much in a year, from say 110 to 55. Until a few months ago the New York Stock Exchange quoted all stocks on a percentage basis, that is, so many per cent. of the par value. Pennsylvania was and is a $50 par stock and so it was quoted at 110 when it cost $55 a share. The practice was most misleading because the rule did not apply to stocks whose par value was under $25 a share. Thus certain copper stocks with a par value of $5 sold at say $40 a share, which was really about 800, according to the way Pennsylvania and all stocks with a higher par were quoted. But now all stocks, no matter what their par value is, are quoted so many "dollars per share," which is the only sensible method. Automatically the price of Pennsylvania was cut in half, but no difference was made in the number of dollars paid for one share.

Experience has proved that for a stock to have a very low par value is a distinct disadvantage on the Stock Exchange, although this is not necessarily the case with unlisted shares.

Of course where stock is given a par value of a few cents a share the whole business of finance is rendered grotesque. To buy stock having a par value of five cents is like plunging into a grab bag. It is merely an undignified piece of gambling adventure. Nor am I quite sure that practitioners of $1 and $5 par values have proven much of a case. People are not expected to buy a single $1 or $5 share. Promoters could not pay expenses that way. The essential idea is that a man will more readily take a chance on twenty shares of stock at five dollars a share than one at a hundred. But it is a silly, weak trait of human nature, and promoters that use it, while not necessarily condemned thereby, should be the more carefully investigated.

Finally, don't buy a stock unless you know exactly what its par value is.

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N. W. Halsey & Company have recently issued an interesting booklet entitled "The Simplicity of Investing." This booklet is intended for the inexperienced investor who desires a knowledge of the elementary principles of sound investing. Sent upon request for Booklet Mc39.

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Liggett, Hichborn & Company, 61 Broadway, New York, will send upon request an interesting booklet entitled "Why to Buy Utility Bonds."

H. M. Byllesby & Co., 208 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, and 111 Broadway, New York City, will send upon request a booklet describing investment in bonds and notes of public utility companies.

H. T. Carey & Co., 66 Broadway, New York City, have a carefully selected list of railroad securities and will be pleased to forward this list to prospective investors.

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Booklet T, issued by E. J. Lander & Company, Grand Forks, N. D., tells about six per cent. farm mortgages on rich agricultural lands in the Northwest.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Company, 15 Wall St., New York.

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"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York City, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free upon request.

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The Two Fears

[*Continued from page 23*]

certain she didn't. Ivo was apt to think that his mother didn't see things. He loved her more than he knew and more than she knew, but he didn't consider her at all clever. You see, he was clever himself, and that fact shut certain doors against him.

During the next few days Mrs. Allington was never alone. Always, day and night, fear number one was with her.

How terrible, how almost unbearable it would be if Ivo were to enlist! She looked very anxious and exactly as usual.

Ivo, meanwhile, was going through a mental struggle which actually made him lose weight. He wanted to enlist and he hated the idea of enlisting; he longed to be a patriot and to prove his patriotism, and he loathed the thought of giving up his career, and still more the thought of being a private in the midst of a crowd of privates, of having to live always day and night in public, mixed up, hopelessly and everlastingly mixed up, with all sorts and conditions of men with whom probably he would not have an "idea in common." At moments he longed to be sixteen, at other moments he pined to be forty-one and look it. He thought of Mr. Roger Fry and the post-impressionists, of Mr. George Moore and "The Apostle," of the Russian Ballet and "Thamar," of the stranger and realistic novel he meant to write, the novel which would take him out of journalism.

He also thought of his mother.

Had he the "right" to sacrifice his mother on the altar of his patriotism? He was a free-lance in journalism. No one would continue a salary to him if he joined the colors. It would mean pinching by his mother; it might even mean the giving up of 247 Lenorva Road. Could he, ought he to require this of his mother? It would be beastly sleeping in a tent in the damp — perhaps on Salisbury Plain — with a hugger-mugger of fellows who had never even heard of half the things which meant so much to him! Surely an only son oughtn't to do that, when swarms of brothers were showing their sleek heads and fancy socks all over the country without a thought of joining the army.

But the khaki — the khaki! Everywhere it met him like a summons; and at last he said to his mother, abruptly: "They seem to want a lot of men for this war, mother, eh?"

"Yes, dear," answered Mrs. Allington, in the faded soprano.

"Kitchener seems very keen on increasing the numbers."

"Does he?"

"Well, you see the appeals on all the walls! That can mean only one thing." He spoke rather irritably.

"I don't look at the walls very much, dear," said Mrs. Allington, vaguely.

Ivo was silent for a moment. He got up, went to the window of the little sitting-room, and looked out upon Lenorva Road, that stretching paradise of stucco. His lips were pursed, and his brown eyes stared. They saw a black cat, which moved between the expressionless houses like a creature whose nature belonged to the jungle.

"And my nature?" he thought. "Does it belong to Lenorva Road or to England?"

He turned round. "Would you advise me to join, mother?" he asked.

Then on either side of her stood the two fears, tall, stiff, forbidding, like sentinels with fixed bayonets. She waited a moment, not looking at them; then she said:

"Well, dear, as you say, they seem to want a lot of men for this war. And if Lord Kitchener is really very keen on increasing the numbers, perhaps — " But at this point the faded soprano faded quite away.

"I'll join, mother. It may mean leaving Lenorva Road."

"Whatever it means — " said Mrs. Allington. And there she stopped, perhaps because of surprise. For a strange thing had happened; the two sentinels with the fixed bayonets had vanished.

She never saw them again.

IVO joined — never mind what regiment. Recently he fell at the Dardanelles.

His mother received the telegram announcing his death in a cheap boarding-house where she is living now in Alma Crescent, Shepherd's Bush.

I saw her walking alone down the road a couple of days ago. She was dressed in a very ordinary black gown, not such a good gown as she used to wear in the days when she lived at Number 247. But what struck me was her expression.

She no longer looked anxious. If it hadn't been Mrs. Allington I should have thought she looked proud, proud in a beautiful way.

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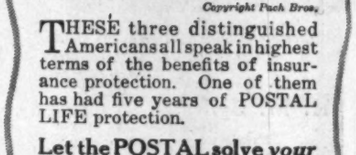
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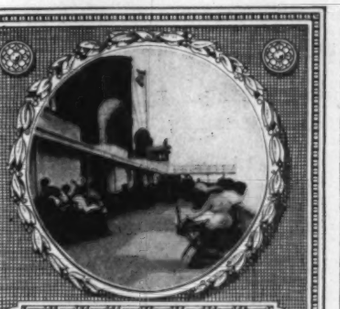

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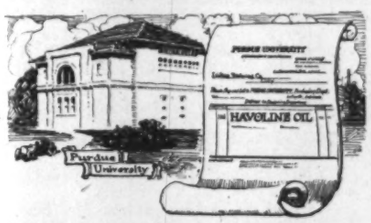

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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

A Frequent Question Fairly Answered

IN reply to repeated queries: "Why can I not get information concerning this or that article from the Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Chemistry?" we feel that the following letter from Dr. Alsberg, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, will make this matter clear:

My dear Professor Allyn—

Replying to your letter of February 7th, I beg to advise that some misapprehension appears to exist as to the powers and duties of the Bureau of Chemistry in the administration of the Federal Food and Drugs Act. The powers of the Bureau are limited to those conferred by Congress, and the scope of its activities is limited by the amount of the appropriation made. Section 4 of the Act defines the duties of the Bureau of Chemistry and authorizes the publication of the results of its investigations, only after judgment of the Court, to be given in such manner as may be prescribed by rules and regulations for the enforcement of the Act. Regulation 6 prescribes the manner in which notices of the judgment of the Courts shall be published. Except for the provisions of Section 4 of the Act and Regulation 6 there is no authority conferred to publish the results of the investigation of any article of which samples are collected and examined by the Bureau. The Department, from the beginning of the administration of the law, has considered that it is limited by law to giving to the public only such information of its investigations regarding any particular article of food or drug as appears in the Notices of Judgment which are printed and distributed from time to time.

In the letter addressed to you by ——, inquiry was made regarding an article said to be "Valaze Skin Food," manufactured by Madame Helena Rubinstein, New York City. It does not appear from the letter that the article was shipped in interstate or foreign commerce. It does not appear from the letter, therefore, that the article is subject to the Federal Food and Drugs Act.

From inquiries received from time to time by the Bureau of Chemistry, it appears that many persons do not realize that the Federal Food and Drugs Act does not apply to articles manufactured and sold entirely within the boundaries of a state. . . . It is the practice of the Bureau of Chemistry to furnish to inquirers all the available information it has and which, under the powers conferred upon it by Congress, it can properly furnish. There are many subjects, however, concerning which inquiry is made as to which it has no authentic information and as to which it is without any authority to conduct investigations.

Respectfully,
Carl S. Alsberg, Chief.

Dubious Saccharine Again

I have had McClure's Magazine to read part of the last year, and am much interested in pure foods and drugs. I have had to give up all sugar and everything that contains sugar, as well as having all my starchy foods cooked twice. I am using saccharine in place of sugar. Do not average more than one tablet a day. Will I receive any harm in using saccharine in such a small amount?
G. G. C., Florida.

We would not care to advise you relative to the use of the coal tar drug saccharine. If you are taking this under the advice and observation of a practising physician, we have no criticism to offer. Whether it will hurt you, we cannot say—no one can say.

Concerning Coffee

Please tell me what there is in coffee that is injurious—say drinking about six cups a day.
O. W. P., California.

The stimulating principle of coffee is the alkaloid, caffeine, of which a cup of ordinary coffee contains approximately 2½ grains. Tannin in various combinations is also present, and doubtless exerts a harmful influence on certain individuals. It would seem to the writer that six cups of coffee per day is excessive, and constitutes the abuse of the beverage. Such an amount speeds up the human motor unduly.

Taking advantage of the offer of the McClure people, I wish to find out all possible about the coffee powder made by the G. Washington Coffee Refinery Co., of New York. This preparation is being sold here with the statement that all caffeine has been removed. Do you know of any preparation of coffee of which it can truthfully be said that the caffeine has been removed, and that it is free from the ingredients which make coffee harmful to many people, and which still retains the pleasant taste and aroma of coffee? If so, would be pleased to know what it is.
R. C. S., Washington.

Concerning George Washington coffee, would advise that we have never heard of its being advertised "free of caffeine." It is in fact a pure dried aqueous extract of coffee containing about 1.14% caffeine.

Kaffee Hag, manufactured by the Kaffee Hag Corporation, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, is practically free from caffeine. The claim that 95% of the caffeine has been removed is true. This is a good quality of coffee, and when properly made contains practically all of the agreeable taste and aroma of the untreated article.

Sugar in Grape Juice

Kindly tell me whether Welch's Grape Juice is the only reliable grape juice on the market? I have been using others which are cheaper, but feel afraid that the difference in price must indicate inferiority in nutritive value, and may mean adulteration. Can you tell me what percentage of added cane sugar Welch's contains, also how much there is in others?
J. M., New Jersey.

There are several reliable brands of grape juice on the market. Welch's is unique among many others, in that it does not contain any added sugar nor any other added material for that matter. It is simply the expressed, sterilized product of the grape. The addition of small amounts—usually from one to three per cent.—of cane sugar does not necessarily indicate adulteration. This in many instances is introduced with the view of bringing the juice to a uniform consistency. Some years the grapes are naturally deficient in sugar, and it is the desire of the manufacturer to put out a product that does not vary. When the grapes contain a large amount of sugar there is little or no addition of cane sugar. Then, too, certain manufacturers desire to put out a sweet grape juice to meet a popular demand. If you will consult the Westfield Book of Pure Foods, you will find listed several excellent brands of this valuable beverage.

If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

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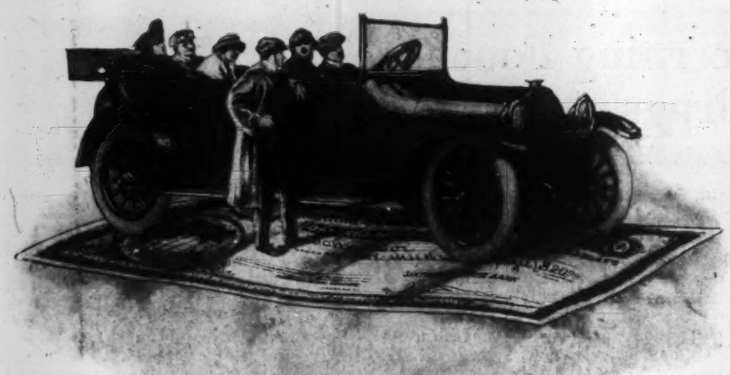

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Just Thirty Days!

[*Continued from page 26*]

"Ouch! Thanks," said his neighbor, withdrawing hastily. Maitland heard him saying to someone at his side: "He didn't know."

Then a woman's voice: "I wish you'd find out, daddy — I like it."

The man answered: "Well, I will sometime — it *is* kind of pretty, ain't it?"

Maitland ventured to peer around the wing of the beach chair. The man who had interrogated him was sitting on a wicker settee beside a girl who literally took Maitland's breath away. She was an infinitesimal brunette, the prettiest girl imaginable, and she wore a round-necked gown of white china silk, very suitable for a high-school graduation, but not at all for the Blenheim exchange. She was apparently eighteen or nineteen, a high-colored little thing, easily the least sophisticated in the hotel, and unquestionably a stranger to that sort of society. As Maitland stared, fascinated, the man glanced over his shoulder, met his eyes, and reddened guiltily.

"I've just remembered," said Maitland. "The name of that — er — piece is the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana."

The man shot him a look of gratitude. "Much obliged ——"

"Oh, *thank* you!" said the very small girl. "I've heard it so *much* lately —" Here she halted and displayed premonitory symptoms of rare shyness.

"It's from an opera by Mascagni," explained Maitland soberly. "It — er — it *is* popular just now."

"We don't see many operas out home," said the father, coming valiantly to the support. "We're from Ill'nois." He exhumed a gigantic tan leather wallet from an inside pocket, and presented a card. "Parkersburg. I'm in the coal and grain business."

"Indeed!" said Maitland, examining the evidence.

"That's my name." He pointed to it. "John F. Bent, Treasurer. Yours is? Mr. Maitland, let me make you acquainted with my daughter. Dorothy, meet Mr. Maitland."

Maitland, rising deferentially, felt that the eyes of the room were upon him, and he was correct in the induction. Behind him he distinctly heard someone snicker. Nevertheless, he bowed, and deliberately turned his chair to face the couple from Parkersburg. He was sorry for them, and he had the courage of his perceptions. Besides, that snicker goaded all his chivalry into action.

"You haven't been here long?" he hazarded.

"Only since this morning," said Mr. Bent, tempering the iron points of his collar by the unobtrusive use of a forefinger. "We've been to Philadelphia. This is our honeymoon." He laughed with greater abandon than is habitual in the Blenheim.

"Honeymoon! I beg your pardon — but I thought you said ——"

"We called it that for three years," said Mr. Bent. "Ever since Dorothy was fifteen, I promised her when she was eighteen we'd go on a jaunt together. This is it. Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Atlantic City—in a day or so we'll go to New York. Then we'll go home by the Niagara Falls route. The Niagara Falls is what makes the joke. That's why we called it a honeymoon."

"It sounds like a very interesting trip," said Maitland. "Is this the first time you've been in the far East, Miss Bent?"

The small girl admitted it, under her breath.

"It's considerable of a party for Dot," said Mr. Bent, patting her hand. "When we started out, I says to myself if it's been worth waiting three years for, it's worth doing ship-shape. Nothing but the best of everything all along the line—parlor-cars, first-class hotels — and the sky's the limit. That's why I picked out the Blen-hime. Some class, Maitland — some class!" Again he laughed in the pride of unwonted aristocracy, and Maitland felt bathed in merciless limelight.

"It's a good hotel," conceded Maitland willingly, "but on a night like this no hotel is good enough to keep a man indoors. The Boardwalk is just outside." He inclined his head as though in invitation, but Mr. Bent was opposed.

"I put that up to Dot half an hour ago, but she said she could walk any time — she wanted to listen to the music."

"Until later, then," said Maitland, and made his escape.

The night was soothingly mild, and the Boardwalk shimmered in the moonbeams. To Maitland it promptly suggested a good indoor track. His spirits were so high that for the moment he positively longed for a set of short spikes and a couple of banked turns to break the monotony of the long straightaway. But the mere thought of spikes brought back to memory the injunction of his friend, the doctor; so that Maitland shoved both hands deep into his overcoat pockets, and set out gloomily for the distant Inlet.

Now, to a man of Maitland's tendencies, and forms of amusement, there are three establishments on the Boardwalk which are of special seduction. In the first of them, it is possible to try one's strength by hitting the image of a fellow-creature in the stomach, or by smiting an almost immovable body of pulp with a sledge hammer; in the second establishment there is a public game known as skee ball; the third is a shooting gallery. Maitland had barely set out for the Inlet before the skee ball academy loomed before him, and he paused to watch the half dozen anemic youths who were competing for a mythical prize. In the course of a quarter hour, the anemic youths were all seated comfortably, watching Maitland. He played three dollars' worth of skee ball, and returned happily to the Boardwalk; thought mechanically of the doctor's verdict, and became once more steeped in profound melancholy. . . . The evening was more than middle-aged when Maitland arrived at the shooting gallery, situated not more than a quarter mile from the Blenheim.

Utterly unconscious of the admiring throng circling behind him, he had just broken his sixteenth consecutive clay pipe when a familiar voice rang in his ear, and a friendly hand gripped his arm.

"Say!" said Mr. Bent of Parkersburg. "What are you — a rat-catcher?"

Maitland laid down the baby Winchester, and smiled boyishly.

"I haven't enjoyed myself so much in two weeks," he confessed, "or twenty."

"Dot's gone to bed," stated Mr. Bent. "Thought I'd take a little preamble 'round the avenue. Want to walk a bit?"

"Delighted," said Maitland, paying the piper; and together they sauntered leisurely down the echoing esplanade. "Nice night," he volunteered cheerfully.

"*I'll* say it's a nice night. You've done quite a lot of this stuff — I mean, traipsing around — haven't you?"

"Oh, now and then."

"Know New York pretty well?"

"I ought to. Lived there all my life."

"Not yet," chuckled Mr. Bent. "But I know what you mean. When're you going back?"

"In a day or two, I expect."

"In business in New York?"

"Not now. I'm taking a sort of vacation."

"I shouldn't wonder if you was just the man I'm looking for."

"For what — purpose?"

"It's this way," said Mr. Bent, clinching Maitland's biceps. "I guess I'm what you fellows in the city call a hick. I always lived in small towns — Iowa, Indiana, Illinois. This toney stuff don't suit me a little bit. Well, when Dot was fifteen I promised her this trip. Here we are. But she ain't getting the fun out of it she ought to get, considering what it costs, because I don't know how to — I don't know the ropes. Now Dot, she wants to see the whole show, everything you read about. Theatres, stores, dancing teas, roof gardens, Delmonico's, the Caffey Martin — the whole show. So I thought I'd like to get hold of somebody that would put in about ten days steering the two of us."

"You want to — you want a guide?"

"I thought maybe you could recommend somebody — some young fellow out of a job — somebody that'll add class. *I* don't get any attention in these sweil places."

"For about ten days?"

"Or two weeks."

Maitland laughed aloud.

"How would I do?"

"You!" The man's grip tightened spasmodically. "You're joking ——"

"Far from it."

"But you must be married — "

"No, I'm not," laughed Maitland.

"But — why, I sized you up for one of these bloated bondholders! Say, you didn't think I was *hinting*, did you?"

"Not a bit of it! But as it happens, I've no engagements for a week or two."

"You're not playing some game on me?"

"Why should I?"

"You're just looking for a good time — and I look like a meal-ticket?"

"Indeed you do — if that's how you intended to look!"

Mr. Bent swung him briskly around, and headed him back to the Blenheim.

"We're going home to talk business, young man," he said gravely. "If you can get me a couple of good references — I got to take care of Dot — maybe we'll get together! You understand I wasn't going to pay a big price, don't you? Free board and lodging and expenses — something about like that?"

"That's exactly what I'd have suggested myself!" said Maitland joyously.

After all, it was precisely the sort of thing to divert a young man who desperately needed diversion. That was why he seized upon it so ravenously. The girl was marvelously attractive, even in her Parkersburg gowns; her father was a source of constant amusement to Maitland; and the manner of their progress through the city's pleasures was almost what he had decided upon for himself. Furthermore, the novelty of the proceeding was balm to his wounded feelings. He billeted them at a small and not ultra-fashionable hotel; and every day from ten in the morning until midnight he convoyed them safely through the perils and pitfalls of Manhattan. After the first forty-eight hours Mr. Bent reposed such confidence in him that he even appealed to him on strictly feminine topics.

"Something tells me," he said, "that Dot don't dress the way the other girls do. This wasn't a cheap-skate party at any time. Where do *your* friends buy their clothes?" After that, Maitland was cumulatively pleased to be their courier.

From Miss Bent he learned much that her father hadn't told him. He learned that Mr. Bent was treasurer of a coal and grain business in Parkersburg, and that his income wasn't more than three thousand a year. He learned that this Odyssey was made possible only by the strictest sort of economy for three long seasons — it was a journey of which the recollection was to endure for a lifetime.

These things and more she told him as they danced on Broadway roofs, while Mr. Bent suffered heroically in his dinner coat at a prominent table. She told him of her life in Parkersburg — and after she had made him comprehend the quality of it, he never experienced the slightest impatience when she hung upon the shop windows along Fifth Avenue, uttering soft little exclamations of rapture at the contents. Occasionally, when Mr. Bent's gorge rose at the thought of donning another lofty collar, the two young people went forth together — and these were perhaps the occasions most appreciated by all three.

PARTLY because Maitland was trying to forget one girl by the simple expedient of occupying himself with another, and partly because Maitland was, to Miss Bent, the most amiable and godlike of mortals, they ended the first week as extraordinarily good friends. On the following Monday, at quarter past eleven in the morning they fell in love. That is, they were simultaneously conscious of the emotion each had created in the other, and that is the nearest approach we have to setting a date-stamp on the affections.

Maitland had taken her to hear Lambert Murphy sing at a Biltmore musicale; the program was slightly operatic, and Murphy was singing the best known aria from Bohème. Two or three times Dorothy had glanced imperceptibly at her escort; all at once their eyes met and clung together for a perilous second. Maitland gently put his hand over hers, which was cold enough to fit the description in the aria, and from that point forward there were no subterfuges. After the musicale, they walked down to the hotel to meet Mr. Bent for lunch. In the tiny reception room of the suite, Maitland held out his arms. She came towards him . . . and heavy footfalls thundered in their ears.

Surely if Mr. Bent had been a man of fine sensibilities, he would have been affected by the electric void in the air when he came unexpectedly into the reception room at that juncture. Maitland and his daughter had started apart at the sound of his footsteps — their common understanding was so new, so delicate, that both of them looked and felt guilty — and stood breathless, waiting for the traditional storm. But Mr. Bent paid not the least attention to them. He was going downtown, he said, and didn't know when he should return. They could have lunch whenever they liked — spend the afternoon as they pleased — meet him at the hotel in time for dinner.

Maitland looked at Miss Bent until her eyelashes dropped, and she turned her face away. For the first time he took her in his arms. For a single instant the picture of another girl rose before him, and faded away forever. He kissed her hot cheek, her eyes wet with sudden tears of gladness, her lips. All at once she became limp, and clung to him. Eventually, when they went down to lunch, they were engaged.

Over the table she recovered much of her balance. She was able to preserve her poise before the waiter. It was only when they were left alone that her individuality melted into tremulousness.

"And — when I'd dreamed of New York for three whole years," she faltered, "I'm really going to *live* here ——"

Maitland's smile to her was vaguely troubled.

"I'd forgotten — I'd forgotten to tell you," he said uncertainly. "I've got to go to Colorado — oh, very soon! I don't believe I told you that did I? I don't know why I didn't. I *ought* to go within the week."

"Go away so soon? For how long?"

"Why, to live."

"To *live!*"

"I should have told you," he said apologetically. "I meant to tell you — it was something you should have known — but everything happened so quickly."

"So — it's not New York after all!"

"I'm sorry, but I'm not sure that I'll ever see New York again."

Her eyes were humid. "It doesn't matter — so much — but I'd counted on — oh, never mind! It doesn't matter!"

A month earlier he wouldn't have been in sympathy with her mood; now, he could translate it perfectly. He knew what her previous life had been; he knew what castles had sprung up in her imagination. It occurred to him that the glamor of the city might well have dictated the policy of her heart — but her next sentence shamed him. "I *did* so want to stay," she said softly, "but it really wouldn't make any difference if you wanted to live in *Parkersburg* — I'd be *glad* — anywhere!"

He thanked her mutely. They made a momentary pretense of eating. When a boy, paging Maitland, showed cause for separating them for a minute or two, both experienced a degree of reluctance which would have been better justified if Maitland had been going into the trenches instead of to the nearest telephone booth. Already they were as much in love as that.

Mr. Bent was on the wire; he wanted to meet Maitland immediately, alone, downtown. It was imperative, he said. Maitland was to drop everything and come. So Maitland had to go and explain, and excuse, and temporize, and promise to cut the interview as short as possible — and he would have kissed her again then and there if her shyness hadn't proved an insuperable obstacle. As it was, he required a conspicuous interval before he was ready to depart.

He was to meet Mr. Bent in a café on Park Row. The older man was waiting impatiently, and smoking in palpable nervousness.

"Hello, young fellow," he said mirthlessly. "This is pretty sudden, ain't it? Dot all right? I wouldn't have bothered you — but this is the wind-up — the finish. I've got to make some plans — they'll have to come along fast, because there ain't much time to lose. I want to get Dot out of this the best way I can. You're the only man I know this side of Chicago. You've got to help. Understand?"

Maitland leaned forward in apprehension.

"You're ill!" he said. "Let me ——"

"No, I'm not! You listen, that's all! What d' you know about Wall Street?"

"Why, I've been in a brokerage office —"

"That so? Well — are they *all* crooks down there, or not?"

"No — not at all. Why?"

Mr. Bent attempted to light a cigar; the match expired in his shaking fingers.

"I never was rich, Maitland ——"

"I know that."

Mr. Bent shifted his chair closer, and lowered his voice.

"Out home we don't have much. Three years ago I promised Dot this jamboree. You've got some idea what it's costing. Maitland, I couldn't save up the price! It

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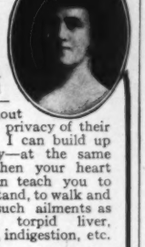

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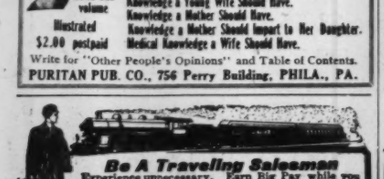

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couldn't be done! Dot thought I did. We saved pennies and nickels — and for three years every morning and every night she reminded me we were going to be rich for just two months. This was the one big party we'd ever have. I wanted to do it right — you know! It wasn't for *me* — it was for her. I wanted to do it *right!* Well — in December I knew it couldn't be done. I had about four hundred . . . I'm treasurer of the company; so — I —" The supplication in his eyes was pathetic. "Maitland — honest to God!— I *intended* to pay it back!"

"Good Lord, man!" gasped Maitland. The old, familiar motive, and the old, familiar defense! The whole sordid story lay revealed in a lightning flash . . . speculation, speculation — and the reckoning. Maitland's lips grew pale; he moistened them dumbly.

"I borrowed a thousand," said the big man dully. "Ran it up to four. If I'd got out then I'd have squared myself on the books and had enough and to spare; but it looked so easy — so *dead* easy — I thought I'd double it once more."

"They *got* you — down there?" His gesture was eloquent.

"The brokers say I owe 'em eleven hundred — There's that thousand out home, and I'm clean broke. And — I got a telegram from Parkersburg this morning ——"

"They've discovered ——"

"They think it's a mistake — they were just letting me know. They think I can fix it up when I get home. But — the brokers want theirs by noon tomorrow. I guess they're wise."

"And you want me to — well, what *do* you want me to do?"

"I don't know. I just wanted to talk to you."

"Twenty-one hundred dollars," said Maitland thoughtfully.

"There's no use bawling about it — I've got to take what's coming to me. Only I thought — I wished we could keep it away from Dot — somehow. You see, it was to give her something she wouldn't have ever had. That's why I ain't as sorry as I might be. Nothing on earth can take this away from her — she's had her trip — she's *had* it!" I told her she would, and she did!" He spread his hands in finality. "Think there's any use hiring a lawyer — just to stall awhile?"

"I hardly think so."

"Well, maybe not. I'm not askin' for anything but to get Dot out of it. I thought maybe a lawyer'd help some." He squared his shoulders arrogantly. "No — I ain't sorry! What's the use, anyway! I took a poor, lonesome little critter — half-starved for change, excitement, clothes, all that sort of stuff — I showed her one mighty good time! She counted on it for three years — she'll remember it thirty. Out there — oh, *you* wouldn't understand! But it's been worth whatever it costs. *I* don't care."

"One good time," repeated Maitland, his eyes fixed on the other's face. "It *is* worth something ——"

"It's worth anything — for *her* to have it!"

"Something to remember always. You're wrong when you say I won't understand. I've been there myself."

"In Parkersburg?"

"No, but in the same condition. I've been willing to pay almost any price for one party — worth remembering."

"Well — you can't do much better'n I did — give the pleasure to somebody else ——"

"No — you're right." His smile was calm and resolute. "Had you thought of any way out of this — difficulty?"

"No — there ain't any."

"You might borrow the money."

"There ain't anybody to lend it to me. If I *could* get it — It'd take five years to pay it back, but I'd do it! By God, I'd do it — and hope I was good and hungry most of the time."

"I believe you," said Maitland, giving a prodigious sigh. "Well — I'll lend it to you."

"*Maitland!* You can't mean that!"

"Why not?"

"You — why, you *can't!*" His mouth was working pitiably.

"Don't get excited!" said Maitland calmly. "And for Heaven's sake don't try to do any more explaining! I tell you, I *understand!* Talk about the future! Now look here — you'll have to go back to Parkersburg ——"

"Sure! I ——"

"Don't interrupt, please! You'll have to go back there to work ——"

"But there's something else! My hotel bill — I can't even pay that! The total's nearer three thousand than two, Maitland — You can't advance that much — and it ain't your funeral ——"

"Never mind that now. I'll attend to all that. Forget it! You're going back — but Dorothy isn't! Is that agreed? We'll stop and see you in a week or two."

"What! You'll — what's that?"

"Because," said Maitland, "we're going to be married in about twenty-four hours. That rather settles the whole problem, doesn't it? You see, I've had my one big party, too."

After the theatre, the Ballous, and the little doctor and the girl who had rejected Maitland, adjourned from their stage box to the restaurant which chanced to enjoy popular favor for at least a season. Shortly after they were ensconced at the table they had reserved, they saw Gerald Maitland come in with a very pretty girl on his arm — and every member of the quartet had a personal reason for being amazed. Stupefied, they watched Maitland hover over his companion with a distinct air of possession, wave aside the captain, remove her wraps himself, and seat her with every indication of proprietary interest.

"Why, what's that young idiot doing here!" exclaimed the young doctor. "I told him — Who's that with him?"

Mrs. Ballou, who had brought about the acquaintance between Maitland and the girl who had rejected him more than a month ago, looked from this one to that one, and said nothing. The movement of her facial muscles, however, was vastly expressive.

"I'm going over to see," said Ballou impulsively. "I owe him something anyway."

As he approached the pair, he was equally captivated and horrified to detect them exchanging glances of a variety of which he hadn't considered Maitland capable.

"Hello, Gerald!" said Ballou genially. "It looks as though I'd been mistaken, doesn't it?" Maitland, freed from the strong handshake, found a yellow bill in his palm, grinned, and tucked it into his pocket.

"Dorothy," he said, "one of my most valuable friends — Mr. Ballou — *Mrs.* Maitland!"

Ballou's jaw dropped.

"My — my congratulations, Gerald." In a fierce whisper — although his eyes twinkled — he said in Maitland's ear: "Come back with that hundred! She *is* — but it isn't fair — if you're married."

Maitland shook his head.

"That bill's an orphan, Henry — honest. This is a farewell party — farewell to Broadway. We're going to take an apartment uptown and behave ourselves. Only married yesterday — very quiet. You'll have an announcement in a day or so."

"But — what about Colorado?"

"Oh, tommyrot! I've been to a specialist, Henry. You told me to. Remember? Didn't think of it until a week or so ago. Picked out the biggest one I could find. He told me to quit smoking, and stay out of New York in March, that's all. We're going to Colorado then — on our honeymoon, just a bit delayed. Jimmy's all right in his way. I don't hold it up against him, but he sure did make a mistake this time."

"But — you resigned downtown ——"

"Oh, I'm going back — office manager this time. But if it weren't for this orphan," he patted his waistcoat pocket suggestively, "I'd certainly be nervous waiting for Saturday to come. I won my bet both ways, old man. I spent three thousand on one party, and — it's something to remember, too. I *said* it would be so — thank you!"

"Imbecile!" said Ballou affectionately, "I'll see you later." And he bowed to Mrs. Maitland, and went back to his own table.

"Well, people," he said jovially, "Misery loves company. Here are four of us who made mistakes right in the same place."

"How's that?" they inquired.

Ballou told them.

"If I'm wrong, I'll have to admit it," granted the little doctor. "That was my opinion; but I *told* him to see a specialist."

"What mistake did *I* make?" demanded his wife.

"Hush!" said Ballou in an undertone. "That *was* a fearful break, wasn't it? Get Edith's attention. We'd better go somewhere else in just a second." For the girl who had rejected Maitland on account of winged rumor was staring whitely across the dancing floor at a radiant young girl from Parkersburg, Illinois, and reading upon her face the joy of all imaginings. .

NEXT MONTH: The first chapters of "The Lifted Veil," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," "The Wild Olive," and "The Street Called Straight." Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Somewhere in ——"

[*Continued from page 29*]

was no more. Part of his nose was gone, torn from his face by a bullet. A bloody rag bound his head, from lips to eyes. Blood flowed over his mouth as he tried to speak. Yet he was neither excited nor afraid.

And Pierre Leblanc took them into his cottage, and closed the door.

They would be prisoners, of course. Petitjean a prisoner! Petitjean, his neighbor, to be taken away, somewhere in Germany, to be held until the war should end, his farm to run to weeds, his stock confiscated by the enemy!

Petitjean mumbled thickly his words.

"*Dieu!*" he cried, thickly. "To send men armed only with guns against giant artillery! It was that! Not fear. Not cowardice. France knows neither! But to be slaughtered like sheep by the butcher with no way to defend oneself! They are not to blame, the men that fled. Nor is France to blame! It was that in her own innocence and loving kindness, she did not dream of war. Hence she lay all unprepared, and her sons must die! To be unprepared for war, has ever meant, will ever mean, but one thing. And that one thing is death! He who is prepared kills. He who is unprepared is killed. *C'est tout!*"

The men with the dull gray uniforms were at the door now. Defense was at an end. With cartridges gone, the five men within the cottage knew that they had done all that lay in their power to do. . . . And there were the many wounded that Pierre Leblanc and his good wife had taken inside their home. Pierre Leblanc looked at him, and at each other.

Petitjean it was who spoke.

"*C'est fini,*" he said, quietly. "It is the end. . . ." The other four nodded.

And so Pierre Leblanc opened the door.

One bullet would have been enough. It entered his smock fair over the heart. . . . They pierce well, these modern bullets, and that which killed Pierre Leblanc struck the head from the plaster Christ above the mantel. There were four more bullets. But since Pierre Leblanc lay dead, what matters where they struck?

The good wife, baby at breast, stared a moment, dully. She said no word. She made no sound. She reeled a little. Then, suddenly, swiftly, surely, she flung herself full upon the bayonets before her. And on one of these, she gasped out her life. And from this shining steel, dulled of her blood, whitened of her mother milk, God took her. . . . He took her man-child with her.

The little girl, dark-haired, dark-eyed, flew frightenedly to Petitjean; Petitjean the big, the strong; Petitjean that told her stories of the fairies. He put his arm about her, swiftly, protectingly. One bullet served them both.

More shots. Perhaps a dozen. For there were still the wounded, you know.

There came the sound of the striking of a match. A little flame crept up the white curtains that the good wife had fashioned as she sang, there in the long, happy days that fell after God had whispered of the child that He was to send to her — to her and Pierre Leblanc.

And Gervase, who kept the little apothecary, and who had been the friend of Pierre Leblanc these many years, looked up at the officer beside him.

"*C'est bien!*" he murmured, softly. He saw the officer looking at him; quickly he corrected himself. What he said was, "*Das ist gut.*" But then, he had been long in France. One could not blame him that he forgot.

The wife of Petitjean, hiding with other dry-eyed women, and helpless children whimpering of hunger, from the distant copse in which she lay saw the flames of the cottage of Pierre Leblanc, a finger of fire pointing toward the sky. And, whispering to God, she crossed herself. For she thought it was her own.

IT was springtime in America.

Before the door of his cottage, sat Peter White. The soft scent of the awakening earth came to him; the humming of bees. Before him, the fair countryside, varicolored squares, lush green, dun, dull brown, stretched far away to meet the deep blue of the sky.

A little child, a girl of four, came to his side, thrusting a sun-browned hand within his own. . . . Peter White looked down at her. His smile met her own.

A voice hailed him from the gate. It was Littlejohn, whose cottage lay next door; Littlejohn, young and tall and good to look upon, in flannel shirt and corduroys.

"I have come from the village," he said.

"Yes?" queried Peter White, stroking the tangled hair of the child at his knee.

"There's queer talk going on," said Littlejohn, "there in the village."

"Talk?" asked Peter White. "Talk of what?"

"The talk," Littlejohn said, "is of war."

Peter White looked first surprised; then incredulous; then amused. Now he lifted his head and laughed aloud.

"War!" he exclaimed. "Bah! We're in no danger of war! And even if war should come, how could it hurt us, here in America? Ridiculous! Why, we ——"

So spoke Peter White. For was not he wise; wise even as you and I; wise even as had been Pierre Leblanc?

NEXT MONTH: The first chapters of "The Lifted Veil," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine," "The Wild Olive," and "The Street Called Straight." Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg.

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FINDING life with her husband unbearable, California Baird decides to leave her home, taking with her their four-year-old boy. Callie, as she is called, had married Oliver Baird, who was a good deal older and lacked any of the finer qualities, at the instigation of her mother when she was only seventeen, and then only because of the shipwreck of a boy-and-girl love affair between her and Philip Stanley. Hoping that some of her childhood friends, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, now living in San Vicente, will befriend her until she can find work, she makes her plans to go there. She gets sufficient money for the trip from Mr. Flegel, whom she has supplied regularly with cream, and goes to the little station to await the train which is to take her away from the scene of her five years of unhappiness. While waiting for the ticket office to open, and walking back and forth on the platform, she meets Alva Pendleton, Jr., a young fellow of unsavory reputation, who it turns out is also going to San Vicente. He tells her that he has two tickets and begs her to use one. This Callie refuses and starts back to the ticket office as she hears the whistle of the coming train. By the time she has gathered up her little boy, whom she had left sleeping in the waiting-room, and her meager baggage, however, she finds she has not time to buy her ticket and rushes to the train, only to find it has already started.

In sheer desperation Callie flags an express train which passes through. The brakeman, Joe Tipton, a good-natured young fellow, takes an interest in her and gives her a note to his mother, who keeps a very select boarding-house in San Vicente, asking her to give Callie his room while he is away. Soon after reaching San Vicente Callie calls at Mr. Watkins's office, and he not only promises to give her a position, but gives her a free scholarship to a business college and loans her money for expenses. He is strongly attracted to Callie's little boy and insists on the child's going out to his house keeper's home while Callie is getting on her feet. At the boarding-house is a Miss Chandler who takes an interest in Callie and gives her some of her clothes.

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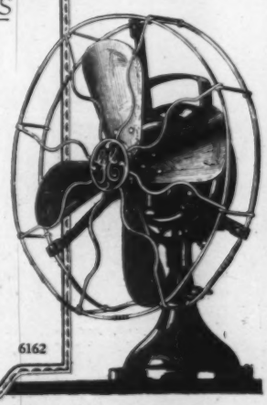

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